

We Made It (featuring Superb)

Ghostface Killah

Make me wan' pop sumthin', no champagne
Two-five on me, weed and crack on 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, 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'mma 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 me
I roll with Ghost and cats that carry they toast
Make the Post, front page and, center-Stagin'
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, push Sixes
Dime bitches, told y'all before we import those
Jury stay froze, court cases get closed
Niggas hate Nino cuz how fast I rose up
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' fail
When we dealin with 'Supreme Clientele'] From Rikers Island to the Cayman 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 Rikers Island to the Cayman 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 The Mirage, Ghostface swarmed by groupies
Mingle amongst stars, I come in cat, invades Mars
Highlight of the century, first bet placed upon entry
Fainted when the book mentioned me

Keep ballin, new systems, high sciences
Drop that, Ghost listenin, track sizzlin
Angelica, Judy Plum for bitches, Goines king of the century
Best sellers for niggas, stay together
Posted up trucks, leanin on the Benz
Cinemax smile shot in thrity-five lens
You program, broke bottles of Dom
Seven inch bangles, back breakers
I'm a dope fiend, look at my arm, 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 Bryant Gumbel

Songwriters

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