

# Ill Na Na (feat. Method Man)

## Foxy Brown

Intro: Method Man  
One 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 Brown  
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  
Chorus: Method Man  
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  
Verse 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 Na Verse Three: Foxy Brown No 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

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