

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

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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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