

## Snoop Dogg "May I"

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Now... who got the beat that makes ya bump?  
And who got the bump that makes 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 Priest hit the groove everything is in motion  
We coastin through the neighborhood and lookin  
around  
And all of my homies on lock down, or either  
underground  
Man, I done found 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, don't try the loco's  
And y'all wonder why they despise my vocals  
I fooled you like crystals, rap spittin like clips 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  
Maaann, dreams of a gangsta, being like Cagney  
or Bogie, but Snoop Doggy  
Ain't no follower, man, I'm a general, so when I put it  
down I gots to be so original  
I'm quick to bust, just like Daz Dillinger

But that's the little homie, and I'm the big homie, Snoop  
Don Corleone  
Spittin three words up in lightnin  
As long as I'm bouncin with this I know you likin this  
Fo' sho tho, you can't take my photo  
I'm layin or throwin up DPG in a grey fo'do  
Get pushed around downtown in the back of a car  
The Double R from the dirt to the stars

Chorus

Well in verse three, the worst see?  
After part two, know when I start to plot 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, got 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-a  
I abuse the tactics, you ain't used to drastics  
I choose to mash like Land Cruisers  
You know I izzit the bomb digga-dee, bomb-bazee  
They can't get with the D-O double G  
You no o' me slash master ceremony  
Runnin thangs, pullin strings call him Snoop pesci  
Lessons, blessin', stressin' manifest me  
Don't wanna test me, I'm guaranteed to let it rest, see?

Chorus x3

May I?

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