We Gon' Make It

Diddy

Baby, this is your last dance, you know how you do it
There's no nigga like you
And there'll never be another nigga like you
Put your foot on these motherfuckers' necks
Do it to 'em, daddy, do it to 'em
As my Daytons spin, lowrider sittin' low
Hittin' corners so hard, you can taste my rims
Hard top, six-four, I'm Diddy, no tint
I can't hide in New York City
I'm 'bout it in the South, sleep good in the West
Know a chick from Watts with 'Bad Boy' tatted on her breast
I done been there and did it
Ten years without gettin' sweat inside my Yankee fitted
1990 Raw, I showed you ice
You ain't know who Jacob was, so I showed you twice
When it was 'All About the Benjamins', I had two bezels on my arm
Like a Don's supposed to, Sean
Ride with a chauffeur in Gucci loafers
And switch to All Stars without losin' focus
These rap niggaz hopeless, you can change the locks
But I'ma shine for niggaz that ain't know Big
Do seem like my future's here now
It feels good to see the sun in the mornin'
I'm got a feelin' that the people are talkin'
I heard a rumor that things ain't changin'
But Lord knows that we gon' make it
Tell me who shot Big
And take the bullets out of 2Pac's ribs
If I could, I would reverse the car, reverse the beef
Put it all in a pot and boil it on a D Dot beat
Sometimes I get drunk for stress relief
Other times I put 'Life After Death' on and peep
We ride, what's a four door Bentley Coupe
Without my nigga on the passenger side?
And still, I try to get money, stay fly
Finish the race, holdin' my crown high
I fly next to God, my eyes on the prize
Been away a long time but now I'm re-energized
The life and times of a mastermind

Dedicate every breath to claim my designs, mine
And the day I die, let a G4 fly
And dump my ashes over N.Y.
Do seem like my future's here now
It feels good to see the sun in the mornin'
I'm got a feelin' that the people are talkin'
I heard a rumor that things ain't changin'
But Lord knows that we gon' make it
I'm the king of all kings, I abide by no rules
And do what I do by any means
Call him necessary, the great visionary
Born extraordinary, a life legendary
Who else put flows out that put clothes out?
Flee the cold weather, short sleeves with my toes out
Nine-six, Big showed me what to do
But deep in my heart, this is 'No Way Out II'
I spend absurd money, private bird money
That Bill Gates, Donald Trump, Bloomberg money
Old habits die hard, the Vanguard Award winner
New York torch gripper, O.G. of the floss, nigga
I'm seein' visions like I did a bag of angel dust
This is life when you black, rich and dangerous
I'm with God, I'ma live on forever
Bad Boy for life, bitch, nobody does it better
Do seem like my future's here now
It feels good to see the sun in the mornin'
I'm got a feelin' that the people are talkin'
I heard a rumor that things ain't changin'
But Lord knows that we gon' make it
So there y'all have it
Words from a wise great king
We love it when you speak the truth, daddy
Don't ever stop, please, don't ever stop

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