

Na Na (Boy Better Know!)

N-Dubz

Na, na, naii, naii

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Na, na, naii, naii I am a rapper slash nang singer songwriter

From when I was a young guy even up to this day

Man I'm trying to drag me under

What the bumba you know that you can find me

I never change my number

I don't mind if these private caller's wanna carry on blinging up my line

I'm happy to reminded

them that if their gal was to see me on there one's

they would wanna bang me or give me shines

Dappa X, white gold chain ripper, crack pusher

Man if needs be last man that put his hands on my chain found himself in a

Scarred all greazy ni

Nananizzle, north east south west, whole of the country

I'm kinda famous, thanks poppsy

If you want food, stay around Dubsy

C's got the lend ting, trust me

Bun your cheap talk (pop pop)

Who 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 no

Snitch, plonkahha fool

Yo if you stackin up p and you ain't on frontin

You have the right to represent London

Know me

Na na naii naii

Na na If you got your own whip and your earning paper

Then you have the right to be a heart breaker know me Man up, producer, artist, MC

Killer everytime I go to pick a mike up frank

There's already true rider

We will talk billers

If you listen to my new album

When there's no thrillers

Gota N-dubz be cool chiller

Mum said stay away from the goldiggers

But I ain't gonna lie

I like sharing the chee and like staring and none of us are caring
Sex after dinner
I'm a wheeler dealer
Hash brown and wine T-shirts, 9 tracksuit with the black Fila
I didn't never wanna follow others I'm a leader
Say I was a fool but I am a good reader
Catch a couple haters call me a cheater
Got a couple of fans and now I don't need ya, naii
Its only right I'm wearing my Rolex, hello standard procedureBun your cheap talk (pop pop)
Who 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 no
Snitch, plonkahh fool
Yo if you stackin up p and you ain't on frontin'
You have the right to represent London know me
Na na naii naii
Na na naii naiiIf you got your own whip and your earning paper
Then you have the right to be a heart breakerWait till you see what I end up wiv, mils
Muma didn't raise no dumb kid
Came from the dirt and look at mans merk
But now I'm in the Beamer one series turbs
Money, money makes the world go round
The same way the money makes the girls go down
Blatantly killing dem
No more paying man hundred pounds straight ten grand minimumMy car, my house my bills,
These fuckers know the deal,
Cause they're all paid by me (tell me T)
I got my own money, and I
Ain't looking for no footballers
So if you want to bring it too me,
Let's take it back
I will defeat youBun your cheap talk (pop pop)
Who 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 no
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Na na naii naiiNa na naii naii

Na na nait nait

Songwriters

DINO CONTOSTAVLOS, JUNIOR EDWARDS, RICHARD COWIE, RICHARD RAWSON, TULA

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