

Juice & Gin

B.o.B

Well they say nothing is forever
Well fuck what they say I been waiting for forever
They steal the flow cause they can't think of nothing clever
I picture me on top, I couldn't paint it any better
No Genre bitch, I couldn't say it any clearer
This a brand new era
Make another error
See the face of terror
Bad news and I hate to be the bearer
9/11 and I ain't talking Panamera
Ease up, east side easel
Even if up was your kids you still couldn't keep up
I see the competition, they get ate her finger licking
No wonder I'm a pothead I was always in the kitchen
Trying to whip up decent music, give the people what they missin'
Now throw this shit and crack the system bitch

Rollin' down the street, smokin' indo, sippin' on gin and juice
Faded, (Bobby got the indo-do, got the indo)
I'm rollin' down the street, smokin' indo, sippin' on gin and juice
Faded, (Bobby got the indo-do, got the indo)

See I got weed in my lungs and the world in my palm
I get stoned like a fossil and that's word to my ma'
Just splittin' swisher's like surgeons
While I ride with my niggas
The car look like a sauna, I hope the cops never get us
Get some liquor man fuck it
I only drink on occasions
But why I'm drinking I'm faded
The peer pressure I hate it
Debated it then I took a swig of some gin that we had
I don't like drinking but really I wasn't feeling too bad
Now I'm just

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I'm rollin' down the street, smokin' indo, sippin' on gin and juice
Faded...

Bobby got the indo
London out the window
Jake whip in the lambo
While Jaque make the beat go
Got my mind on my money and my money on my mind
Rollin' wit' a dot, only feed her wine
Don't got the time, VIP no lyin'
And my swag is off the hizzel fo' Shizzel for nizzel
That's word to my nizzel Snoop Dizzel
Got them curls for the girls: miss frizzle

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Faded, faded
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You see nothing is forever

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Say it any clearer, this a brand new era)