

# Gourds, Gin And Juice

Gin and Juice  
by Snoop Doggy Dogg  
As played by the Gourds

With so much drama in 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  
and, make a few friends as I breeze, through  
Two in the mornin and the party's still jumpin  
cause my momma ain't ho-ome  
I got bitches in the living room gettin it on  
and, they ain't leavin til six in the mornin  
So what you wanna do sh\*t  
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  
So we gonna smoke a ounce to this  
G's up, hoes down, while you motherf\*\*kers 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  
Every body got their cups, but they ain't chipped in  
now 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  
I got the cultivating music that be captivating me  
who listens to the words that I say  
As I take me a drink to the middle of the street  
and get mackin to this bitch named Sadie  
She used to be the homeboy's lady  
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 bytch

Chorus

Verse Three:

(slows down)  
Later on that day  
My homey Dr. Dre  
Came through with a gang of Tanqueray  
And a fat ass J,  
(speeds up)  
of some bubonic chronic that made me choke sh\*t  
It ain't no joke, I had to back up off of it,  
Sit my cup down

(stops) Yeah, Tanqueray and chronic, well I'm f\*\*ked up now (speeds back up)  
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