

Phish

"Gin And Juice Cover"

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With so much drama in L-B-C
It's kinda hard bein Snoop D-O-double-G
But I, I somehow, some way
Keep comin up funky ass shit nearly every single day
Can I, kick a little something for the G's
and, make a few friends as I breeze through
Dontcha know it's
Two in the mornin and the 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
So whatcha wanna do?

I got a pocket full o rubbers and my homeboys do too
So turn off the lights and close the doors
But (but what) we don't love them whores,
And we gonna smoke an ounce to that
G's up, hoes down, like you motherfuckers bounce to
that

And I'll be
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]
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]

I got me some Seagram's gin
Everybody got they cups, but they ain't chipped in
Yanno this type of shit, happens all the time
You gotta get yours before I get mine
Everything is fine when you listenin to the D-O-G
He's got the cultivatin music that be captivatin me
But who hears, the words I speak
As I take me a drink to the middle of the street
I started mappin with this bitch named Sadie
You know she used to be the homeboy's lady
Dontcha know it's 80 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, full breeze
And I'll be

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]
Rollin down the street, smokin indo, sippin on gin and
juice
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Later on that day
My homey Dr. Dre
He came by with a gang of Tanqueray
And a fat ass J, of some bubonic chronic you know it
made me choke
it ain't no joke
I had to back up off of it and set my cup o gin down
Dontcha know Tanqueray and chronic, well I'm fucked
up now
But there ain't no stoppin, I'm still poppin
Dr. Dre got some bitches from the city of Compton
To serve me, not with a cherry on top
Cause when I bust my nut, You know I'm raisin to pop a
cop
But don't get upset girl, that's just how it goes
I don't love you hoes, That's why I'm out the do'
And I'll be

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

Beeotch.

Rollin down the street, smokin indo, sippin on gin and
juice

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