

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