

Lil' Jon & The East Side Boyz "Snap Ya Fingers Feat E 40 & Sean Paul (dirty)"

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(Intro:)

What's happenin'? Dis ya boy Lil Jon! BME Clik
What's up 40? What's happenin'?
What's up Sean Paul? What's happenin'?
Hey! Now ladies and gentlemen it's about dat time
To turn this thang on out
Now let me see everybody do this
Hey! Let's go!

(Chorus: 2x)

Snap ya fingers! Do ya step!
You can do it all by yo self!
Let me see you do it! Ay!
Let me see you do it! Ay!

(Lil Jon:)

Snap ya fingers and then rock wit it
Do it, do it, do it, do it, gon drop wit it
Do a step wit it, put ya hips wit it
All my ladies let me see ya put a twist wit it
You can't do like me, I'm by myself
I do it so good, I don't need nobody else
What's happenin', what's up
Got da purp fired up
What's happenin', what's up
Got Patrone in my cup
I pop, I drank
I'm on Patrone and purp, I can't thank
I'm blowed, to tha do'
Don't know how tha hell I'm gettin home

(Chorus: (2x)

(E-40:)

Straight from da bay, posted in tha 'A'
Bout to hit tha club, we been mobbin' all day
Drinkin' some Rossi, dyin' off Patrone
VIP style, strapped wit my chrome
Look around tha club, what do I see
Everybody rockin' from side to side to tha beat
Snappin' they fingers, bouncin' to tha groove
All by they self, that's tha new move

Nigga where I'm from, we like to go dumb
I'm soakin' up tha game, I'm seein' how it's done
I ask shawty what they call it, she said tha Pool Palace
Staright from Bankhead, I said you good at it
Do what cha do, you and ya crew
They even got playa's and thugs doin' it too
The mo' that I drank, tha more it's lookin' smooth
It's nuthin to a boss, I can do tha shit too

(Chorus: 2x)

(Sean Paul:)

Chillin' in tha bip, yeah we get crunk
Niggas poppin' bottles and these bitches gettin' drunk
Rollin' up tha kush, put it in tha air
I'm throwin' up tha E's to let em' know we in here
Brand new shoes, brand new tool
Pull out tha ol school, 'cause I'm feelin' real cool
Yeah I'm from tha 'A', so I'm leanin' and rockin'
Snappin' my fingers, then reachin' for my glock BITCH!
Reppin' my block BITCH!, straight from tha deck
When you snap ya fingers shawty, gotta jerk ya neck
Smokin' on tha best, we don't fuck wit dat mess
I bet you can't do it, do it, do it like this
Yeah I'm back to tha track, back to tha snap
1, 2 step, then you gotta lean back
Dis is how we do it in tha 'A town'
(and if you ain't know) this how it go down

(Chorus: 2x)

Hey! Hey!

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