Pronto

Cru

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 Evans doo-doo brownin
Astoundin
Gives the peace sign like Jimmy Snuka
And have ya head bobbin like a Hunts Point hooker
I'm in there like swimwear
Oh yeah
No diggi
And when I shoot my bows, you'd think my name was Riddick
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 the sleeper like Chief Jay StrongbowHEYYA, HEYYA, HEYYA HOPass 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, prontoPronto, nigga gimme yours
All a bitch could do for me is
Eat dick and drop her drawers
Pronto, nigga gimme yours
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All a bitch could do for me is
Eat dick and drop her drawersIn 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 Khalid Muhammad 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
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 Sister Dee
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 neccessary
To make you dance ya ass off like Fred "Rerun" Berry
Very much a love bug like Herbie
I got crazy game, kerbie, kerbieYou 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 tongue

Couldn't care less if the world blew up
But I wanna blow up before it blows
Thru flows
Of persistance
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 Digga
So toodaloo, ta-ta, cheerio
This here shit is type ProntoPronto, nigga gimme yours
All a bitch could do for me is
Eat dick and drop her drawers
Pronto, nigga gimme yours
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