

Nana "Pronto"

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TONIGHT..

Tonight the rhythm blunt is gonna rip the mic (SMOKE
BLUNTS ALL NIGHT LONG)

Baby, allnight long.

DAYLIGHT

Daylight you still be ROCKIN WITH THE RHYTHM
BLUNT...CRU

And we'll rock on and on and on and on...

(Yogi)

Mic check 1 to get ready, hon

Peace to the rhythm blunt Cru packin guns

And give me some funk that's wild and

Poundin

And i'll get nastier than Florida Evens doo-doo brownin

Astoundin

Gives the peace up like jimmy snooker

And have ya head bobbin like a hoods point hooker

I'm in there like swimwear

Oh yeah

No diggi

And when i shoot my rose, you'd think my name was
???

Zunga zung, zunga zunga zeng (ZUNGA ZUNG,
ZUNGA ZUNGA ZENG)

And my favorite jams Method Man by Wu-Tang

Comin funkadelik cuz I grooves thats my nation

When I grabs the mic I gets the sennn-sation

Flip the script like a angry actor shake or poke ya

I'll wet ya with my supa-soaka

Cuz when I display my strong flow,

I gotcha in a sleepa life ??? strong bow

[Mighty Ha]

HEYA, HEYA, HEYA HO

(Chadio)

Pass the peice of steel to the one Chadio

And let me crush it,

With a new style few pile peices and bits

Into hits
Like this here shit
So calm down clown
When I come around
I'm not happy slappy, walkin town with a frown
Get down, get down with the rhythm in your ear
And peep out the sound from here
To Zaire
If this don't work, things get steep and deep
I'm runnin in the streets
And i'm playin for keeps
For now i crack heads, but don't mistake me for a white
rock
Keep my jail ceasar, instead of a nasty tight lock
Dread get me fed
End up dead
Cuz i'm phsyco
Choppin you down is the route that i might go
And that goes
For all my enemies and my foes
Pronto, pronto

Chorus: Might Ha (repeat 4X)

PRONTO!
Nigga gimme yours
All a bitch could do for me is
Eat dick and drop her drawers

(Yogi)
In L.I.P
This is how we be
Snappin necks
Stashin checks
And next on the pussy
Neva with tha hoes cuz the hoes is screamin rape
Buff my nut while I beep on my kalima harmet tapes
Done, now I'm walkin thru her crib in my undies
Honie in the back room screamin roll bundi
Cuz when I knock da boots, the horror, the horror
I'm orphan annie, hon, see ya tomorrow, tomorrow
Time to pick up Chad, Ha and some ism, damn, oh no
I'm kinda low
Go to willis avenue and tell jamaican J
I'd gladly pay him tuesday for a bag of boom today
(AAHHHH!)
You got the boom, it's over
I'm behind the wheel, so Cha's the designated roller
Cha pass to chad pass to the Y-O-G
We takin part of this to dr. dre on sista b
It's like that yo (THAT YO)

Like that yo (THAT YO)
And if you ask what's in your mouth, it's my fat ballz, yo
Crazy legit the ill shit's necessary
To make you dance ya ass off like Fred "Rerun" Berry
Very much a love bug like Herbie
I got crazy game, kerkie, kerkie

(Chadio)

You got crazy game and I got crazy gats
And we slam like a batterin ram (so brotha step back)
It's the one and only, only one
That leaves niggas strung
By the flip of a lip, by the flung
Of a tounge
Couldn't care less if the world blew up
But i wanna blow up before it blows
Thru flows
Of persistence
Which make a difference
In my everyday existence
Causin me to go the long distance
But back to a simple style and type format
As I stomp on comp just like a doormat
This type stuff's under lock and key (key)
Chad is a ruff as ruff can be (be)
Now how ruff can that be, well let's go figa
Ruffa than son of sam with a slam trigga
Ruffa than a criminal takin a liquor swigga
Ruffa than the voice on that Kid Lord Jigga
So toodahoo, ta-ta, cheerio
This here shit is type Pronto

(chorus)

Shat CRU, CRU, CRU
Whaaat.....whaat

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