

Spandau Ballet

"Gin & Juice #2"

Visit "[Gin & Juice #2](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Ahh-haaa

Get your motherfuckin' glass, cus it's a blast from the past

You didn't think would touch it two times nigga

Gin and Juice up in this bitch, yahhh

Some of that Beats By the Pound flavor, you feel me (you heard me)

Get your ice, get your cups, Cus we about to get fucked up in here

Yah (yah), Straight up, Uhmm (uhmm), Yah (yah)

I'm still smokin', driftin', swiftna than a mothafucka

Twisted off a cup of that 'ole ignat juice

Heated in the seat cup fulla drank

Beatin' up the block in the dark blue tank

Bullet proof vest on my chest for the cause

Diggin' in my draws for dem muthafuckin' laws

Harrassin' a nigga, blastin' a nigga

I ain't seen shit, so why you askin' nigga

To fucked up off that G-I and juice,

C-I get loose, nigga what chall wanna do

I got a crew, but I choose to roll solo

Especially on Sundays dippin' in my low-low

??? Spot for the glock, I ain't fuckin' with the hen dogg

So toss out the ???

Put my shit on three wheels for thrills

I hit a corner and make sure my drink don't spill, that's real

[Chorus]

Rollin down the street, with heat

Drankin', ???, Sittin' on D's

Top rolled back so I can feel the breeze

Never slippin', I keep my eyes on my enemies (2X)

Now trip dis', I'm on Interstate 10 fuckin' with this Creole

She said she knows NINO, now stop me loc

Cup of that Gin and Juice, I blank a bitch out

Then turn the bitch out, look here

There ain't no need for you to be wastin' my time

See I picked you up, now I'm gunna stick you up, And
dick you up!
Give you what you need, then bring you back down to
reality
With that California weed, she seemed trouble at first
And then it got worse, cus now I got my hand up and
down her mini-skirt
Twerkin' that shit while riddin' up the highway
Doin' it my way, hella highway, the fly way
Swervin' in another lane, tryin' to maintain
And baby girl steady takin' dick to the brain
Now it ain't no thing, cus she swallowed it up
Then she wanted to take a puff, I said "Look here bitch
you've had
enough"

[Chorus x2]

Somebody say, I wanna get fucked up
(Say What, Say What)
Come on, Now
Everybody say, I wanna get fucked up
(What Chew Say, What Chew Say) YAH

I'm hopped by the ice cream shop, The cops saw me,
stopped me, heard me
Were's Serv-D, well serve me, since you got that big
bad ass dangle
Nigga you know I'm know for havin' that big ass bank
Tryin' to find all your dope, cus your a smoker
I'll find that indo weed even when I'm on the East Coast
Cus times gettin' hard on the boulevard, but I refuse to
loose ?!?!?!
Lil' Jimmy's sent me something, I need to cop
something
Got Some (Got Some), I know you got some
Nigga stop frontin', get at your boy
Hook it up like Master P (Ughh)
Would it be a tragedy to fill me the best weed

[Chorus x2]

Visit [Spandau Ballet](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.