

# 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 Pound  
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?