

## Mac T. Colione The Memphis Car "We Made It"

Visit "[We Made It](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

(feat. Down, Mega Bucks, Suave)

[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 playahate 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]

Visit [Mac T. Colione The Memphis Car](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.