

# Gin And Juice

Cledus T. Judd

With so much drama in the L-B-C  
It's kinda hard bein Snoop D-O-double-G  
But I, I somehow, some way-hay  
Keep comin up funky ass shit man every single day, and  
Can I kick a little sompin for the G's (yeah)  
and, make a few friends as I breeze through,  
Dont you know it's Two in the mawnin and  
our party's still jumpin cause my momma ain't home-home  
I got bitches in the living room gettin me hawney  
and, they ain't leavin til six in the mornin  
So what you wanna do-hoo  
I got a pocket full of rubbers and my homeboys doos too  
So turn off the lights and close the doors  
But (but what?) we don't love them whores  
And we gonna smoke a ounce to that  
G's up, hoes down, like you motherf\*\*kers bounce to that  
(haw haw haw)  
And i'd be..

Chorus:

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]

Verse Two:

I got me some Seagram's gin  
Everybody got they cups, but they ain't chipped in  
you know this type of shit, happens all the time  
You got to get yours before I get mine  
Everything is fine when you listenin to the D-O-G  
I got the cultivating music that be captivating me but  
who hears, to the words that I speak  
As I take me a drink to the middle of the street  
i started laughin with this bitch named Sadie (Sadie?)  
(ya know?) She used to be the homeboy's lady  
dontcha kno its Eighty 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, feel the breeze  
ill be

Chorus

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]

Verse Three:

Later on that day-hay  
My homey Dr. Dre he came by with a gang of Tanqueray  
And a fat ass J-hay, of some bubonic chronic you know it made me cho-oke  
it ain't no joke  
I had to back up off of it and sit my cup of gin do-own

(dontcha kno) Tanqueray and chronic, well I'm f\*\*ked up now  
But it 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 up off the cot  
Don't get upset girl, that's just how it goes  
I don't love you hoes, thats why I'm out the do'  
And I'll be

#### Chorus

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]ya'll

Rollin down the street, smokin indo, sippin on gin and juice (beeotch!!)  
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 (beeotch!!)  
Laid back [with my mind on my money and my money on my mind]