

**Jim Jones f/ Brittney Taylor****"Na Na"**

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## verse 1

yo i pulled off like na na na  
they wanna try some shit  
had this bitch try again  
they only got me because they caught it on the camera  
they wanna mall but they aint got no stamina  
they said man you looking like pac  
na not alive man im looking like jones (capo)  
besides i put money on your skull and bones  
and keep it low  
watch what you say up on the microphone  
shhhhh bequiet  
touch down and get yo bitch just like a bunch of cloans  
hey ma we stretch work like your touch your toes  
and n the middle of july we got that summer snow  
i got em snow boarding in august  
and i love a pretty bitch but the porche look gorgeous  
(juicy)  
harlem is one big ski slarmen  
i guess the hill is like the swiz alps  
we bring them whips out

## [chrous]

we gettin money like na na na  
waiting on the flash throwing money at the cameras  
twin turps out speedin with scanners  
brezze past the cops screamin na na na  
we gettin money like na na na  
lookin at ma ass no he wish he had a camera  
we gettin money like na na na  
drop top at the light screamin life is good

## verse 2

if its money on my head i hope they got a receipt  
cool you own shit off cuz its hot on these streets  
i got dogs and they not on a leash  
so i hope you understand do you copy capiche  
(comprende)  
at this point i dont think they can take it  
sharks in the water they wont make it to safety  
and even though that we been gettin cakey now the

money taste sweet  
like pastry they hate me ( back at you)  
now tell me how it look  
would you rather live life like me or by the book  
we are what we are  
make the wrong move or put your  
clear flat line if its red i will fall and hit me on the bat  
line  
im back for mine  
some all black fine tryna flock with me  
you no i got a knack for crime

[chrous]  
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verse 3  
hey what you do  
i cop cars out the future  
pockets all fat like rashbusha  
think im gettin used to life style all rich and  
conspicuous chicks wanna get with us  
the feds takin flicks of us  
they all know i put on for harlem  
tell rich boi over there to get up another level  
god bless em  
the definition of  
who would think that this kid from the projects  
get his neck so cold you would think he a  
pick a club night  
till the club let out  
i drank and i fuck and then i piss a nigga rent out

[chrous]  
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