

We Gonna Make It (feat. Styles P)

Jadakiss

Uh, uh
Fuck the frail shit
Uh, 'cuz when my coke come in
They gotta use the scales that they weigh the whales wit
Carsons on the jeep, but Gotti made the prototype
Hoped you'd get the picture but you just can't photo light
Determined niggas make it
Kickin' down the door and we burnin' niggas naked
The house costs a million, sittin' on the beach
And the only thing I know if it's furnished I'ma take it
My bathtub lift up, my walls do a 360
We got the shit that the government got
Talkin' money then you rubbin' the spot
Real niggas say that they be wildin'
We on the Caiman islands on a yacht wit our favorite albums
A bad hoe and a plate of salmon
Smokin' and drinkin'
Nigga is you thinkin' that our fate is violent
I love my nigga for the fact that he real
And nobody on the faculty squeal, what?
And if you facin' capital pun, pass me a gun
And I'ma give you time to run, while I rapidly peel, uh
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I learned the game quickly and now I like to rent
So when I fly now I bring my cars on the plane wit me
In this case who's the loser
Ran through enough Coke for Castro to build schools in Cuba
Teachin' kids how to read and write and use the ruger
Motherfuckin' niggas is back, Jada and P
We got water, X, haze plus weight in the D
And I'm tired of hearin' about old niggas that had it
And be the same old niggas that ratted
Who cares? Talk 'bout how we hawk niggas in they fuckin' back
Gun works official but niggas don't be wantin' that
Why? 'Cuz they puss and they mans is lame
We so for real in the hood we make candy rain
I could easily send you to God
But come and see me at the Plaza Hotel, I might give you a job

If you can't remember the name
All you gotta do is ask the dame for the niggas that deliver it hard
We gon' make it
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Ja-da-mwa, I'll kiss you, you bitch ass nigga
That the hood won't miss you, you bitch ass nigga
Might find your man dead in the ocean, he be aight though
You know dead rappers get better promotion
Why we don't laugh at death and cry at birth
Never say you can't do it till you try it first
Be the young niggas eager to pull it
But it's a message in everything trust me, even a bullet
Go to war with the eight and the pound
Think you got your ear to the street now
Put your face in the ground
'Cuz my shells is expensive
You'll know exactly why when you yellin' in intensive
My fellas is offensive
Lucky 'cuz I got guns that crack your back
But that's not what I prefer, I manufacture crack
And niggas turn bitch when you show 'em the steel
But we know how to bid so y'all go 'head and squeal
I'm comfortable far from home
Eatin' right, gettin' good rest either on the far or the foam
I'm the reason niggas got deals, the past few years
Sound anything like kiss then sign right here
And y'all just talkin', I'm doin' it well
Jada
kiss motherfucker, I'm a see you in hell, what?
We gon' make it
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We gon' make it
We gon' make it
We gon' make it

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