

Link 80

"We Made It"

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Verse 1: (Down)

See we done made it
No need to hate it, congratulate it
Blowin' up with 263 cause' T-Mac he can't be faded
Praise it, then elevated, don't underestimated
Like your thirst obey it, in the game but never play-
hate it
I had strugglin' times the mils stayed on my mind
On the low stay on the grind
Cause' I gots to get mine
We concentrated on having this industry dominated
We goin' to Nashville in that custom made Navigator
It's gettin' hectic let's sell these tapes, C.d.'s and
records
We gotta' be first, can't imagine comin' in second
You aggravated, cause' the dope still over-weighted
You contemplated on your own life so take it
Fuck with milk, got cheese
It's 98 get cha' lazy ass up cause' these niggas holdin'
g's
We motivated hating hearing tolerated
Who's the richest No Limit or 263?
Don't even debated, we demonstrated
Lets roll another one and blaze it
Keep us figures calculated and leave dem bustas in
amazement
We made it
Ah-ha know what I'm sayin'

(Chorus) (Suave)

(Damn it feels good to be rich and in this industry
All my life I been hustlin', all my life I been strugglin'
Damn it feels good to be rich and in this industry
All my life I been slangin', All my life I been bangin')

Verse 2: (Mega-Bucks)

Man dem' haters can't stand to see me livin' this life
Marble floor, major hoes, a nigga covered in ice
Jumpin' out that Navigator with that Alpine bangin'
Nigga came a long way from all that hangin' and
slangin'

Now we million dollar playas regulatin' that cheese
A hundred-thousand for that hummer, man I cop it with
ease
Ain't no thang ha, thats when a nigga sittin' on banks
Swiss accounts stashed away, in case dem' feds
wanna strike
Man livin' this life done seen many niggas do
Dem' made niggas, paid niggas that I'm callin' my crew
T-Mac saw a nigga sittin' out on his luck
Hit me with a couple' ki's, now I'm sittin' on bucks
Then we took this dope-game to a whole notha' level
Rap-hustle with the muscle keep dem' diamonds
embezzled
You haters keep hatin', I'mma put on my shine
Brothers always makin' dollars thats the bottom line

Chorus

Verse 3: (T-Mac)

Nigga, picture me slangin' down-south Charlyo, nigga
thug-bangin'
But like windin' that Rolex
Thats why I got dem' broads in the ghetto,
relieve some of this ghetto stress
And nigga I done made it to the top
And never stop carryin' my Glock, thats why i keep my
shit cock
And now I got ends
I always had the Rolex, houses by the lake and the
Benz
And all these niggas hatin' on me
Callin' my name tryin' to link me to conspiracy
But money can't change me
I always had money in the beginnin' so it ain't strange
to me
So niggas keep your head up
And watch out for dem' niggas tryin' to put y'all in that
black truck
(Yeah, y'all niggas betta watch out for dem' niggas
tryin' to put chall' in that black truck, this shit is for real)

Chorus

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