

[Verse 1: Juice]

Take a bong ripper, I be tuned in
Nick at Nite, Jack Tripper, yeah he gone in
Dimethyltryptamine, tryna see the vivid screens
Never been akin to these lame rappers, they shit is weak
And fuck who you pretend to be, I'm tryna be the bigger me
Body, the industry, fuck all my enemies
Got acid in the freezer, acid in the fridge
Acid in the bottle, so don't ask me how I live
Trippy all day, I ain't never gonna slip
There's rules to the game, ho nigga get hip
Hip hip, like that shit that I'm spittin
And I'm on my shit, bruh
Tryna get advances and mansions
Whole family like Manson
Eating rappers like panson
The truth, I'm the answer
The proof in the pudding
Real niggas saluting, they shooting
They said we wasn't gonna do it, drop another one
We outta heat, what the fuck you think I do this for?
The big three and every day it's like I fuckin' ball
Protect your neck and guard your grill, man
Wall off the, yeah I'm synced that means my shit is awesome
Never cared though so fuck, fuck your opinion
Smoke another bowl while I'm laughing at you critics
Ain't shit change, just the numbers on the cane
Got them 47's, eight.9 Glocks, mac-11's
Thirty eight.38's, do you get the message?

[Verse 2: Meech]

They talking but I don't hear it
Fuck in my fear, and fuck the other rappers you comparing
This shit hip with fear and any nigga you think can't even come near it
These niggas finicky, they think we gimmicky cause at first our shit was a b
anger
And we even traded the industry, it's funny cause eventually
They understand I'm not a mere man, more like an entity
Comes from a different fiber, generate radiant energy
Myself in five years, that's the only one ahead of me
I'm from the McCabe, New York, New York
Named it twice, cause we fucking [?]
Zombie game, walking dead, no man alive
Can't fuck with thee, ya'll niggas got some nerve
Within the week with a Hinduism yours [?]
Nigga you ain't learn, I'll make you bite the curb
Get it? Learning curb, amazing with these words
Already got mine, but nigga I'm taking yours
Growing pains, I never felt
Shit I been numb since I was young, the chosen one
Deborah's only son [?], 1980, Nancy gave birth to a loaded gun
I know I'm blunt, speaking of blunt, I roll it up and smoke it
Some say the proof is in books, some say the proof it is hidden
I bet Eminem and a reverend will tell you proof is in heaven
Life's a matter of preference, who's to say that hell isn't heaven?
Annually, I dwell in thought darker than the other side of the spectrum
Damn, Arc, give me a second, I'm never second, fuck it, we're never stressin

