

Ill Na Na (feat. Method Man)

Foxy Brown

One time

Huh, all up in ya like a bone when I

Johnny Blaze, the Iron Lung

Foxy Brown, the Ill Na Na

Destination, plat'Yo 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 Who'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 Na 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 outlick 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

Yeah, I don't need a man's wealth

But I can do bad by my damn self
And uhhWho's got the illest pussy on the planet?
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First the mansion then the yacht, sound proper
Straight cash get got, bloodhounds
Tryin' to hunt down the Brown Fox, the Ill Na NaUhh, vodka
Not, not
Dolla dolla, stop stop
C'mon c'mon, yah, it's the Ill Na NaNo 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
'Cuz 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
Hit the road
Mami told me in order to find a prince
You gotta kiss some toadsWho's got the illest pussy on the planet?
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