Snoop Dogg, I Miss You

Now... who got the beat that makes ya bump?
And who got the bump that ya thump?
Well, I got the funk that makes ya bump
So we gon funk this motherfucker right on up
Well here's a toast to the boogie while I step on in
So put your lighters in the air and let the smoke kick in
I got the motion, the potion
And once ?? hit the groove everything is in motion
We coastin through the neighborhood and lookin around
And all of my homies on lock down, we keep it underground
Man, I done foudn the only way to put mine down is to dip, skip with the homies from the Dogg Pou
Sup, Bow-Wow, how my nigga feelin?
Oh, I'm on the money mission to get a pocket full of millions
Like Sicilians, we do it mafioso
Doggy style, Dogg Pound, Death Row is the logo
I do it by my lonely cause I'm true to the code
Plus I die with the homies cause that's all I really know
Who started with me, who departed with me
Through thick and thin we heartless-ass G's
Regardless, let's see with biphocles, let's try the locals
And y'all wonder why they despise my vocals
I fooled you like crystals, rap spittin like lips do
When I dismiss you, me and my click, fool
Chorus:
May I (may... I), may I funk with you?
(repeat x4)
To be a high rolla, you need a pistola
And about a half a key of some Coca Cola
Now that I got older, I got a little colder
And I don't trip to get a chip off my nigga's shoulder
Million dreams of a gangsta, being like Cagney
A bowlie for Snoop Doggy
Ain't no follow-up, man, I'm a general, so when I put it down I gots to be so orignal
I'm quick to bust, just like Daz Dillinger
But that's the little homie, I'm the big homie, Snoop Don Corleone
Spit three words up in lightning
As long as I'm bouncin with this I know you like it
Fo' sho tho, you can't take my fo-do'
I'm layin around in the DPG in a grey photo
Get pushed around downtown in the back of a car
The Double R from the Durwood store
Chorus
Well in verse three, the worst see?
After part two, know when I stop the clock there be a heart, too
And just the two of us, gonna show you how we do,
I thought you knew we bust
I demolish, stay polished, no time to rust
No dividing, multiplying cause it's never too much, like Luthor
Cause ya see ain't no loser
That can get the scoop on the supa-dupa Snoop
I refuse the tactics, you ain't used to drastics
I choose to mash like Land Cruisers
You know I isn't the bomb digga-dee, bomb-beeze
They can't get with the D-O double G
You no MC slash master of ceramonies
Runnin thangs, pullin strings callin Snoop pesky
Lesson, blessin', stressin' manifest me
Don't wanna test me, I'm guaranteed to let it rest, see?
Chorus x3
May I?