

Snoop Dogg f/ Soulja Boy Tell 'Em "Pronto"

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[Snoop Dogg] What it do Coming at you live It's your boy big Snoop Dogg Got my nephew Soulja Boy in this motherfucker And we need you to move like pronto Like expeditiously Matter of fact Soulja Boy, holler at 'em nephew Ya dig [Chorus - Soulja Boy] Pronto You know that's how we ball She dancing on my draws with my back against the wall S.O.D. boys got our money sitting tall While your money sitting small And we make a phonecizzall cizzall I'm calling all my boys They're going to bring the noise when we hit the dancefloor My team hardcore all the girls do adore 'Bout to do the game right til my feet get sizzore sizzore [Soulja Boy] Dip on the scene make the haters say damn it Soulja Boy Tell 'Em hottest rapper on the planet Your girl love me and I know you can't stand it Got them [?!] got your boy bad mannered Your girl go hard like [?!] Soldier number one but I ain't talking 'bout the combo S.O.D. boss yeah I'm the head honcho Walk inside the club I need VIP pronto [Chorus] [Snoop Dogg] Get it in, get it out Turn it up, turn it out Big Snoop Dogg and Soulja Boy Told ya boy, in ya mouth Make it bang, make it bounce Break it up, take it out Nigga what you talking 'bout? Snoop Dogg walk it out Go to work, do the jerk Do it 'til your head hurt We the west, just the turf Known throughout the universe Superman and kryptonite All on the same mic Send us some bad bitches like [Chorus] [Soulja Boy] Mic check 0, 1, 2, 3 I don't freestyle cause my style ain't free Lyrical criminal most about internationally Soulja no limit but I ain't talking 'bout Master P I'm in my tour bus a lot of groupies in back of me Every photoshoot interview videoshoot or magazine My flow is so sick that number one up on i-tunes My flow be killing you quicker than the fucking swine flu [Chorus] [Snoop Dogg] All black hooded up Nigga we can get it up Yeah you can set it up cause we will never let it up And I'll do it 'til you get enough And I'll leave you dead and red and stuff What it do, what it is I see you haven't read enough This is the life I chose for me and this is the way I chose to be A lot of fools is cold to me but that's just the way it's supposed to be Never went against the grain Always bang 20 gauge

Stand for something dawg or you gon' fall for anything
but Later for that Yeah I got my swag back I'm with the
Soulja Boy A nigga bad back But in GCs and TCs we in
the VIP Blowing on some [?!] purple trees Jerking these
Working these cute bad bitches I think they Vietnamese
We gon' get them for thier cheese Break it down,
spread it round My pound Put it in the air right now like
pronto [Chorus]

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