

# Cledus T. Judd, Gin And Juice

With so much drama in the L-B-C  
It's kinda hard bein Snoop D-O-double-G  
But I, somehow, some way  
Keep comin up with funky ass shit like every single day  
May I, kick a little something for the G's (yeah)  
and, make a few ends as (yeah!) I breeze, through  
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 (six in the mornin)  
So what you wanna do, sheeeit  
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 hoes, yeah!  
So we gonna smoke a ounce to this  
G's up, hoes down, while you motherfuckers bounce to this

Chorus: repeat 2X

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:

Now, that, I got me some Seagram's gin  
Everybody got they cups, but they ain't chipped in  
Now this types of shit, happens all the time  
You got to get yours but fool I gotta get mine  
Everything is fine when you listenin to the D-O-G  
I got the cultivating music that be captivating he  
who listens, to the words that I speak  
As I take me a drink to the middle of the street  
and get to mackin to this bitch named Sadie (Sadie?)  
She used to be the homeboy's lady (Oh, that bitch)  
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  
beeitch, I'm just

Chorus

Verse Three:

Later on that day  
My homey Dr. Dre came through with a gang of Tanqueray  
And a fat ass J, of some bubonic chronic that made me choke  
Shit, this ain't no joke  
I had to back up off of it and sit my cup down  
Tanqueray and chronic, yeah I'm fucked up now  
But it ain't no stoppin, I'm still poppin  
Dre got some bitches from the city of Compton  
To serve me, not with a cherry on top  
Cause when I bust my nut, I'm raisin up off the cot  
Don't get upset girl, that's just how it goes  
I don't love you hoes, I'm out the do'  
And I'll be

Chorus

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!!)  
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