

## Noel Torres

### "Gin And Juice"

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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  
And, make a few moves while I breeze, to  
Two in the mornin and the party's still jumpin  
Cause my momma ain't home  
I got the 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 gonna do,  
I got a pocket full of rubbers and my homeboys do too  
So turn out the lights and close the door  
But (but what) we don't love them hoes,  
So we gonna smoke an ounce to this  
G's up, hoes down, while my fuckers bounce to this

[Chorus: repeat 2x]

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

[Verse Two:]

Got me some Seagram's gin  
Everybodys got their cups, but they ain't chipped in  
Now these type of things, happen 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  
Got the cultivating music that be captivating me  
When you listen, to the words that I speak  
As I take me a drink to the middle of the street  
And get a mackin to this bitch named Sadie  
She used to be the homeboy's lady (oh, that bitch)  
Eighty degrees, when I tell that chick please  
In a dog pound, feelin' the breeze.

[Chorus]

[Verse Three:]

Later on that day  
My homey dr. dre came over with a gang of tanqueray  
And a fat ass g, 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  
Bang around 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 ain't raisin' the blood off  
the cut  
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]

Rollin down the street, smokin indo, sippin on gin and  
juice  
[with my mind on my money and my money on my  
mind]  
Rollin down the street, smokin indo, sippin on gin and  
juice  
[with my mind on my money and my money on my  
mind]

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