

# Make Way (ft. Lyfe Jennings)

Trina

I'm just tryna make sure  
That you hear me out there Now when you see the queen coming  
And the horn start blowing  
(hey Trina)  
Everybody start running  
People in the streets coming (It's been a while baby)  
But they still gotta bow down  
To tha queen ha-ha yea Now when you see the queen coming  
And all the horns start blowing  
Everybody start running  
People in the streets coming Make way, make way, make way  
Make way, make way, make way  
Make way whoa See the fireworks blowing  
And the roof start smoking  
And you know it ain't a game  
With the lines this woman make way Make way, make way, make way  
Make way, make way, make way, way Every-time I turn the t.v. on  
All I see is Trina  
Everybody so quick to judge me  
Look how you point the finger Saying he's to good for me  
When you don't even know me  
You to lonely, you need  
To worry bout yours only Like a rag you throw me  
Some pretend they don't know me  
Bet you know you owe me  
Show me homie Tryna steal my pride  
They make me go harder  
Do I worry, I don't bother  
I'm a finish what I started Working more than 9 to 5  
Keeping it slip an slide dream alive  
Look at some of these chicks that try (try)  
Half of them lost their flame they die (die) While I been walking on fire  
I'm earning to go higher  
Never kick out the game  
I shall retired, now put that on the wirer I crap the game like pliers  
I'm doing the whole dash  
Staring like I'm wearing tires  
Cant, to fine to stop (cant, to fine stop) I'm a diva studio to states  
My people gotta make way

For queen before I clear the streets Now if you see the queen coming  
 All the horns are blowing  
 And everybody start running  
 People in the streets coming Make way, make way, make way  
 Make way, make way, make way  
 Make way whoa See the fireworks blowing  
 And the roof start smoking  
 And you know it ain't a game  
 With the lines this woman make way Make way, make way, make way  
 Make way, make way, make way, way What makes you think this life  
 More easier for me  
 If you can only see  
 If ain't all that is crack up to be More money, more problems  
 When you living like this  
 If you ain't making hits  
 Than you ain't about shit Fans go to talking  
 Neighbors go to shopping  
 Am I'm really human  
 Is when I go to talking Huffin' an the puffin  
 Tears start fallin'  
 Than the whole turns cold  
 That's when you wanna pick your coffin But I ain't giving up  
 I ain't never be a quitter  
 I go hard on everything  
 I'm a natural born winner When natural born sinner  
 But I'm praying for forgiveness  
 Some-times I pinch my-self  
 Than I realize I live this Some say relentless  
 I say forgiveness  
 That's when I pinch my-self  
 And than I realize I live this Some say relentless  
 I say forgiveness  
 That's when I pinch my-self  
 And than I realize I live this Now when you see the queen coming  
 And all the horns start blowing  
 Everybody start running  
 People in the streets coming Make way, make way, make way  
 Make way, make way, make way  
 Make way, whoa See the fireworks blowing  
 And the roof start smoking  
 And you know it ain't a game  
 With the lines this woman make way Make way, make way, make way  
 Make way, make way, make way, way

Songwriters

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