

## Clear

### "Gin And Juice"

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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,  
Don't 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  
Don'tcha kno it's 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 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 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  
(don'tcha 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, that's why I'm out the do'  
And I'll 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]ya'll

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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