

## Gadjits

### "40 Oz and Chronic Dice"

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(Hook) (Doc)

Finally the sun went down in the hood and I was  
budded  
Dice game and fat sacks a indo  
Service with high times and made it  
Rainy days blew me away, so I drank the 4 everyday  
Matter fact it was a murder present  
One-eight-six point duece that was ridin wit one-eighty-  
seven  
(40 ounces and chronice dice)  
Yeah, I stay high muthafucka

(Lynch)

On my briefcase is some crumbled weed  
Buckshot shells from a dead body  
Got a whole bunch a 40's and a couple a hoes  
A '95 Fifty sittin on Trues and Vogues  
Plus I had a nine in my glove compartment  
'Cause everywhere I go niggas love to start shit  
Five pound chronic dice, in my mits  
Fifteen teflons, in my clip  
Heard about a lot a sick shit in the block, so  
I stay locc to the brain and remain incognito  
With my twenty sack a the bomb  
Money back guarantee, if you hit that shit and don't  
wanna kill yo' mom  
Got the clip, glock, Chevy Impala to dump  
Stop the glock, no you can't the Doc from the  
gangbang nigga  
So up goes yo' triggga  
Stayin high off the cess, I'm in  
And my nigga say

(Hook)

(Foe Loco)

So fuck ya, rippin off ya forehead and down yo' cheeks  
You in the ??? Doc shape 'cause I drop seven by you  
feet  
And ya broke, my pockets are no for load all day  
'Cause that eastside slangs 'em in effective ways

And amazing thang  
Is the gangbang'll come up off a crap game, poor  
some mo' drank and dank  
Then hits the stain, where my frozen Ides is  
Twist off a cap where my liquid suicide lives  
Frostbitten from, that Crooked I, I'm lookin through  
We get sick, Foe Loco, the mark eastside, ridin on you  
He comin at me wrong, damn, we between the sheets  
Is suicide on yo' mind, must I leave you on these  
streets  
Raise up off me, but really realizin the strength  
Had him readin the ?? and the serial number on this  
thang  
Peep the slug, toke the reefer, let the barrel meet 'cha  
Mean mug in the center of the street and the reaper  
then

(Hook)

(Doc) (talking)

Yeah, and a special shout goes out to all the playas on  
the southside  
It's a Garden Blocc thang nigga, stay rippin, know what  
I'm sayin  
And everythang  
Muthafuckin homies on the eastside, Foe Loco, Buggy,  
Lil' Sky and shit nigga  
Y'all muthafucka's handle that gangsta shit  
And I'm out 'til the duece-nine, Garden Blocc, ride 'til I  
die  
Oh yeah, FUCK YO' ASS SNITCH, you know who I'm  
talkin to bitch  
Fuck yo' ass nigga, some brand new news a nigga  
picked up on  
You never know who you can trust  
Sometimes you can't even trust ya big homie  
I'm out

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