

Gin and Juice

The Gourds

[Verse 1]

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 with funky ass shit like every single day
And 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' me horny
They ain't leavin' 'til six in the mornin'
So, what you wanna do
I got a pocket full of 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 a ounce to that
G's up, hoes down, like you motherfuckers bounce to this
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, y'all

[Verse 2]

I got me some Seagram's gin
Everybody got their cup but they ain't chipped in
You 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 be captivatin' me
But, who hears the words that I speak
As I take me a drink to the middle of the street
I started mackin' with this bitch named Sadie
You know, she used to be the homeboy's lady
Don't you know it's eighty degrees

When I tell that bitch please
Raise up off these N-U-Ts
'Cause you gets none of these at ease
As I mob with the Dogg Pound, feel the breeze
And I'll be

[Chorus]
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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 3]
So later on that day
My homie 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, set my cup of gin down
Don't you know
Tanqueray and chronic, well, I'm fucked 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
â€˜Cause when I bust my nut, you know I'm raisin' up off the cot
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 door, and I'll be

[Chorus]
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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

[Outro]
Rollin' down the street, smokin' indo
Sippin' on gin and juice bi-atch
Rollin' down the street, smokin' indo

Sippin' on gin and juice

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