

We Made It

Master P

Shit, we came from nothin', y'all
Now we just spendin' money like it ain't nothin'
We put the work in, you know what I'm sayin'?
We ain't hatin' on nobody
We just doin' what we do
We doin' us, makin' money and spendin' money

I be out here in the cut
It's no limit forever
The more money I get
Ooh, these niggas be hurt

Ooh, what a hell of a life
Ooh, took a couple mil' to my crib (uh-huh)
Spent a hundred racks in my dress, bitch
Yeah, that's how I feel (ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh)
And they always keep me trippin'
Thank God for no limit, nigga
We made it on our own and now they comin' down

I be out here in the cut
That's how I'm found
If you could count your money, that's nothin' you really don't have
I'ma act a clown
I got people just livin' in my house to watch
Instead of fuckin' 'round (oh, shit, this how it goes, lil' bitch)
Ooh, me, what a hell of a life

When I met you, I had nothin'
Got a million on me, no stuntin'
Just layin' the plan, just came from France
Went shoppin' like it ain't nothin'
And my old girl, she got crazy
I'm here for you, we made it
That Bentley coupe, that porch truck
That top down and they hatin'
But them youngins wettin' my shoes
I'm dressed up in my deuces
My Rolex, it got so much ice
I call a bitch ice cool, I need her money
Countin' for this paper
AK for them haters
This cop, the crib is on top of the hill
And it came with two LL Babys

What a hell of a life, ooh
Spent a couple mil' on my crib (uh-huh)
Spent a hundred racks on my dress, bitch
Yeah, that's how I feel, ooh
And I always keep it trim (uh-huh)
Thank God for no lemon there
We made it on that hill and now they comin' down

I be out here in the cut
That's how I bounce
Number one in Lockett
I'm an acting clown

These niggas be hurt
Stay the fuck around
Me, what a hell of a life