

Klorkestein Harrie

"Make it Happen"

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[Chorus: Soulja Slim]

Whodi, wanna make happen nigga holla at me
Whodi, wanna make happen nigga holla at me
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Whodi, wanna make happen nigga holla at me
Whodi, wanna make happen nigga holla at me
Whodi, wanna make happen nigga

[Soulja Slim]

(Na na na)

Now lets get it started, I fuck shit up on tha Bacardi
You can call it, I be damned if I dat one dearly
departed
Glock forty wit 2 other clips stuck beside me
I call tha canon, new & improved dog bitch for tha 90's
I keeps it real, niggas don't wanna let me ball & chill
Fuck wit tha treal still they'll get a nigga killed
So I keep 'em close, don't know 'em, I met 'em on my
joce
Cut throat 'em on Magnolia leave body parts on Willow
Dats how we do it, 6 court souljas off top
Keep 'em cocked wit out havin' second thoughts to pop
Uptown dats where I was born & raised
Chastised by veterens in they army brigades
When I grew up I wanted to just like them
Look at me now retired veteren, Soulja Slim
Alot of souljas made it & alot of 'em didn't
It ain't easy bein' a soulja takes alot of wig splittin'
Unforgettin' ghetto livin' to tha day dat I die
Fabolous, dangerous weighin' 195
I got scuffle like Holyfield but I gets ill like Mike
For them nigga snakes I bite
When I write (grrr)I bite back,
Picture dat, nigga raw doggin' it
Got tha industry on lockdown & I'm hoggin' it
I got what cha lookin' for & what cha want
Huh don't play no games you know your do's & don'ts,
what

[Chorus]

[Soulja Slim]

Nigga just shot my dawg Double Crosser
Beef is on, heat is on, tweekin' for leakin' domes
Make it known when I come home clear tha whole
corner
Somebody gon' die when my & my army ride
You niggas jive, who gonna thank me & my dawg won't
kill ya
Had ya down dad should of let my dawg steel ya
Bustarized, realized, we crucifized, homicide
Lookin' for me wit tha chinese eyes
Gold grill from tha back to tha front, mask on
Done a walkby & got my blast on
See me when I beef I can't sleep
I creep creep, lay low like a sniper & che, che
Day & night hopin' I catch my prey right
I hate tha light but I can't run from a gun fight
Soulja type & I refuse to lose my life
Been inticed by tha devil but I love Jesus Christ
So what dat tell ya, I'm gon' kill ya if I haveta
Thank it's a game when it ain't no fun & laughter
Blast ya ass then get ghost like Casper
I'm bout it bout it, I just ain't no good ass rapper

[Chorus]

[Krazy]

(What)

In tha projects thugged out slangin' for cheese
Head bustin' any nigga holdin' them ki's
Puffin' weed daily, thuggin' in public
Tha bitches give me head cause tha hoes they love me
Say goodbye to them bitch niggas they work for tha
feds
I can't be caught wit cha when they bust yo head
Ski masked wit a hundred rounds lookin' for fire
Downtown niggas clearin' watch them niggas expire
We ride fo' deep in a Caddy wit Swab
I don't love head bustin' im just doin' my job
Iberville is what I scream lookin' for danger
Hundred rounds in my chopper realesin' my anger,
now

[Chorus]

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