We Got This

Mike Hawkins

.....[forte & dmx growling]....
[chorus - forte' & dmx][forte']You wanna bust guns? (you wanna lock fists?) - dmx in parentheses
[forte]Forte' ! (dmx!)
[forte']Be the hottest!
[forte' & dmx]We got this!!! (you ain't hear? !!!!)
[forte']We got this! (nigga! you ain't hear? !!!)
[forte']We got this!
[forte' & dmx]Straight up! we locked it!!!
[forte' - verse one]Associated with the razor blade spinners like gym stars and heavy hitters,
Them younger gods love banana clips, broads that strip
Candle wax, brown beamers to whip
And jerk a bitch, known to hit ya, for taking pictures!
Thirty two shots to split ya!
It's all about the cash when I'm fuckin' wit' ya!
John could make ya richer!
Fuck the prince of bel-air!
I'm known to sell heir, got game like a politician
Whose trying to add on, when it's not addition
You need to revamp! the hottest nigga out the refugee camp!
Run up on you b, and leave your seat damp!
And sell stocks slow, sellin' high, by low
From madina up to y.o.
El capitan john, micapo
Get tore down, and that's the way it go down!
The east is like the wild west without the showdown!
Them niggas be like, "what now? !"
Get cut down! from the gut down!
Intense heh? and leave you shut down!
You knocked out! regardless, what round! what now? !!
[dmx]Unghh!!! my nigga said it!!
Niggas'll get it! that's the rule!
I'm 'bout to break money off - a - li'l somethin', pass the food!
'cause when I'm drunk! I'm a different nigga!
And all you gonna see is a spark, ain't no whiffin' nigga!
I figure like this...it's just me against the world!
'cause all my fuckin' life, it's been the world against earl!
What you think i'm-a do...when my back's against the wall!!?
Fuck it! get rolled! roll 'til I fall!
X'll kill 'em all!!! that's what they say to me now!

You vermon nigga! in a time where it's okay to be foul!!

And you lovin' it!
It's got john blaze! just duckin' it!
And this track won't rest, unless x'll put the slug in it!
But, would it fit? ! nah, don't even think like that!
This is some shit that I could let go, and bring right back!
It's like crack, if you cook it, overlook it, so I shook it!!!
Like a pit, what you get, is what you wit' me so I took it!
[chorus 2x][20 grand pikasoe - verse two]This track'll make me zone out!
Run up in the party with the chrome out!
Clear jerome out, no doubt!
Ice jingling, sons mingling, drugs we bring it in!
Pikasoe baby!
Gotta get this money baby!
50's and 100's baby!
My whole crew be sonnin' you
What you gonna talk about wit' a gun in front of you? !
Niggas grimy wit' it, slimy wit' it!
[forte']Put in the card baby, you gone
Too many hard rappers live for cunan
You knew john was too on
Me and dmx, whether change your suit on
Walk dogs, word to God bound to live large and get charged, what!?
[dmx]Unghh! unghh!
If you my dog, you creep when I creep!
Eat when I eat!
Sleep when I sleep!
For real, shit is deep!
And what you don't know, will kill you!
From x, to forte' niggas will feel you!!
[forte']I'm roundin' mine more
And very few can nine hold
The kick's too strong, y'all niggas do songs, we live on!
Dough to sit on!
I'm down to shit on!
Watch y'all talkin' mothafuckas keep walkin' watch the dogs barkin'!
[dmx]Ungh! ungh! ungh!
I set the clock!
Clip the glock!
Hit the block!
Rip the rock!
In the sock!
Get the knot!
This shit is hot!

Can't deny it, you mothafuckas since you know how it go, don't try it!
[chorus - 3x]

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