

Gin & Juice #2

Snoop Dogg

Get your motherfuckin' glass, 'cus it's a blast from the past
You didn't think we would touch it two times nigga
Gin & juice up in this bitch, yeah
Some of that beats by the pound flavor, you feel me
Get your ice, get your cups, 'cus we about to get fucked up in here
Yeah straight up
I'm still smokin', driftin', swifta than a mothafucka
Twisted off a cup of that 'ole ignat juice
Heated in the seat cup fulla drank
Beatin' up the block in the dark blue tank
Bullet proof vest on my chest for the cause
Diggin' in my draws for dem muthafuckin' laws
Harrassin' a nigga, blastin' a nigga
I ain't seen shit, so why you askin' a nigga
To fucked up off that G-I and juice
C-I get loose, nigga whatchu wanna do
I got a crew but I choose to roll solo
Especially on Sundays dippin' in my low low
[Incomprehensible] spot for the glock
I ain't fuckin' with the hen dogg so toss out the [Incomprehensible]
Put my shit on three wheels for thrills
I hit a corner and make sure my drink don't spill, that's real
Rollin down the street with heat
Drankin', [Incomprehensible] sittin' on D's
Top rolled back so I can feel the breeze
Never slippin', I keep my eyes on my enemies
Rollin down the street with heat
Drankin', [Incomprehensible] sittin' on D's
Top rolled back so I can feel the breeze
Never slippin', I keep my eyes on my enemies
Now trip dis', I'm on Interstate 10 fuckin' with this Creole
She said she knows Nino, stop me loc
A cup of that gin & juice, I blank a bitch out
Then turn the bitch out, look here
There ain't no need for you to be wastin' my time
See I picked you up, now I'm gonna stick you up and dick you up
And give you what you need, then bring you back down to reality
With that California weed
She seemed trouble at first and then it got worse

'Cus now I got my hand up and down her mini-skirt
Twerkin' that shit while I'm ridin' up the highway

Doin' it my way, the hella highway, the fly way
Yeah swervin' in another lane, tryin' to maintain
And baby girl steady takin' dick to the brain
Now it ain't no thing, 'cus she swallowed it up
Then she wanted to take a puff, I said
"Look here bitch you've had enough"

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Somebody say, I wanna get fucked up, come on, now
Everybody say, I wanna get fucked up, yeah
I popped by the ice cream shop
The cops saw me, cops stopped me, you heard me
Were's Serv-D, nigga will serve me
Since you got that big bad ass dangle
Nigga you know I'm know for havin' that big ass bank
Tryin' to find all your dope, 'cus I'm a smoker
I'll find that indo weed even when I'm on the East Coast
'Cus times gettin' hard on the boulevard, but I refuse to lose
[Incomprehensible] Yo I know Jimmy's sent me somethin', I need to cop somethin'
I know you got somethin', nigga stop frontin'
Get at your boy, hook it up like Master P
Would it be a tragedy to fill me the best weed
Rollin down the street, with heat
Drankin', [Incomprehensible] , sittin' on D's
Top rolled back so I can feel the breeze
Never slippin', I keep my eyes on my enemies
Rollin down the street with heat
Drankin', [Incomprehensible] , sittin' on D's
Top rolled back so I can feel the breeze
Never slippin', I keep my eyes on my enemies
Bitch, trademark

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