

Na Na Nana Na Na

Jim Jones

Dipset, as we proceed what have we here?
Take that, take that, it's 0-9 muthafucka
One thing to do get money muthafucka

I pulled off like na, na, na, na, na, na
They would of tried some bullshit but a nigga had the blamer
They only got me 'cause they caught it on a camera
They wanna ball but they ain't got no stamina

They said damn man, you lookin' like Pac
I said, nah not alive, man I'm lookin' like Jones
Besides I put money on your skull and bones
And keep it low, watch what you say up on those fuckin' phones

Touch down and getcha ass hung the fuck up
Just like a bunch of clothes
Hey, ma we stretch work like you touch your toes
And in the middle of July we got that summer snow

I got 'em snowboarding in August and I love a pretty bitch
But the Porsche look gorgeous
Harlem is one big ski slalom, I guess the hill is like the Swiss Alps
We bring them whips out

We gettin' money like na, na, na, na, na, na
Waitin' at the flash throwin' money at the cameras
Twin turbs out speeding with the scanners
Breeze past the cops screamin' na, na, na, na, na, na

We gettin' money like na, na, na, na, na, na
Lookin' at my ass don't you wish he had a camera
We gettin' money like na, na, na, na, na, na
Drop top at the light screamin' life is good

If there's money on my head I hope they got a receipt
Cool your old ass off 'cause it's hot on these streets
I got dogs and they not on a leash
So you hope you understand, do you copy, capesh?

At this point I don't think they could take it
Sharks in the water they won't make it to safety
And even though that we been gettin' cake
And now the money taste sweet like pastry, they hate me

Now tell me how I look
Would you rather live life like me or by the book?
Sheesh, we are what we are
Make the wrong move will put your faggot ass in the ER

Flat line if it's red apples fallin' hit me on the bat line
I'm back for mine some more black flyin'
The flyest nigga you know that got a knack for crime, na, na

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And what you do nigga?
I cop cars out the future, pocket so fat like Raspusha
I think I'm gettin' used to lifestyle rich and conspicuous
Chicks want to get with us, the feds takin' flicks of us

They all know I put on for Harlem
Tell rich Broadway I took it up another level
I took 80, blew it on a Beezle
Bought the new Fiskar, flew it through the ghetto

The definition of opulence
The jewels drippin', we droppin' on top and poppin' shit
Who would think that this kid from the projects
Get his neck so cold you would think he's lethargic

The wrist look like hypothermia set in
Pick a club night that the burner don't get in
We pop champagne until the club let out
I drink and I fuck and then I piss a nigga rent out

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You know the rules nigga? Fly high or get flew over
Roll with us or get rolled over, ain't nothin' change
Just the decimal point muthafucka, you get the point?
Money, money, money, don't make dollars, don't make sense
Fuck you nigga, suck a dick too, Jones