

# JUICE!

Starlito

"Can't Get caught with this... Ahhhh"

Ooooh. My mindframe through the roof  
Got too much sauce for this juice  
Got too much pride not to shoot  
Aye, mail mine. They gon' tell lies, when they see me flyin' in this coupe.  
(skirt)  
Don't ask me, ask your bitch why she got caught outside of my room. (huh)  
Aye, I ain't going home to noon. (nah)  
My bitch got a whole tool, I'm at Green Hill's picking up Loub's  
All she wanted was some time, she don't give a flying fuck about shoes  
And I've been trying to watch the news  
My lil partner ran off on old dude  
He had the nerve to come through, let off bout ten off at mom dukes. (damn)  
These hoes will never tell the truth. (nah)  
I'm stacking mine to the roof  
Out of state, minding mine, who is you? (Trap)  
Aye, bottom line I'm the truth  
Put on 101, made that bitch too. (scrape scrape)  
I rubber band five stacks, made another five just to get loose  
Trap House, Grey Goose, Dark Stout, ATCHOO!  
Let that bitch slide through to get swooped  
My old lady gon' shoot, if she ever find out about you  
I'm always looking for the proof  
Sipping Don Julio on the roof  
Got too much sauce for this Juice  
Got too much sauce for this...

Juice, got too much sauce for this Juice  
Got too much pride not to shoot  
My clientele through the roof  
I got too much sauce for this...  
I ot too much sauce for this Juice  
Got too much pride not to shoot  
My clientele through the roof...

But, I can't get caught with this tool  
But, I be damned if I get caught without it  
Your broad one of these calls I'm dodging  
I don't really wanna talk about it  
I don't like how my neighbors stare  
Think I need to get away from there  
Ain't no credit, hell nah, sad stories you can save it, I don't get paid to care  
No bottle service, no tables. I've just been saving, working on my patience,  
yeah  
Just checked a dime off my Paypal  
I ain't gon lie, I don't play fair  
They gon slide by the daycare  
And you ain't gon ride at the state fair... (bitch ass nigga)  
Can't take it back, once you take it there  
Nigga take your charge, never take the stand, if you're taking chances. (Grind Hard)  
Ran a hundred up with lil fam, and we ain't take advances. (yeah)  
Split the play with Band  
Too much paper, no payment plan  
Way too busy to make enemies

Too much pride, I snuck in the heat  
And it's lemon squeeze, I got the Juice

Juice, got too much sauce for this Juice  
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