

Snoop Dogg "Gin N Juice"

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With so much drama in the LBC
It's kinda hard bein' Snoop D O double G
But I, I somehow, some way
Keep comin' up funky ass shit like every single day

May I kick a little somethin' for the G's ?
(Yeah)
And, make a few friends as I breeze through
(Yeah)

Two in the mornin' and our 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, shit?
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 that
G's up, hoes down, like you motherfuckers bounce to
that

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)

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juice
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mind)

Now, that, I got me some Seagram's gin
Everybody got they cups, but they ain't chipped in
Now this type 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' with 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, as I mob with the Dogg Pound, feel the breeze
Bitch, I'm just

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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

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(With my mind on my money and my money on my
mind)

Rollin' down the street, smokin' indo, sippin' on gin and
juice
(Biatch)
(With my mind on my money and my money on my
mind)

Rollin' down the street, smokin' indo, sippin' on gin and
juice
(Biatch)
(With my mind on my money and my money on my
mind)

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