

## Firehouse

### "Gin & Juice"

Visit "[Gin & Juice](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Daz Dillinger]

Yeah, Death Row  
Dogg Pound, Snoop Dogg  
Right back in they ass with the remix  
Like that! We gotta hit 'em hard  
And we gon' hit 'em like this  
Pure gangsta shit!  
Modiefied, Purefied, nigga  
Check it out!

[Snoop Dogg]

With so much drama in the L-B-C  
It's 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 G's (yeah)  
and, make a few ends as (yeah!) I breeze, through  
Two in the mornin and the party's still jumpin  
cause my momma ain't home  
I got bitches in the living room gettin it on  
and, they ain't 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 don't love them hoes, yeah!  
So we gonna smoke a ounce to this  
G's up, hoes down, while you motherfuckers bounce to  
this

Chorus:

Just rollin'! (I'm on a mission on the grind)  
Just rollin'! (Homies get cought up, doin' time)  
Just rollin'! (What?) (laid back)  
Just rollin'! (with my mind on my money and my money  
on my mind)  
Just rollin'! (I'm on a mission on the grind)  
Just rollin'! (Can't get cought up and do time)  
Just rollin'! (Laid back)  
Just rollin'! (with my mind on my money and my money  
on my mind)

[Snoop Dogg]

Now, that, I got me some Seagram's gin  
Everybody got they cups, but they ain't 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 homeboy's lady (Oh, that bitch)  
Eighty degrees, when I tell that bitch please  
Raise up off these N-U-T's, cause you gets none of  
these  
At ease, (Bow wow wow) as I mob with the Dogg Pound  
(Ha ha) feel the breeze  
beeeitch, I'm just

Chorus:

Just rollin'! (I'm on a mission on the grind)  
Just rollin'! (Can't get caught up and do time)  
Just rollin'! (What?) (laid back)  
Just rollin'! (with my mind on my money and my money  
on my mind)  
Just rollin'! (Me and my dawg mashin' on the grind)  
Just rollin'! (Can't get caught up and do time)  
Just rollin'! (Laid back)  
Just rollin'! (with my mind on my money and my money  
on my mind)  
(Hah.. ha!)

[Snoop Dogg]

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 ain't no joke  
I had to back up off of it and sit my cup down  
Tanqueray and chronic, yeah I'm fucked up now  
But it ain't no stoppin, I'm 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, I'm raisin up off the cot  
Don't get upset girl, that's just how it goes  
I don't love you hoes, I'm out the do'  
And I'll be

Chorus:

Just rollin'! (On a mission on the grind)

Just rollin'! (Can't get caught up and do time)  
Just rollin'! (Laid back)  
Just rollin'! (with my mind on my money and my money  
on my mind)  
Just rollin'! (I'm on a mission on the grind)  
Just rollin'! (Can't get caught up and do time)  
Just rollin'! (What?) (laid back)  
Just rollin'! (with my mind on my money and my money  
on my mind)  
Just rollin'! (On a mission and on the grind)  
Just rollin'! (Out for quarter, nickels and dimes)  
I'm just rollin' (Beeotch)  
(With my mind on my money and my money on my  
mind)  
Yeah, this what I'm sayin'  
Huh (Beeotch)  
(With my mind on my money and my money on my  
mind)

[Ol' G Henny Loc]

Yo, again!

Back up in this muthafucka is Ol' G Henny Loc (what  
up?)

Tellin' you what's really goin' on, (check)

With the big (check) baby of 'em all, Snoop Doggy  
Dogg (show ya right)

Back up in ya muthafuckas

Flipp floppin' hoes like ?Fab Jacks?

What many fuckas remain to be, clockin' them dollas

So recognize game as the D-O-double-G, dips with the  
Gin & Juice

Ya trick ass, bitches!! (ha ha)

[Daz Dillinger]

Yeah, just bounce to this

Snoop ounce to this

All my homies just bounce to this

Eastside just bounce to this

Westside, bounce to this

Nothside, bounce to this

Southside, bounce to this

Japan, bounce to this

U.K., bounce to this

Niggas from Aklohoma, bounce to this

Niggas from Texas, bounce to this

Niggas in Atlanta, bounce to this

Niggas in New York, bounce to this

Niggas in New York they bounce to this

Niggas in New York they bounce to this, check!

