

Jim Jones f/ Bree Beauty**"Na Na Nana Na Na"**

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Dipset (owwww) As we proceed what have we here
(take that take that) Its 0-9 motherfucker (one thing to
do) we get money motherfucker (yo) I pulled off like na
na na na na na they would of tried some bullshit but a
nigga had the blamer (try again) They only got me
cause they caught it on a camera (owww) they wanna
ball but they aint got no stamina (they need it) they
said damn man you lookin like Pac I said nah, not alive,
man I'm lookin like Jones (cappo) besides I put money
on your skull and bones and keep it low watch what you
say up on those fuckin phones sssh be quiet
touchdown 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 (you see it)
Harlem is one big ski slalom I guess the Hill is like the
Swiss Alps, we bring them whips out (chorus) we gettin
money like nananananana waitin at the flash throwin
money at the cameras twin turbs out speeding with the
scanners breeze past the cops screamin
nananananana we gettin money like nananananana
lookin at my ass know you wish he had a camera we
gettin money like nananananana droptop at the light
screamin life is good. If theres money on my head I
hope they got a reciept cool your old ass off cause its
hot on these streets (be easy) I got dogs and they not
on a leash so you hope you understand do you copy?
capeshe? (comprende?) At this point I dont think they
could take it sharks in the water they wont make it to
safety (he drown) and even though that we been gettin
cake and now the money taste sweet like pastry, they
hate me (back at you) now tell me how I look would you
rather live life like me or by the book? (you get it?)
sheesh, we are what we are make the wrong move will
put your faggot ass in the ER he's not gonna make it
clear? flatline if its red apples fallin hit me on the bat
line (Jones) im back for mine, some more black flyin'
the flyest nigga you know that got a knack for crime
nana (chorus) 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 (owww) the feds takin flicks of us (say
cheese) they all know I put on for Harlem tell rich
Broadway I took it up another level (God bless em) I
took 80, blew it on a Beezle bought the new Fiskar flew
it through the ghetto (15th st) the definition of
opulence the jewels drippin we droppin on top and
poppin shit (splash) who would think that this kid from
the projects get his neck so cold you would think he's
lethargic (Im froze up) the wrist look like hypothermia
set in (what) pick a club night that the burner dont get
in (I cant recall that) we pop champagne until the club
let out (and) I drink and I fuck and then I piss a nigga
rent out (chorus) uhhhh you know the rules nigga fly
high or get flew over roll with us or get rolled over aint
nuthin change just the decimal point motherfucker you
get the point? money money money dont make dollars
dont make sense fuck you nigga suck a dick too jones

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