

Cledus T. Judd

"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,
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 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
(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 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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