

# Make It Happen

Kardinal Offishall

Yo, naughty and ready  
Come to claim the party  
Kardinal and Red-1 are gon' spark the mic  
We massive from the West to the East side of Barn(?)  
All the weak sounds can't come it  
We sing, Oh Lord Mr. Kardinal style nice times twice  
Red-1 on the mic device mice times two  
Original imperial lyrical manifestations of freshness  
Best in these politics called rap music  
Abuse it like a pedophile on coke  
Eighth wonder of the world, tallest freestyle structure  
Flucuate a verb like Misfit  
With that on my team I wouldn't risk it  
That's the sound of my biscuit  
Ready flip it

Yo, actions speak louder than words, so lets do this  
Don't know we business, don't know that we the rudest  
The specialist yes we must progress  
Gwan express manifest obtain and invest in self-interest  
And watch the fly multiply, Red-1 and Kardinal  
Yes you must recognize, to this I testify  
By the ways of the Samurai  
If I fail to make it happen, then I accept to die  
'Cause, no progress, that is a problem  
East vs. West, enough man are dead  
Stay penniless, that not work again  
Tell you what, we make it happen  
Occupied by vibes and not gun clapping  
Through rapping, we build foundations  
With this brings levels of realization  
If somebody got to rule, why can't we be the ones?  
Like

Chic-blow  
Deform your structure with no problem  
You thought you knew, but I am you times ten  
You want some of this and brign your foundation  
Seen, come again

Knock you out lilke my initials  
Evil style like Proctor-Gamble, on your life like Suge Knight

We check them gwan write, we a respect them  
'Cause, them are our enemy we are dem no friend

When an MC lick hot, let them send them to the West  
Make Chemo drop beats 'til them less palm's fist  
Pump this a in your Beamer

Yes we be the.. General Official  
Pedophiles when it comes to the instrumentals  
Combine styles, and commence with crackin'  
Conquer the world and Trump girls make it happen

Rascalz in a dis with F-O-S specialist, no stress  
Watch how we big up our chest

I'm a hip hop trackster running  
Seen the other feet have a better chance of seeing the second coming of Christ the Lord  
He's my light and salvation, Mr. Kardinal combine with Red-1  
All de come down  
Original gun yapper, put down your water gun

Whoever your God is, say your prayer and bye  
'Cause everybody a fin go, it your turn to die  
So why why why?  
Why must I be crucify, hey boy stop cry  
And identify who's on your side  
'Cause it ain't the Red-1 or the Kardinal

Ayo, right now  
Right and now, if a boy fi test, he gon get licked down  
'Cause, that's how we like it  
It's absolute niceness

They not ???? if they you know you walk straight  
'Cause a man might debate, and if you really irate  
Put in your style bait fate, chosen by the devil  
While I reach the higher level, you steaming like a pale kettle

So God sickle, let the big man handle this  
Under pressure, the situation's delicate  
Ready with the steadiness of a surgeon  
We write the version, like the goods of a virgin

Yo, all naughty walk to a pumpkin belly  
Jah lead enough niggas trying to buy Pelle Pelle  
With no food a in your belly  
Crip youth and smelly  
But your clothes look crisp  
Red-1 the lyricist

And down the Offishall, when a shoot and miss  
M-I-C twin clips is what we armed with  
I check you a master of Kung-Fu  
If you got verbs and nerves to try to dis our crew

Yo might dis you  
If you try to run contest with our crew  
While we running with the majors  
Niggas going gold off their demos  
Strength coming from your peeps, while I'm solo like a rolo