

## Method Man "Ill Na Na"

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One time  
Huh, all up in ya like a bone when I  
Johnny Blaze, the Iron Lung  
Foxy Brown, the Ill Na Na  
Destination, plat'

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

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

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  
Yeah, I don't need a man's wealth  
But I can do bad by my damn self  
And uhh

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

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  
'Cuz 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  
Hit the road  
Mami told me in order to find a prince  
You gotta kiss some toads

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