

We Made It

Ghostface Killah

Tony Starks fights again for survival
And by just a thin thread of electric current
Wins another victory Ugh, c'mon, yeah, c'mon y'all
(Bounce wit us)
Hip-Hop
(What? Celebrities, what?)
(Street corner)
For all my niggas Crack spot niggas we made it
Chicken ass mothafuckas, envious bitches
Yo, you know what y'all Make me wan' pop sumthin', no champagne
Two-five on me, weed and crack stalk me
Bitch motherfucker tried to get a rep' off me
Leave him there, never know, get him off me I remember days when we just fucked bitches
Bought a lot of clothes and just played the ave
Now we rap niggas with a lot of wardrobes
And if we want a nigga dead we pay the cash I ain't tryin to waste my career on y'all
Even scuffle with y'all, waste gear on y'all
But if I gotta go out, you know I'ma show out
You gon' fuck around and get your whole back blown out I remember on the Island, can't tone out
The mess hall crawler, about to zone out
Dumb motherfuckers with our microphone out
We just dumb motherfuckers with our microphone out See, see, see me
I roll with Ghost and cats that carry they toast and
make the post and from pagin, sin astasian
When it's time to bust off them things, it ain't a game man
We rocked out own diamond rings, see them 'Bling, Bling' Got big boy toys, Porsche, Sixes
Dime bitches, told y'all before we import those
Jury stay froze, court cases get closed
Niggas hate Nino cuz how fast I roast them Like George Jefferson and em, steppin on em
The headline read, Starks had the weapon on 'em
The best, what y'all expect? He a vet
Plus the best, now tell me how we gon' foul
When we dealin' with Supreme Clientele From Riker's Island to the Camay Island
We thugs like, life is the same challenge
Do the knowledge, recognize your talent
And if you live the streets, you better stay silent From Riker's Island to the Camay Island
We thugs like, life is the same challenge
Do the knowledge, recognize your talent
And if you live the streets, you better stay silent Yo, spotted at a mirage, Ghostface walked by groupies

Minkal monk stars, I come in cat, invades Mars
 Hallyed at a sanctuary, first dent placed upon entry
 Fainted when the book mentioned meKeep ballin', new systems, high sciences
 Drop that, Ghost listenin, the track sizzlin
 Angelica, Judey Plum for bitches, Goines king of the century
 Best sellers, but niggas stay togetherPosted up trucks, leanin on the Benz
 Cinemax smile shot in thrity-five lens
 You program, broke bottles of Dom
 Seven inch bangles, back breakersI'm a dope feed, look at my art, Popeye strength
 Rap with a British accent, Gucci clothes
 Dennis Coles in the latest fashions
 Blow backs in, flip raps like fourty-eight bundles
 Dinner plates, deadly front gates, celeb Brian GumbleInterlapse this in like Deniro, words in your center earhole
 Blocks of ice like Sub-Zero, we been right since day zero
 Shatter your soul like glass windows
 Turn verses to nymphos, pop these hollows at fake cats in a TahoeWild out, throw your liquor bottles at hood
 rats to the richest models
 We conversate like Christ and the twelve apostles
 Livin' life without you, can't count you as great men
 Murderers in the state pen', bein caged inThe wage is a sin, before they read up they pop our tape in
 You ain't gotta tuck you chain in
 'Cuz here we want the head of Satan
 Durags and our pants hangin, we made it againUh-huh, uh-huh that's right y'all street corners Jail niggas
 Riker's Island Ge-Grey Haven big Un that's right y'all
 Word up all y'all, all y'all crumbs we made it, nigga
 Step the fuck off true indeed, true indeedYeah, Ready Red that's right, my nigga Born
 That's right yo Lil' Free in the feds
 That's right, you'll be home nigga
 Yeah, we made it yeah, C Allah, word upThat's fam yeah, check it out
 Staten Island true indeed
 Five boroughs check it, uh-huh

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