

Cold

"Ill Na Na"

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Intro: Method Man

One time...

Huhh, all up in ya like a bone when I...

Johnny Blaze, the Iron Lung

Foxy Brown, the Ill Na Na (yeah, c'mon, yeah, c'mon)

Destination... (c'mon, c'mon) plat'

Verse One: Foxy Brown

Yo Na Na so Ill, first week out

Shipped a half a mil, niggaz freaked out

She's all about sex, pard-on, check your facts

and the track record, I'm all about plaques

Shakin my ass half naked, lovin this life

Waitin for Kim album to drop, knowin it's tight

Standin center stage, closin the show holdin a gat

Since you opened up, I know you're hopin it's wack

Niggaz, screamin my name on record straight whylin

Maybe I'll answer back when you reach a hundred
thousand

This is ladies night, and the Mercedes's tight

When I'm coming home? Maybe tonight

Leave my food by the microwave, kiss the baby
goodnight

It's my time to shine it's playtime tonight

I'ma try to stand my ground, know when I fall

I left your ass Home Alone, hopin I call

Chorus: Method Man

Who's got the illest pussy on the planet?

Sugar walls comin down niggaz can't stand it, the Ill Na
Na

True Absolut Vodka, straight shots

for the has-beens and have-nots, dolla dolla

Real and it don't stop, we movin up

First the mansion then the yacht, sound proper

Straight cash get got, bloodhounds

tryin to hunt down the Brown Fox, the Ill Na Na

Verse Two: Foxy Brown

No more sexin me all night, thinkin it's alright
While I'm lookin over your shoulder, watchin the hall
light
You hate when it's a ball right? Ladies this ain't
handball
Nigga hit these walls right before I call Mike
In the morning when it's all bright, eggs over easy
Hope you have my shit tight when I open my eyes
While I'm eatin gettin dressed up, this ain't yo' pad
I left some money on the dresser, find you a cab
No more, sharin I pain, sharin I made
It's time to outslick niggaz, ladies sharin our game
Put it in high gear, flip the eye wear
Nas Ruled the World but now it's my year
And from, here on I solemnly swear
To hold my own like Pee Wee in a movie theater (uh-
huh)
Yeah I don't need a man's wealth (yeah)
But I can do bad (bad) by my damn self (self)
And uhh...

Chorus

[Method]
Uhh... vodka...
Not... not...
Dolla dolla... stop stop...
C'mon c'mon... yah, it's the Ill Na Na

Verse Three: Foxy Brown

No more Waitin To Exhale, we takin deep breaths
Ladies take this over, I be Fox so peep this
Love thyself with no one above thee
Cause ain't nobody gon' love me like me
If he, don't Do The Right Thing like Spike Lee
Bye bye wifey make him lose his Nike's (uh uh, yeah)
Hit the road
Mami told me in order to, find a Prince
you gotta kiss some toads

Chorus

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