

Jim Johnston**"Na Na Nana Na Na"**

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Dipset (owwww)

As we proceed

What have we here (take that take that)

It?s 0-9 muthaf****r (one thing to do)

We get money muthaf****r (yo)

I pulled off like na na na na na na

They would of tried some bulls*** but a n***a had the blamer (try again)

They only got me cuz they caught it on a camera (owww)

They wanna ball but they ain?t 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 f****n phones

Sssh be quiet

Touchdown

And getcha ass hung the f**k 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 b***h 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 there's money on my head I hope they got a receipt
Cool your old ass off cuz it's hot on these streets (be
easy)
I got dogs and they not on a leash
So you hope you understand
Do you copy? capesh? (comprende?)
At this point I don't 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 fag**t ass in the ER
He's not gonna make it clear?
Flatline
If it's red apples fallin hit me on the bat line (Jones)
I'm back for mine, some more black flyin'
The flyest n***a you know that got a knack for crime
Nana

[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.

And what you do n***a?
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 s**t
(splash)
Who would think that this kid from the projects

Get his neck so cold you would think he's lethargic (I'm
froze up)
The wrist look like hypothermia set in (what)
Pick a club night that the burner don?t get in (I can?t
recall that)
We pop champagne until the club let out (and)
I drink and I f**k and then I piss a n***a rent out

[Chorus]

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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.

Uhhhh

You know the rules n***a
Fly high or get flew over
Roll with us or get rolled over
Ain?t nuthin change
Just the decimal point muthaf***aa
You get the point?
Money money money
Don?t make dollars don?t make sense
Jones

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