

Y'All Gone Miss Me (Feat. KoKane)

Snoop Dogg

Fades in y'all gone miss me
Yeah y'all gone miss me
Harmonizing never miss what you had 'til it's gone
Yeah y'all gone miss me
Y'all gone miss me yeah y'all gone miss me[Snoop Dogg]
Who that nigga that brought you that gangsta shit
Befo' you motherfuckers was even ready for it
Showed you how to tie a flag on your head
And represent your motherfucking set 'til you're dead
Bust on the cops while I cuss the feds
Roll a joint in the bathtub getting head
Put the g in the p flipped the g to a ki
Put the west coast back on the map bay bee
Check my styles check my files
I've been gang-banging since I was a juvenile
They cut me loose in nine deuce I swore to tell the whole truth
Keep it gang-bang 100 proof
Everybody say hey snoop did death row pay me
Look here young loc shit it's all to the gravy
I really can't trip off the past on the real I had a blast
Tupac rest in peace and god bless all my enemies[Chorus: Kokane]
Rain drops falling on my head
Fucking with them haters messing with my bread
Talking bout the raindrops falling on my head
Fucking with them haters sleeping in my bed[Snoop Dogg]
Ain't no limit to this shit ain't no gimmick
Master p good looking out homeboy salute my lieutenant at ease
I'm in it knee deep and can't creep no more
I had to move down south on the low low fo' sho' doe
Dipping through the woods with fiend magic pokey
Mystikal v 90 see boz and p ya heard me
Windows on tint riding like the president
It's evident shit I'm doing good yeah
I moved out the hood like I should say what
And then they had the nerve to call me Hollywood nigga what
But I don't give a fuck if I'm misunderstood
20 crip don't slip yeah it's all to the good
Yeah the homies got twist too what you say
Oh the homies might get me they'll get you

Listen here don't try it and don't deny it
And don't pay 'em no mind dogg man I'm trying[Chorus][Snoop Dogg]
Just when you thought I was gone I'm back on
Knick knack paddy wack give the dogg a home
With a gang of pitbulls rottweilers and doberman pinschers
Bonafied killers

The illest cap peelers that you ever want to meet
Straight up out the ghetto where they pack the heavy metal
I got my hand on the wheel my foot on the gas pedal
I'm driving dogghouse to the next level woof
And bucking two shots at the devil
Run up on his ass and blast like a rebel
Turn up the treble cause I hit you with the bass
Remember my name and remember my face
Remember these words and remember the taste
And remember we all gotta leave this place
I'm trying to stay focused I'm the loc'est in the game

The rap prime minister Mr. G Thing[Chorus: x2]Harmonizing to fade with interjections of y'all gone miss me

Songwriters

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