

Phish, Gin And Juice

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 funky ass shit nearly every single day
Can I, kick a little something for the G's and, make a few friends as I breeze through
Dont you know its 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 till six in the mornin
So whatcha wanna do?
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 whores,
And we gonna smoke an ounce to that
G's up, hoes down, like you mother fuckers bounce to that
And I'll be 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 get mine
Everything is fine when you listenin to the D-O-G
He's got the cultivatin music thats been captivatin me
But who hears, the words I speak
As I take me a drink to the middle of the street
I started rappin with this bitch named Sadie
You know she used to be the homeboy's lady
Dont cha 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, full breeze
And I'll be 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]
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 you know it made me choke it ain't no joke
I had to back up off of it and set my cup o gin down
Dont cha know Tanqueray and chronic, well I'm fucked up now
But there 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
Cause when I bust my nut, You know I'm raisin to pop a cop
But don't get upset girl thats just how it goes
I don't love you hoes, That's why I'm out the do'
And I'll be 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]
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]
Beeoch. (Beeoch wo wo wo)
Rollin down the street, smokin indo, sippin on gin and juice