

# Snap

## Ray Guntrip

[Chorus] See I'm done with this two-step  
Man I just snap, Man I just snap, Man I just snap  
And I ain't callin up for those drinks no more I just snap  
Man I just snap, Man I just snap  
And I ain't hollin at these ho's no more I just snap  
Man I just snap, Man I just snap  
And they know when it's time to go I just snap  
Man I just snap, Man I just snap

[Verse 1] When I say jump, You better start leapin'  
When I say crawl, Then you better start creepin'  
As soon as I hit the club, The weed smoke lingers  
I don't say shit, I just snap fingers  
Kev Federline and a whole set of dimes  
'Cause Benjamin Franklin is a good friend of mine  
I know your mad 'cause your girl wants to watch me  
But I hate haters like the fucking paparazzi  
Sit back and watch me, 'Cause you can't stop me  
I'm drinkin French Connection, blowin on Broccoli  
You got lil dough, I got cake with no icing  
K-Federline, I snap like Mike Tyson  
[[Chorus]]" "

[[Verse 2]] When I snap my fingers, Then your heads the target  
Everywhere I go they drop the red carpet  
I'm the pancake man, Fuck a hand shake man

I snap my fingers and nod my head  
Girl make me happy and please make it snappy  
I give you an order, you better run like an athlete  
When Kev touchdown like the endzone  
Snap, Valet man park the Ento  
Without a scratch, and it's a fact  
The rap game was locked, Until I broke the latch  
Please, remember the name K-Fed  
And I ain't even drunk, the media want Kev dead  
Twistin' up every little word that Kev said  
Well tell them fuckerazzis they can give Kev head  
I snap like they do in Atlanta  
Peep, the ice care, Got Juelz like Santana  
[[Chorus]]" "

[[Verse 3]]I ain't tryin to get to yell and shit  
So when you hear that snap, then get the hell in the whip  
And chickenheads they scare me, Tryin' to get near me  
    Like "Kev you still married?"  
    Yeah bitch, you can holla' and call security  
I'm sick with 10 mills, the only thing that's curing me  
    Yeah, I'm hotter than a pizza oven  
    Magazines drop the lies and I precede the clubbin'  
I'm poppin' bottles, all the models, like to see me comin'  
    All you ladies pay attention I'll teach you somethin'  
    Louis Vaton from my feet to my arm  
If your broke than your probably thinkin' I'm speakin' in tongue  
    [[Chrous]]" " "

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