

We Made It

Ghostface Killah

"Tony Starks fights again for survival,
And by just a thin thread of electric current
Wins another victory."

Ugh, c'mon, yeah, c'mon y'all
(Bounce wit us) Hip-hop
(What? Celebrities, what?)
(Street corner) For all my niggas
Crack spot niggas
"we made it"
Chicken ass mothafuckers, envious bitches
Yo, you know what y'all

Make me wan' pop sumthin', no champagne
Two-five on me, weed and crack stalk 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 just 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 trying 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'ma 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, see, see me
I roll with Ghost and cats that carry they toast and
Make the post and from paging, sin astasian
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, Porsche, Sixes
Dime bitches, told y'all before we import those
Jury stay froze, court cases get closed
Niggas hate Nino 'cause how fast I roast them
Like George Jefferson and em, stepping 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' foul
When we dealin with 'Supreme Clientele'

From Riker's Island to the Camay 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 a mirage, Ghostface walked by groupies
Minkal monk stars, I come in cat, invades Mars
Hallyed at a sanctuary, first dent placed upon entry
Fainted when the book mentioned me
Keep balling, new systems, high sciences
Drop that, Ghost listening, the track sizzling
Angelica, Judey Plum for bitches, Goines king of the century

Best sellers, but niggas stay together
Posted up trucks, leaning on the Benz
Cinemax smile shot in thirty-five lens
You program, broke bottles of Dom
Seven inch bangles, back breakers
I'm a dope feed, look at my art, Popeye strength
Rap with a British accent, Gucci clothes
Dennis Coles in the latest fashions
Blow backs in, flip raps like forty-eight bundles
Dinner plates, deadly front gates, celeb Brian Gumble

Interlace this in like Deniro, words in your center earhole
Blocks of ice like Sub-Zero, we been right since day zero
Shatter your soul like glass windows
Turn verses to nymphos, pop these hollows at fake cats in a Tahoe
Wild out, throw your liquor bottles at hood rats to the richest models
We conversate like Christ and the twelve apostles
Living life without you, can't count you as great men
Murderers in the state pen', being caged in
The wage is a sin, before they read up they pop our tape in
You ain't gotta tuck you chain in 'cause here we want the head of Satan
Durags and our pants hanging

"we made it"

Uh-huh, uh-huh
That's right y'all
Street corners
Jail niggas
Riker's Island
Ge-Grey Haven
Big Un
That's right y'all
Word up
All y'all, all y'all crumbs
We made it, nigga
Step the fuck off
True indeed, true indeed
Yeah, Ready Red
That's right, my nigga Born
That's right yo
Lil' Free in the feds
That's right, you'll be home nigga
Yeah, we made it
Yeah, see Allah, word up
That's fam
Yeah, check it out
Staten Island
True indeed
Five boroughs
Check it, uh-huh