

Rebecca Lynn Johnson

"We Made It"

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"Tony Starks fights again for survival,
and by just a thin thread of electric current
wins another victory."

[Superb (Ghostface)]

Ugh, c'mon, yeah, c'mon y'all

(Bounce wit us) Hip-hop

(What? Celebrities, what?)

(Street corner) For all my niggas

Crack spot niggas

Chip Banks starts to sing "we made it"

Chicken ass mothafuckas, envious bitches

Yo, you know what y'all...

Make me wan' pop sumthin', no champagne

Two-five on me, weed and crack stalk me

Bitch motherfucker tried to get a rep' off me

Leave him there, never know, get him off me

I remember days when we just fucked bitches

Bought a lot of clothes and just played the ave.

Now we rap niggas with a lot of wardrobes

and if we want a nigga dead we pay the cash

I ain't tryin to waste my career on y'all

Even scuffle with y'all, waste gear on y'all

But if I gotta go out, you know I'ma show out

You gon' fuck around and get your whole back blown

out

I remember on the Island, can't tone out

The mess hall crawler, about to zone out

Dumb motherfuckers with our microphone out

We just dumb motherfuckers with our microphone out

[Chip Banks]

See.. see.. see me

I roll with Ghost and cats that carry they toast and

make the post and from pagin, sin astasian

When it's time to bust off them things, it ain't a game

man

We rocked out own diamond rings, see them 'Bling,

Bling'

Got big boy toys, Porsche, Sixes

Dime bitches, told y'all before we import those
Jury stay froze, court cases get closed
Niggas hate Nino cuz how fast I roast them
Like George Jefferson and em, steppin on em
The headline read, "Starks had the weapon on em"
The best, what y'all expect? He a vet
Plus the best, now tell me how we gon' foul
when we dealin with 'Supreme Clientele'

[Chorus: Superb - American Cream Team x2]

>From Riker's Island to the Camay Island
We thugs like, life is the same challenge
Do the knowledge, recognize your talent
And if you live the streets, you better stay silent

[Ghostface Killah]

Yo, spotted at a mirage, Ghostface walked by groupies
Minkal monk stars, I come in cat, invades Mars
Hallyed at a sanctuary, first dent placed upon entry
Fainted when the book mentioned me
Keep ballin, new systems, high sciences
Drop that, Ghost listenin, the track sizzlin
Angelica, Judey Plum for bitches, Goines king of the
century
Best sellers, but niggas stay together
Posted up trucks, leanin on the Benz
Cinemax smile shot in thrity-five lens
You program, broke bottles of Dom
Seven inch bangles, back breakers
I'm a dope feed, look at my art, Popeye strength
Rap with a British accent, Gucci clothes
Dennis Coles in the latest fashions
Blow backs in, flip raps like fourty-eight bundles
Dinner plates, deadly front gates, celeb Brian Gumble

[Hell Razah]

Interlapse this in like Deniro, words in your center
earhole
Blocks of ice like Sub-Zero, we been right since day
zero
Shatter your soul like glass windows
Turn verses to nymphos, pop these hollows at fake cats
in a Tahoe
Wild out, throw your liquor bottles at hood rats to the
richest models
We conversate like Christ and the twelve apostles
Livin life without you, can't count you as great men
Murderers in the state pen', bein caged in
The wage is a sin, before they read up they pop our
tape in
You ain't gotta tuck you chain in cuz here we want the

head of Satan
Durags and our pants hangin

Chip Banks starts to sing "we made it" again

[Ghostface]
Uh-huh, uh-huh
That's right y'all
Street corners
Jail niggas
Riker's Island
Ge-Grey Haven
Big Un
That's right y'all
Word up
All y'all, all y'all crumbs
We made it, nigga
Step the fuck off
True indeed, true indeed
Yeah, Ready Red
That's right, my nigga Born
That's right yo
Lil' Free in the feds
That's right, you'll be home nigga
Yeah, we made it
Yeah, C Allah, word up
That's fam
Yeah, check it out
Staten Island
True indeed
Five boroughs
Check it, uh-huh

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