

Nas F/ Foxy Brown**"Calm Down Na"**

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[Mr. Serv-On]

Whats up Zone baby? Zone drop this here
Look here I usually never talk about what I got
But every once in a while you know
I'ma let you know something about it, but that's not me
ya heard me
I told ya, it aint bout the fame and the bitches and all
that shit there
It's about being able to take care of mines
But when you see me you gotsta calm down

[Chorus]

If you see me in the bank look calm down na
If you see on the shine look calm down na
If you see me in the parking lot runnin from stress
That means I'm trying to get something boo please
hold your mess

If you see me in the bank look calm down na
If you see on the shine look calm down na
If you see me in the parking lot runnin from stress
That means I'm trying to get something whodi please
hold your mess

[Verse One]

I been having Rovers, been having TV's, been having
begets in my ears
So aint nothing new with this bling bling here
Been having a Benz, been having Vettes, been having
a Rover
Gotta house by the lake, look here ask Joe Claire, see I
told ya
Been having a thousand and fifty-two, been on the
grind
Been beatin a coward out of a pound of weed more
than one time
Been having this chick, been with your chick
Been with two at one time, I'm kinda nasty I made them
lick and kiss
Been in shootouts, been in gang fights
You said when you see me you was gonna pop me,

when you saw me you couldn't breathe right
Been bout high credit cards, been bout high checks
You wanna Prada purse?, I want have of what it costs in
sex

[Chorus]

[Verse Two]

See me I been having plats in my mouth
Been representin the South
Used to wear a tank, (huh?) do you still ask 'em what
I'm bout?
Been number one on Billboard, been on BET (ha ha)
Been in your bank writing bad checks with your I.D.
This something I buss to, fuck to, slang to
If I make a million on this here boo, you gon call me too
(call me too)
This something I smoke strong to, sell a dime to
He say he bout beef, Pokey hit him, you saw him run
too (ha ha)
This is something I start shit to, get wild to
He on your album? I aint tryin to start nothin, but I think
he talkin bout you
This something I club to, something I thug to
Watch them boys over there they bout jackin don't say
who (You?)

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

This something I creep to, something I get head to
Will I tell Big V about you boo? (Uh-huh)
Fo sho, I think he want some too (yeah)
This something I make paper to, something I take
bitches shopping to (yeah)
Look here that shit she do you like, believe me it aint
new (nuh-uh)
This something I give bitches paper to, yeah I trick too
You never gave a bitch paper for some pussy, you lying
to me (fo sho)
This something I jack to, something I bling my watch to
Is that what you bout? Then whodi do what you do
This is something I own my label to, something I own
the massacres to
I get all my paper, some of yall cant say the same too
This is something I get my motherfuckin gangsta walk
on to (fo sho) ya heard me

[Outro]

That's what I'm talking about huh
This is a little something to let yall know what I'm bout,

Ya know what I'm sayin, what I got and how I bring it
and how I slang it
Ya heard me look we gon do this like this

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