Jim Jones "Na Na Nana Na Na"

Visit "Na Na Nana Na Na" on MotoLyrics.com

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)

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]

If there´s money on my head I hope they got a reciept

Cool your old ass off cuz itÂ'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 itÂ's red apples fallin hit me on the bat line (Jones)

IÂ'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 nanananana
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]

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 nanananana 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

Visit <u>Jim Jones</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

MotoLyrics.com | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.