Ill Na Na (feat. Method Man)

Foxy Brown

Intro: Method ManOne time...
Huhh, all up in ya like a bone when I...
Johnny Blaze, the Iron Lung
Foxy Brown, the Ill Na Na (yeah, c'mon, yeah, c'mon)
Destination... (c'mon, c'mon) plat'Verse One: Foxy BrownYo Na Na so Ill, first week out
Shipped a half a mil, niggaz freaked out
She's all about sex, pard-on, check your facts
and the track record, I'm all about plaques
Shakin my ass half naked, lovin this life
Waitin for Kim album to drop, knowin it's tight
Standin center stage, closin the show holdin a gat
Since you opened up, I know you're hopin it's wack
Niggaz, screamin my name on record straight whylin
Maybe I'll answer back when you reach a hundred thousand
This is ladies night, and the Mercedes's tight
When I'm coming home? Maybe tonight
Leave my food by the microwave, kiss the baby goodnight
It's my time to shine it's playtime tonight
I'ma try to stand my ground, know when I fall
I left your ass Home Alone, hopin I call
Chorus: Method ManWho's got the illest pussy on the planet?
Sugar walls comin down niggaz can't stand it, the Ill Na Na
True Absolut Vodka, straight shots
for the has-beens and have-nots, dolla dolla
Real and it don't stop, we movin up
First the mansion then the yacht, sound proper
Straight cash get got, bloodhounds
tryin to hunt down the Brown Fox, the Ill Na NaVerse Two: Foxy Brown
No more sexin me all night, thinkin it's alright
While I'm lookin over your shoulder, watchin the hall light
You hate when it's a ball right? Ladies this ain't handball
Nigga hit these walls right before I call Mike
In the morning when it's all bright, eggs over easy
Hope you have my shit tight when I open my eyes
While I'm eatin gettin dressed up, this ain't yo' pad
I left some money on the dresser, find you a cab
No more, sharin I pain, sharin I made
It's time to outslick niggaz, ladies sharin our game
Put it in high gear, flip the eye wear
Nas Ruled the World but now it's my year
And from, here on I solemnly swear
To hold my own like Pee Wee in a movie theater (uh-huh)

Yeah I don't need a man's wealth (yeah)
But I can do bad (bad) by my damn self (self)
And uhh...Chorus[Method]
Uhh... vodka...
Not... not...
Dolla dolla... stop stop...
C'mon c'mon... yah, it's the Ill Na NaVerse Three: Foxy BrownNo more Waitin To Exhale, we takin deep breaths
Ladies take this over, I be Fox so peep this
Love thyself with no one above thee
Cause ain't nobody gon' love me like me
If he, don't Do The Right Thing like Spike Lee
Bye bye wifey make him lose his Nike's (uh uh, yeah)
Hit the road
Mami told me in order to, find a Prince
you gotta kiss some toadsChorus

Lyrics provided by http://www.1songlyrics.com/