

S.L.A.B. f/ H.A.W.K., Kee Money, Big Dex

"We Gon Make It"

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(*talking*)

Trae, Kee Money, Big Dex

H-A-Dub-K, Lil B, yeah we gon make it

We gon make it, we gon make it

[Trae]

They see me stepping out thoed, Guerilla Maab type
thug representing for the side I love

Southside and it ain't gon change, niggaz like us gon
change the game

With street fame living untamed, in a wide frame drop
fin to swang and bang

If a nigga don't know better peep the game, S.U.C. we
running thangs

Finna smash me a nigga, I'm a young gun nigga by the
name of Trae

Wrecking this track with H-A-W-K, from the Dead End to
the west of Fewquay

Blue on grey is what I'm riding mayn, I'm that
Southside type stunner

On these blocks I be a runner, for the plex call me a
gunner

Guerilla Maab representative, four 12's in Sedan
DeVille

We gon make it that's for real, crank it up while I work
my grill

Tilt on a lane and I'm setting it off, see me and my click
can't take a loss

Me and Lil B gon break it off, S-L-A-B be wilding out

[Kee Money]

I'm setting it off, in a wide body six hund'

With C-Dub and the Mon, bringing terror like Big Pun

My squad's the bomb, it's play time but never fun

Making bitch niggaz run, faster than Michael John'

Hit like Paul Manson, stacking funds with bigger guns

My squad we hundred proof, hauling ass on the loot

Compressed to stay true, from Dead End to the Boot

Snitch niggaz to me elite, strapped with plenty heat

Mo' bricks than concrete, watch my lungs release

When I'm puffing on do-do, my cheddar like Velveeta

Make you give me some mo', uh-ohhhhhh
I'm a thug nigga, uh-ohhhhhh
Bending corners on dubs nigga, now do you love nigga
How Kee Money get down, whoa now fo' life
We repping this H-Town, feel me now
C.E.O. of Pay Time, and I gotta hold it down
Staying on my grind, I want mine baby

[Big Dex]

Dead in a line, I got juveniles on the front line
Spitting venom, like reptiles
Locking like grip pliers, we worldwide
Gilla Southside like cell flies, you can't jump us like
barbwire
Or cross us like vogue tires, they catch time
Haters get eternally baptized, a thugged out Gomer
Pile
I'll walk through a crossfire, fuck a nine to five
I'm pushing birds that don't fly, capping fool's my
appetite
Overloading my goldmine, this twelfth round bitch
We hot like bonfires, slaves call me siar
I'm the rap game umpire, spitting lyrical fire
The world is ours, cracking it like a egg and nigga we
gon make it

[Hook - 4x]

We gon, make it
We gon make it, we gon make it

[H.A.W.K.]

We gon make it, or take it
Rock it up and shake it, whip it up and bake it
So the laws can't take it, I barred all the trouble
Cruise through the struggle, use Arm-N-Hammer and
water
To see my digits double, live lavish and bubble
With the money I made, and now that I'm paid these
niggaz hate
I'ma rain on they parade, for roaches I use Raid
Or bring the army brigade, clean em out like Cascade
Or put a hole in your fade, ever since the first grade
I been a man on a mission, but no one would listen
And now I get all the attention, nigga stop penny
pinching
Get the fuck out my way, while I change the game
Like Sigel and J, nigga what

[Lil B]

I'll never follow I'm a baller, U-Hauler
Prowler on the scene, fog eyes looking mean

DVD's with a monitor screen, my team is gonna make it
Don't hate it take a ounce and break it on up, sip syrup
out my cup
On buck not giving a fuck, so what you hoes can move
around
Take it out on the South we from H-Town, with a big gun
case it's round for round
We gon bust and bust till they all fall down, it's like that
Lil B gon bring hats, S.L.A.B. soldiers on every track
My nigga we did that, step back with all that hating
And faking we riding 4's, now days the boulevard
We skate, and pussy hole penetrating
Leaving all hoes aching, because we gon make it

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