

Harlem World

"Na Na"

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[Intro]

you ready, don't you know dawg?
J.L., Big Al, come on and roll wit me
Suella (laughing)
This is for all y'all, look
Just cause I call myself Pretty they think I'm
arrogant or somethin'
Dawg I'm just talkin' about Pretty life playboy
That's how we do it up herre
You know what I'm sayin, look

[Verse]

Why can't I call myself Pretty (Pretty)
If you thugged out, cleaned up, seen us, all black
truck and blinged up
Big bucks must be made and not truss
No one can do it betta' than us, so playa what
I'm a small cat, but I'm ready for action
When it comes to freakin' women
I get down like Jesse Jackson, I'm maxin'
Man, I'm as cool as a fan, in Dark Times
All cats, leavin' ya straight for Frontline
But the haters keep on talkin' to me daily (daily)
The hell with conversation playa, pay me (pay me)
Got safe, got me out the cracks (the slums)
I'm a playa rockin' shows leavin' record ???, it's fun
Hard work and dedication will pay, just a dose of
Pretty Willie will keep the doctor away
What more can I say, the truth and nothin' but the truth
But for them haters that didn't want it
yo this one's for you (I'm like)

[Chorus: 2x]

Na Na Na Na Naaa (Na Na Na Na Naaa)
Naaa Na Na Na Naaa (Naaa Na Na Na Naaa)
I'm just Suella, makin' my life betta'
Got crÄ"me, feddy, and chedda', ready to do whatever

[Verse]

It seem like y'all (y'all) cats (cats)
Claimin' to be real, y'all need to stop (stop) that

(that)
Cause when it come to rhymin' it's like a storm, did that
Avoidin' them cats, them oily gats
So looks like were sergeant, they can geuss
My ride is stoppin' all y'all like stop signs
More cock than a glock 9, shoot nineteen times
When it come to rhyme, it seem like y'all addicted to
mine
Makazumas line up in a single-file line
Ready to hit it hot (hold up)
That dawg spit like that bunny the dummy
I can't quit droppin' hits, the day, for me to getcha
The first realla, to fake y'all like George Gipper, the big
gimper
On a scale of 1 to 10, I can't be like you
Wack lil' crews I choose the souf like their a flu
What you would, chill and freeze, boy please
Fatality for tease don't make my mission complete

[Chorus]

[Verse]
There's no way
You sorry bustas gon' take me
There's no way
You sorry bustas gon' take me
There's no way
You sorry bustas gon' take me
There's no way, no way, no way

[Chorus]

[*Pretty Willie talking*]
(laughing) yea
Republic, Universal, D2
Frontline come on!

[Chorus to end]

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