

Günther Stern

"40 Oz and Chronic Dice"

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(Hook) (Doc)

Finally the sun went down in the hood and I was
budded
Dice game and fat sacks a indo
Service with high times and made it
Rainy days blew me away, so I drank the 4 everyday
Matter fact it was a murder present
One-eight-six point duece that was ridin wit one-eighty-
seven
(40 ounces and chronice dice)
Yeah, I stay high muthafucka

(Lynch)

On my briefcase is some crumbled weed
Buckshot shells from a dead body
Got a whole bunch a 40's and a couple a hoes
A '95 Fifty sittin on Trues and Vogues
Plus I had a nine in my glove compartment
'Cause everywhere I go niggas love to start shit
Five pound chronic dice, in my mits
Fifteen teflons, in my clip
Heard about a lot a sick shit in the block, so
I stay locc to the brain and remain incognito
With my twenty sack a the bomb
Money back guarantee, if you hit that shit and don't
wanna kill yo' mom
Got the clip, glock, Chevy Impala to dump
Stop the glock, no you can't the Doc from the
gangbang nigga
So up goes yo' trigga
Stayin high off the cess, I'm in
And my nigga say

(Hook)

(Foe Loco)

So fuck ya, rippin off ya forehead and down yo' cheeks
You in the ??? Doc shape 'cause I drop seven by you
feet
And ya broke, my pockets are no for load all day
'Cause that eastside slangs 'em in effective ways

And amazing thang
Is the gangbang'll come up off a crap game, poor
some mo' drank and dank
Then hits the stain, where my frozen Ides is
Twist off a cap where my liquid suicide lives
Frostbitten from, that Crooked I, I'm lookin through
We get sick, Foe Loco, the mark eastside, ridin on you
He comin at me wrong, damn, we between the sheets
Is suicide on yo' mind, must I leave you on these
streets
Raise up off me, but really realizin the strength
Had him readin the ?? and the serial number on this
thang
Peep the slug, toke the reefer, let the barrel meet 'cha
Mean mug in the center of the street and the reaper
then

(Hook)

(Doc) (talking)

Yeah, and a special shout goes out to all the playas on
the southside
It's a Garden Blocc thang nigga, stay rippin, know what
I'm sayin
And everythang
Muthafuckin homies on the eastside, Foe Loco, Buggy,
Lil' Sky and shit nigga
Y'all muthafucka's handle that gangsta shit
And I'm out 'til the duece-nine, Garden Blocc, ride 'til I
die
Oh yeah, FUCK YO' ASS SNITCH, you know who I'm
talkin to bitch
Fuck yo' ass nigga, some brand new news a nigga
picked up on
You never know who you can trust
Sometimes you can't even trust ya big homie
I'm out

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