

Tommy Shane Steiner

"We Gonna Make It"

Visit "[We Gonna Make It](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Jadakiss]

Uhh, uh

Fuck.. the.. frail shit

Uhh, cause when my coke come in

they gotta use the scales that they weigh the whales wit

[Styles]

Carsons on the jeep, but Gotti made the prototype

Hoped you get the picture but you just can't photo light

[Jadakiss]

Determined niggaz make it

Kickin down the door and we burnin niggaz naked

[Styles]

The house costs a million, sittin on the beach

And the only thing I know - if it's furnished, I'ma take it

[Jadakiss]

My bathtub lift up, my walls do a 360

We got the shit that the government got

Talkin money then you rubbin the spot

[Stlyes]

Real niggaz say that they be wildin

We on the Cayman Islands; on a yacht wit our favorite
albums

[Jadakiss]

A bad hoe and a plate of salmon

Smokin and drinkin, nigga is you thinkin that our fate is
violent?

[Styles]

I love my nigga for the fact that he real

And nobody on the faculty squeal, what

[Jadakiss]

And if you facin capital pun, pass me a gun

And I'ma give you time to run, while I rapidly peel, uh

[Chorus 2X: Jadakiss]

We.. gon'.. make it

We gon' make it, we gon' make it

[Eve]

Uh, c'mon

E-V-E, call it a bug in your ear, you never kill

Still woulda been a threat to you bitches without a deal

Life a little liver, I went from hangin out to socializin

Mind frame change once the dough arrives

You bitches happy with a touch and a thrill, I need a lot
of paper

My stimulation comes from snatchin up deals

How many times I gotta tell you, silly?

Don't no corny shit come outta Philly

And I'ma push it 'til the world feel me

I'm still as hungry as the day I began

And gettin comfortable to let you in ain't part of the
plan

I need some private jets, fly to islands to watch the sun
set

A country ranch with throughbreds as pets

Nothin less than the rich bitch, and watch me take it

Chickens ain't a threat to the girl, we gon' make it

Keep it crackin like you wouldn't believe, Double R

Hot shit, the hottest shit, Styles, Jada and Eve, what?

[Chorus]

[Styles]

It's about time I blow

And if I don't do my numbers dog I still got my aces

We robbin industry niggaz, hands on your jewels

And if it's money in the pocket, then DeNiro gotta take
it

A dog caught a body, still runnin, that's the basics

First niggaz in the hood to get his car a facelift

All my niggaz know more money, more cases

Front if you want, that's my gun in yo' faces

My reputation alone should speak for itself

I come prepared with the chrome and bust the heat for
myself

I got a little brother in heaven, my niggaz on the corner
in the yard that'd love to see the God or the seven

Point 5-4-I-L might not sell, but what the FUCK

When it comes to bein' hard, I'ma legend

Double R, Styles +is the streets+

And the kids pick up shit quick, they gotta see they
fathers eat

And my niggaz is all I got

So if I gotta go to war with y'all team I'm leavin all y'all

shot

[Chorus]

[Styles speaking over chorus]

That's right, we gon' make it

We got no choice but to make it

We got kids to feed, we got people in jail that need
packages

We brothers on the corner, we gotta make them step
their game up

We gotta stop gettin arrested

We gon' make it, we gon' get this paper

I swear we will

Visit [Tommy Shane Steiner](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.