

## Snoop Dogg "Fruit Juice"

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Intro: dre

\*man pissing\*

Heah hah hah!

Im serious nigga one of yall niggaz got this ass  
motherfuckin up

Aiy baby, aiy baby... aiy baby get some bubblegum in  
this motherfucker

Steady long, steady long nigga

Verse one: snoop

With so much drama in the l-b-c

Its 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 gs (yeah)

And, make a few ends as (yeah!) I breeze, through

Two in the mornin and the partys still jumpin

Cause my momma aint home

I got bitches in the living room gettin it on

And, they aint 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 dont love them hoes, yeah!

So we gonna smoke a ounce to this

Gs up, hoes down, while you motherfuckers bounce to  
this

Chorus: repeat 2x

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:

Now, that, I got me some seagrams gin

Everybody got they cups, but they aint 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 homeboys lady (oh, that bitch)  
Eighty degrees, when I tell that bitch please  
Raise up off these n-u-ts, cause you gets none of these  
At ease, as I mob with the dogg pound, feel the breeze  
Beeitch, Im just

Chorus

Verse three:

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 aint no joke  
I had to back up off of it and sit my cup down  
Tanqueray and chronic, yeah Im fucked up now  
But it aint no stoppin, Im 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, Im raisin up off the cot  
Dont get upset girl, thats just how it goes  
I dont love you hoes, Im out the do  
And Ill be

Chorus

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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