

Got the Juice

Troy Ave

I'm sitting in the booth, I just speak the truth
These other niggas don't got the juice
But I got it, I got it
I'm like Pac, bitch nigga

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It's 5 in the morning, I'm 'bout to roll up reefer
Got a nike sweatsuit, I usually wear Adidas
Niggas broke into my crib and rummaged through the houses
Stupid motherfuckers ain't find the guns and 40 thousand
All they took is my duffel and Coogi's that'd been styled in
And my two Macbooks, one of 'em had my new album
But not Major Without A Deal, 'cause I been sent that to Rock
And nobody know where I stay, I know it came from the block
I got five bands for they spot, or informations that's leading
Tell they bodies to drop, you niggas hungry, I'm feeding
BSB getting gwap, and we approaching these thieves
So when I make the hood hot, here you go, this the reason
Real niggas sell coke, rob, and blow smoke
Fake niggas sneak still, and they cutthroat
You gon' soon brag then you save and showboat
I'm a show up on your shadow and show off my gun tote

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