

Na Leo

"Who Is Naj"

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Da Boi Naj is a mystery/
alot of people know my name and know my game,
but they dont know my history//
growing up was tough, considered myself a poor kid/
chilling and smoking blunts was the only things that i
did//
I was never a heartbreaker,a sweet child/
always tried to get with a girl but they would act wild//
they can never see how nice i could be/
instead they will go with guys that would treat them like
frisbes//
hold'em for second then toss'em to the side/
I seen hoes get mad and other girls cry//
i never knew why but me, i was different/
i would take my stress off with music or spittin/
i see no hierchy and i see no competition/
I use to sit back and think about what I missing/
parties,liquor and drugs, with girl on girl kissing/
I be the guy drunk talking himself pissing//
thats no joke dawg, nor no pretend/
thats when I use to kick it with Dan,Jon, and Brandon//
we would party all night, hard body/
ask my cousin Aj, he even got bodied//
we use to chill in my room,token on a L'/
towel under the door so my stepsisters couldnt smell//
the smoke that we had cause it was rowdy/
cop a quater, dim the lights and let the room get
cloudy//
Listen..
I remember the day when i came back from school/
my dad wasnt around and something seemed uncool//
couple hours later got a call saying he locked up/
Im thinking like damn,but in my heart i was like fuck//
I speak my mind through this music and this rapping/
women tell me ima flirt, still i be macking//
the ladies, with no jewels or a mercedes/
now aint that crazy(aint that crazy)//
aint it shady how people get mad/
cause I developed a flow that they wish they had/
I tell'em calm down cause Im in my bag/
and my swags not for rent so nigga too bad/

smile on my face cause i couldnt be sad/
when I grow up I want a caddy riding on flats(caddy on
flats)//
is that too much/
stuck it in her ass,she said ouch thats too much//
so I calmed down and i changed my role/
switched the gear up and got some skateboard
clothes//
my cousin Lestie got me on that shit//
he like a brother from another/
and them problems with my mother/
got me tripping in a bubble//
feeling like Im bout to spazz/
couldnt keep a steady job,sold weed for the cash/
loved girls with nice titties, but they had a fat ass/
always was a funny guy,remained the clown of the
class//
my grandpa's even funny/
that nigga stays stingy when it comes to the money//
but i was the same way//
me and my nigga Jay use to stack guap/
on the block, but kept our eyes open for them cop
cocks//
rapping was an always/
me and Richard use to bust freestyles chilling in the
hallways//
plus I knew this young girl named Ninoska/
her ex-man would get mad everytime she got close to//
me, cause he knew that i would be/
the one showing other things//
to her instead of just sex//
I had too much respect to treat the girl like that/
I think things could of work, but they didnt so thats
that//
so I moved on, my journey through this world/
and little did I know, I had another girl//
her is Airyka, but i should call her daisy/
her smiles like a flower, it got me going crazy//
you know im always honest and i rarely lie/
your normal, typical cool kid, kinda guy//
and Lancaster's the home, the home where' he'll be/
April 15th, 91, Najei Cosme mother fucka thats me//

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