

Na Na

Music Junkie

Nana Nana Nana Niiiiii

Nana Nana Nana Niiiiii

Haha

Nana Nana Nana Niiiiii

Nana Nana Nana Niiiiii

Yo I am a rapper slash nang singer song writer from when i was a younger even up to this day

Man trying to drag me under

What a bumba you know that you can find me i never change my number

I don?t mind if these private callers wanna carry on blinging off my line

I?m happy to remind that if there gal was to see me on there one?s they would wanna bang me or give me the shines

I?m a Dappa X white gold chain ripper

Crack pusher man if it need be

Last man to pull his hands on my chain found himself in a scarred.. oil greazy (Ni)

Nananizle

North east south west whole of the country

I?m kinda famous...thanks popsy

You want food stay around dubsy

C?s got the leng ting, trust me

Bun your cheap talk (pop, pop)

What do you think i am?

See me me me I?m on a mad ting

You don?t understand

Never will i sing sing to the feds like couple man i knowwww

Snitch (know)

Plonka (know)

Fool

Yo if you stackin up p and you aint frontin then you have the right to represent London

Know Me

Na na nini

Nana

If you?ve got your own whip and your earning paper

Then you have the right to be a heartbreaker

Know me

Hahaha

Hahaha

Wiley

Eskee boy

I?m a winner

Producer

Artist

MC killer

Everytime i go to pick up a mic frighteners

I?m with the true riders

Real top billers

If you listen to my new album there?s no fillers

Got an N-Dubz beat cold chiller

Mum said stay away from the gold diggers

But i ain?t gonna like i like sharing

And she like staring

And none of us is caring

Sex after dinner

I?m a wheeler dealer

X brown and white t-shirts

Nike track suit with the black fila

Didn?t never wanna follow others i?m a leader

Said i was a fool but i am a book reader

Catch a couple of haters call me a cheater

Got a couple of fans and now i don?t ya (Ni)

It?s only right i?m wearing my rolex hello standard procedure

Bun your cheap talk (pop, pop)

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You?re a snitch i was there

Duku yourself

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Wait til you see what I end up with (Mills)

Momma didn?t raise no dumb kid

Came from the dirt and licking man?s merc

But now in a bema one series turbs

Money, money makes the world go round

The same way the money makes the girls go down

Blatantly killin dem

No more playing man a hundred pound
Straight ten grand minimum
My car, my house, my bills
These bitches know the deal (Tell em T)
Cause they're all paid by me
I got my own money and i aint looking for no footballers
So if you wanna bring it to me
Let's take it back
I will defeat you
Bun your cheap talk (pop, pop)
What do you think i am?
See me me me I'm on a mad ting
You don't understand
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