

# Gin and Juice

Cledus T. Judd

With so much drama in the 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 man every single day, and  
Can I kick a little sompin for the G's (yeah)  
and, make a few friends as I breeze through,  
Dont you know it's Two in the mawnin and  
our party's still jumpin cause my momma ain't home-home  
I got bitches in the living room gettin me hawney  
and, they ain't leavin til six in the mornin  
So what you wanna do-hoo  
I got a pocket full of rubbers and my homeboys doos too  
So turn off the lights and close the doors  
But (but what?) we don't love them whores  
And we gonna smoke a ounce to that  
G's up, hoes down, like you motherfuckers bounce to that  
(haw haw haw)

And i'd be..Chorus: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]

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:I got me some Seagram's gin

Everybody got they cups, but they ain't chipped in  
you know this type of shit, happens all the time

You got to get yours before I get mine

Everything is fine when you listenin to the D-O-G

I got the cultivating music that be captivating me but  
who hears, to the words that I speak

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

i started laughin with this bitch named Sadie (Sadie?)

(ya know?) She used to be the homeboy's lady

dontcha kno its Eighty degrees? when I tell that bitch please

Raise up off these N-U-T's, cause you gets none of these

At ease, as I mob with the Dogg Pound, feel the breeze

ill beChorusRollin down the street, smokin indo, sippin on gin and juice

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

Laid back [with my mind on my money and my money on my mind]Verse Three:Later on that day-hay

My homey Dr. Dre he came by with a gang of Tanqueray

And a fat ass J-hay, of some bubonic chronic you know it made me cho-oke

it ain't no joke  
I had to back up off of it and sit my cup of gin do-own  
(dontcha kno) Tanqueray and chronic, well I'm fucked up now  
But it ain't no 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  
Don't get upset girl, that's just how it goes  
I don't love you hoes, thats why I'm out the do'  
And I'll beChorusRollin down the street, smokin indo, sippin on gin and juice  
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  
Laid back [with my mind on my money and my money on my mind]ya'llRollin 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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