

Nana "Mission"

Visit "[Mission](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Chorus: (x2)

We are on a mission
No smooth talk straight up dissin'
You tried to step to us But your punk ass missed Booya,
NANA you can't touch this

Rap verse 1 (ski):

I flip on any scrip put in front of me yo
Murder n' a vision of life , You Better keep it Down Low
Step to me with caution , Booya the raw shit
Ah the dan dada , Smooth T. and keep it flawless
Rolls with the click , Quit the buzz show shit
97 Booya aint havin' it , Uh
Now playas keep hatin and fakin But we be makin
figures with the dan dada huligan nigga
Hoody sportin , Shit talkin I could walk in any area and
lyrically bury ya Beat you up then carry ya
To the symmatery so I can bury ya

Rap verse 2 (Pappa Bear):

Now let me make it clear nigga once and for all
That is the season , To give reason , And make pleasin
You woman when you out on the show! m slappin that
ass on your bitch Down Low
The flow that you spoke was too damn original
The shit that you wrote was too damn digital
Funk as vis-sion back to your mama
I know where to find ya , Here comes pappa Before you
bend over put some grease on your ass Cause NANA's
gonna come to make a mess

>Chorus (x2)

Rap verse 3 (T.C.):

Hamburg in da house (ah ha)
It's Brooklyn in da house (ha ha ha)
Young black is in da house (ho hoo)
My man bulo is in da house (thats right y'all)
Check it Toni C. the fairytale tella
Writtin out lyrically with natures roccafella
In the music industry we are million record sella (ho
hoo)

And lots of cash like mister roccafella
We all came together for our man NANA
You know the darkman the real dark brotha
So all you jealous muthafuckas step back
Cause NANA's in da house he's about to attack
We are money maka ,you nothin but a faka
Called Booya music aka under taka
So check this out I gotta pass the mic.
Who else man it's the short lord check it

Rap verse 4 (Short Lord):

hey you wassup wit da gadi la di dadi
Ask anybody who likes to party
Da any would be wanna test me
I kill em softly ,quickly
The Black ,The Short Lord from da booya clan
Lyrically i'm stoned out warmly
I'm washing tone with a spoon
Anyway I dedicate this one to my man
And ANA these niggas who wanna play
Phony MC's better play wit maxwell halibury
They ain't comin at me when I drop my war collabsery
Straighten that be matter of fact i'm all that
Like the boy Down Low they just makin a noise
How are some of ya about to blow out this bluff
When I said from cuffs we won't stop
Definetly got the niggas to hold the fuck up
Hold up Flip Da Scrip niggas some want a mic check
want to knock you by the section
Like a shock on can we rhyme? on my drama
Then they got shy in your areaShort lord tha dope
rhymer gonna raid all ya playa hatas

Rap verse 5 (Black):

Why why why we live and direct out to cut
Yes I know that dirty shit how far niggas will go
To come up with a name like Down LowAnd represent
that shit out of show
You niggas are too slow ,And you niggas don't know
About a freestyle flow ,I kill you soft and slow
I'm about to set this shit loose to your chest straight to
ya
Black and Short Lord a new addition to Booya (Booya)
For all you wannabe's who try flip da scrip
Your scrip got flippedFrom NANA to Bulo ,Now you
niggas know
That we don't take no shit and how Booya flow
On and on wit da bomb style flowRepresentin hip hop
now you know

It's live and direct comin' from the booya camp

Toni hook tha nigga ,My plug in my mic. into an amp
And i'm out and it's like that
And i'm out and it's like that
>Chorus (x2)

Rap verse 6:

Aaah ,If I threw a pen at your head it will leave a dot
That would be bigger than the brain you contain
.InsaneNow here is the new agendaThe shit is called
rap not a "raap" muthafucka
So step behind the lines let me show you how it's done
You call yourself a gangsta but you never seen a gun
And the shit you call funk is a smell out of flow
So I think it's time for you muthafuckas to go down

Rap verse 7:

Now check me King of this side Atlantic
Cause y'all be fakin moves like Maria-ness on strings
Oh' could you hear him comin'
Name NANA supa fly dada
Booya in ya ear ,So bring your own right now
Cause i'm back from the dead to rule whatever's mine
To my black folks never given a back stroke
It's been a long time comin' judgment day is on it's way
Lorde lorde lorde ,I swingin the sword of the good lord
Hell is alassia ,Hey your runnin from the emporor
Seen em like no fake ,Wanna a piece of my biceps?
Now I flex and take them nice and my bets
I got to screw my brothers by these snakes o industry
And gotta watch my back before you dose ambush me
You croocked demons lookin at me like you want
something
I'm down with Booya and we out with the cash

Bridge (Alex prince):

He-e-eere is the lady of the house
Singin nominee with a melodyEverybody sha de da-e-a
All you playa hatas stop back
Booya is about to attack
Muthafuckas be aware
Booya soldiers are every where

>Chorus (x2)

Bridge (Aleks aka Mazaya):

This is Aleks the one with the KBooya is the place to
stay
Female voice make some noise--
This is the way we rock a party
Like slick rick la di da di
Ain't nothin like a booya party

Rap verse 8 (Daisy Dee):

Hey NANA lets start some fire
Makin Booya big so the suckers can retire
Admire a female like Dee ,Bitches try to copy
Wanna hurt me Or my familyTwo Caps on your head
night night sleep tight (fuck you)
All the jealousy makes me love my enemy
Baby if you don't hear ,then you betta clear
When my Booya men are restin the females are still
there

Why why why why why why

Rap verse 9 (NANA) :

Make way here I come it's the number one contenda
Heavy weight champion stop trippin surrenda
Blaw blaw to you door you ain't comin' back for more
Knock you on the ground ,Say hi to the floor (hi)
This is how we do it 1997Booya comin' straight for your
ass representinGot Toni C. ,Short lord ,Black ,Ski the
dan dada
Bulo ,Swift ,Daisy Dee ,Jan and the pappa bear
Be aware check check one two check
Old school style still flyin in full affect
Get in shape with your punk ass crew before you step
Booya will do ya and break your fuckin neck
Let me tell you one thing before we get neck to neck
Give me a sec and let me see who's next
Yeay yeah this is how we do Booya style
When you step to us you better bow down and smile
No need to apply for the competition
Booya in the house and we are on a mission
Peace goes out to all the non-believin back stabbin
stakes on my jock
y'all can't fade us cause it's 97 booya NANA
representin every day all
day throw all the past away ,Suckas ,Blaw in ya face

>Chorus....

speech outro till end

Visit [Nana](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.