

J. Futuristic

"Na Na Na"

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

verse 1

yo i pulled off like na na na
they wanna try some shit
had this bitch try again
they only got me because they caught it on the camera
they wanna mall but they aint got no stamina
they said man you looking like pac
na not alive man im looking like jones (capo)
besides i put money on your skull and bones
and keep it low
watch what you say up on the microphone
shhhhh bequiet
touch down and get yo bitch just like a bunch of cloans
hey ma we stretch work like your touch your toes
and n the middle of july we got that summer snow
i got em snow boarding in august
and i love a pretty bitch but the porche look gorgeous
(juicy)
harlem is one big ski slarmen
i guess the hill is like the swiz alps
we bring them whips out

[chrous]

we gettin money like na na na
waiting on the flash throwing money at the cameras
twin turps out speedin with scanners
brezze past the cops screamin na na na
we gettin money like na na na
lookin at ma ass no he wish he had a camera
we gettin money like na na na
drop top at the light screamin life is good

verse 2

if its money on my head i hope they got a receipt
cool you own shit off cuz its hot on these streets
i got dogs and they not on a leash
so i hope you understand do you copy capiche
(comprende)
at this point i dont think they can take it
sharks in the water they wont make it to safety
and even though that we been gettin cakey now the

money taste sweet
like pastry they hate me (back at you)
now tell me how it look
would you rather live life like me or by the book
we are what we are
make the wrong move or put your
clear flat line if its red i will fall and hit me on the bat
line
im back for mine
some all black fine tryna flock with me
you no i got a knack for crime

[chrous]
we gettin money like na na na
waiting on the flash throwing money at the camera
twin turps out speedin with scanners
brezze past the cops screamin na na na
we gettin money like na na na
lookin at ma ass no he wish he had a camera
we gettin money like na na na
drop top at the light screamin life is good

verse 3
hey what you do
i cop cars out the future
pockets all fat like rashbusha
think im gettin used to life style all rich and
conspicuous chicks wanna get with us
the feds takin flicks of us
they all know i put on for harlem
tell rich boi over there to get up another level
god bless em
the definition of
who would think that this kid from the projects
get his neck so cold you would think he a
pick a club night
till the club let out
i drank and i fuck and then i piss a nigga rent out

[chrous]
we gettin money like na na na
waiting on the flash throwing money at the camera
twin turps out speedin with scanners
brezze past the cops screamin na na na
we gettin money like na na na
lookin at ma ass no he wish he had a camera
we gettin money like na na na
drop top at the light screamin life is good

