

# 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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