

Fruit Juice

Trold

Intro: dre

man pissing

Heah hah hah!

Im serious nigga one of yall niggaz got this ass motherfuckin up
Aiy baby, aiy baby... aiy baby get some bubblegum in this motherfucker

Steady long, steady long nigga

Verse one: snoop

With so much drama in the l-b-c

Its kinda hard bein snoop d-o-double-g

But i, somehow, some way

Keep comin up with funky ass shit like every single day

May i, kick a little something for the gs (yeah)

And, make a few ends as (yeah!) I breeze, through

Two in the mornin and the partys still jumpin

Cause my momma aint home

I got bitches in the living room gettin it on

And, they aint leavin til six in the mornin (six in the mornin)

So what you wanna do, sheeeit

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 dont love them hoes, yeah!

So we gonna smoke a ounce to this

Gs up, hoes down, while you motherfuckers bounce to this

Chorus: repeat 2x

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]

Verse two:

Now, that, I got me some seagrams gin

Everybody got they cups, but they aint chipped in

Now this types of shit, happens all the time

You got to get yours but fool I gotta get mine

Everything is fine when you listenin to the d-o-g

I got the cultivating music that be captivating he

Who listens, to the words that I speak

As I take me a drink to the middle of the street

And get to mackin to this bitch named sadie (sadie?)

She used to be the homeboys lady (oh, that bitch)

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 the breeze
Beeetch, Im just

Chorus

Verse three:

Later on that day

My homey dr. dre came through with a gang of tanqueray
And a fat ass j, of some bubonic chronic that made me choke

Shit, this aint no joke

I had to back up off of it and sit my cup down
Tanqueray and chronic, yeah Im fucked up now

But it aint no stoppin, Im still poppin

Dre got some bitches from the city of compton

To serve me, not with a cherry on top

Cause when I bust my nut, Im raisin up off the cot

Dont get upset girl, thats just how it goes

I dont love you hoes, Im out the do

And Ill be

Chorus

Rollin down the street, smokin indo, sippin on gin and juice (beeotch!)

Laid back [with my mind on my money and my money on my mind]

Rollin down the street, smokin indo, sippin on gin and juice (beeotch!)

Laid back [with my mind on my money and my money on my mind]

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