## Phish, Gin And Juice (Snoop Dogg Cover)

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 funky ass shit like every single day May, I, kick a little something for the G's and, make a few ends as 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 So whatcha wanna do?

Shit,I got a pocket full o rubbers and my homeboys do too So turn off the lights and close the doors But (but what) we don't love them hoes, So we gonna smoke an ounce to that G's up, hoes down, like you motherf\*\*kers bounce to that

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 gotta get mine
Everything is fine when you listenin to the D-O-G
I'v got the cultivatin music that be captivatin me
Who listens to the words that i speak
As I take me a drink to the middle of the street
And get macking with this bitch named Sadie
She used to be the homeboy's lady
Dontcha 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, filled with 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 that made me choke
Shit,this ain't no joke
I had to back up off of it and set my cup down
Tanqueray and chronic, well I'm f\*\*ked up now
But there 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 to pop a cop
don't get upset girl, that's just how it goes
I don't love you hoes,why I'm out the door
And I'll be

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Beeotch.

Rollin down the street, smokin indo, sippin on gin and juice

(This is often attributed to Phish but it is actually the bluegrass band - The Gourds.)