

# We Gon Make It

Cordae

Yeah

God bless the dream chasers, if you got a dream, keep chasing it  
Never let nobody hate you out your dreams, we gon make it

Yeah

I coulda died on that pavement  
Every time I see my mom, I be like wait a minute  
She know there's somethin' wrong with me, but I don't say shit  
And I've been tired of chasing dreams, but I'm gon' chase it  
Shit, we ain't never had a shot, how we gon' take it?  
Success is in my arms reach, and I could taste it  
In the mansion, I was just down in the basement  
They ain't believe in me, but I'm gon' make it

See, I know how it feels on the late night, swimmin' with the great whites  
Drowning in the deep waters, know you got three daughters  
Could use some resources, nah we just need order  
I got my own bad news, fuck a reporter  
Niggas ain't even safe, they'd rather deport us  
Or rather keep us boxed in on the street corners  
If you gon' stop and frisk a nigga, shit, at least warn us  
My dog's still on probation, they got a leash on us  
Far from stupid, in fact, I'm smarter than Harvard students  
Sparked a movement and put an end to this garbage music  
Got me thinkin' like "This can't be life"  
You stupid ass niggas voted for the Anti-Christ

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Yeah, it was hell here  
My people killin' and there's 12 here  
Got my mama a Black Card and she was just on welfare  
That's goals, did it on my own, I got myself here  
When God asked me, do I want this shit? I said "Hell yeah"  
I'm ready, when I put the crown on, it was heavy  
I was drownin' in my past like when Katrina broke the levees in New Orleans  
In my city, to them kids I'm like Jordan  
Every move I made like Chess, it's important  
I just went against the system, spending nights tryna reform it  
Lay at night thinkin', "I could lose my life just from doin' this"  
It's a sacrifice, I know it won't be right if I forfeit  
But I do it for the young kings that never had no voices, for real

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Okay, I reminisce the cold days in winter time  
Got home by dinner time  
7-11 runs Gatorade flavor, lemon lime  
Hot Cheetos, Arizona's, oranges, Clementine  
The first job I ever applied for was Finish Line  
Some time a nigga be forgettin' then remember, I'm  
Savior of the rap shit, the leader of the renaissance  
Self appointed, well anointed from my endeavors  
I'm eyeing cheddar, applying pressure, defying setups  
The rap game is based upon what nigga's lying better  
If truth is told, then you can grow, and dying never  
Know I'm everlasting, better grasping this thing in life  
I heard Meek hook, and I told him to sing it twice, my God

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