

# We Made It (feat. 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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