

## Naj

### "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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