

Gin and Juice

With so much drama in L-B-C
It's kinda hard bein Snoop D-O-double-G, But I
I, somehow, some way-hay
Keep comin up funky ass shit nearly every single day
And, can I kick a little something for the G's
and, make a few friends as I breeze through
Don't you know it's two in the mornin'
and the party's still jumpin'
cause my momma ain't ho-ome
I got bitches in the living room gettin' me horny
and, they ain't leavin' til six in the mornin'
So, what you wanna do
I got a pocket full of rubbers and my homeboys do too
So turn off the lights and close the doors
But (but what) we don't love them whores
And we gonna smoke an ounce to that
G's up, hoes down, while you motherfuckers bounce to this
And I'll be

Rollin' down the street, smokin' indo, sippin' on gin and juice
Laid back with my mind on my money and my money on my
mind

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mind ya'll

I got me some Seagram's gin
Everybody got their cup, but they ain't chipped in
You know, this type of shit happens all the time
You gotta get yours before I get mine
Everything is fine when listenin' to the D-O-G
He's got the cultivating music that be captivating me
But, ah who hears the words that I speak
As I take me a drink to the middle of the street
I started mackin' with this bitch named Sadie
You know, she used to be the homeboy's lady
Don't you know it's eighty degrees
when I tell that bitch please
Raise up off these N-U-Ts
cause you gets none of these at ease
as I mob with the Dogg Pound, feel breeze
And I'll be

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mind
[x2]

Later on that day
My homey Dr. Dre
He came by with a gang of Tanqueray
And a fat ass J,
of some bubonic chronic, you know it made me choke
It ain't no joke, I had to back up off it,
Set my cup of gin down
Don't you know
Tanqueray and chronic, well I'm fucked up now
But it ain't stoppin', I'm still poppin'
Dr. Dre got some bitches from the city of Compton
To serve me, not with a cherry on top
Cause when I bust my nut, you know I'm raisin' up off the cot
But don't get upset girl, that's just how it goes
I don't love you hoes, that's why I'm out the do'
And I'll be

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[x2]

Rollin' down the street, smokin' indo, sippin' on gin and juice
(Beeotch!!)
Beeotch, oh woah woah woah

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