

We Gon' Make it (Feat. Jack Knight)

P. 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 (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 (hopeless) you can change the locks
But I'm a shine for niggaz that ain't know Big [Chorus]
Do, seem, like, my, fu-ture's, here, now
It feels good to see the sun in the mornin'
I'm tired of feelin' that the people are talkin'
I heard a rumor that things ain't changin'
But Lord knows that we goin' make it
Oh The world famous
As we proceed
To give you what you need
It's been so long
It's been so real
So magnificent, thank you Tell me who shot Big (who shot Big)
And take the bullets out of 2Pac's ribs (take 'em out)
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 (hit me baby)
Sometimes I get drunk, for stress relief
Other times I put "Life After Death" on and peep
We ride (we ride) what's a four door Bentley Coupe
Without my nigga on the passenger side?
And still I try (I try) to get money stay fly
Finish the race, holdin' my crown high (take that)

I fly next to God, my eyes on the prize
Been away a long time but now I'm re-energized
(AS WE PROCEED) The life and times of a mastermind (c'mon)
Dedicate every breath to claim my designs (it's mine)
And the day I die, let a G4 fly
And dump my ashes over N.Y.[Chorus]Y'all know my name, y'all know my motherfuckin' name
I told you I was gon' be great ma
I told you I was goin' be somebody!
Oh!! Feel so good
Feel so free
Put your fists in the air, aow!I'm the King of all Kings, I abide by no rules
And do what I do by any means (c'mon)
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" (let's rock)
I spend absurd money, private bird money
That Bill Gates, Donald Trump, Bloomberg money (you know what it is)
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'm a live on forever
Bad Boy for life bitch, nobody does it better (nobody)[Chorus]Y'all know my name, y'all know my
motherfuckin' name
I'm in the best shape of my life!
Y'all know my name, y'all know my motherfuckin' name
Yeah! You created this monster!
It's so inspirational, it's so real
Bad boy bitch!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

Songwriters

Combs, Sean / Pate, Johnny / Watson, Leroy Vincent / Frampton, Tijuana T / Taylor, Jayceon Terrell / Hansford,

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