

# Pretty Willie, Na Na

[Intro]

you ready, don't you know dawg?  
J.L., Big Al, come on and roll wit me  
Suella (laughing)  
This is for all y'all, look  
Just cause I call myself Pretty they think I'm  
arrogant or somethin'  
Dawg I'm just talkin' about Pretty life playboy  
That's how we do it up herre  
You know what I'm sayin, look

[Verse]

Why can't I call myself Pretty (Pretty)  
If you thugged out, cleaned up, seen us, all black  
truck and blinged up  
Big bucks must be made and not truss  
No one can do it betta' than us, so playa what  
I'm a small cat, but I'm ready for action  
When it comes to freakin' women  
I get down like Jesse Jackson, I'm maxin'  
Man, I'm as cool as a fan, in Dark Times  
All cats, leavin' ya straight for Frontline  
But the haters keep on talkin' to me daily (daily)  
The hell with conversation playa, pay me (pay me)  
Got safe, got me out the cracks (the slums)  
I'm a playa rockin' shows leavin' record ???, it's fun  
Hard work and dedication will pay, just a dose of  
Pretty Willie will keep the doctor away  
What more can I say, the truth and nothin' but the truth  
But for them haters that didn't want it  
yo this one's for you (I'm like)

[Chorus: 2x]

Na Na Na Na Naaa (Na Na Na Na Naaa)  
Naaa Na Na Na Naaa (Naaa Na Na Na Naaa)  
I'm just Suella, makin' my life betta'

Got cr'me, feddy, and chedda', ready to do whatever

[Verse]

It seem like y'all (y'all) cats (cats)  
Claimin' to be real, y'all need to stop (stop) that  
(that)  
Cause when it come to rhymin' it's like a storm, did that  
Avoidin' them cats, them oily gats  
So looks like were sergeant, they can geuss  
My ride is stoppin' all y'all like stop signs  
More cock than a glock 9, shoot nineteen times  
When it come to rhyme, it seem like y'all addicted to mine  
Makazumas line up in a single-file line  
Ready to hit it hot (hold up)  
That dawg spit like that bunny the dummy  
I can't quit droppin' hits, the day, for me to getcha  
The first realla, to fake y'all like George Gipper, the big gimper  
On a scale of 1 to 10, I can't be like you  
Wack lil' crews I choose the souf like their a flu  
What you would, chill and freeze, boy please  
Fatality for tease don't make my mission complete

[Chorus]

[Verse]

There's no way  
You sorry bustas gon' take me

There's no way  
You sorry bustas gon' take me  
There's no way  
You sorry bustas gon' take me  
There's no way, no way, no way

[Chorus]

[\*Pretty Willie talking\*]  
(laughing) yea  
Republic, Universal, D2  
Frontline come on!

[Chorus to end]