

Phish

"Gin And Juice (snoop Dogg 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?
Don't you 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' till 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 we don't love them whores
(But what?)
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
Ya know 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's been captivatin' me
But who hears, the words I speak
As I take me a drink to the middle of the street

I started rappin' with this bitch named Sadie
You know she used to be the homeboy's lady
Don't cha 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

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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
Don't cha 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'

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Beeoch
(Beeoch wo wo wo)

Rollin' down the street, smokin' indo
Sippin' on gin and juice

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