

# We Made It

Nasty C

(Let's get ready to rumble!)

(Whoo Kid)

(RSK, let it play, boi)

Fuck what the 'Gram say, we made it  
Fuck what your Twitter say, we made it  
And fuck what these hoes say, we made it  
And fuck what these niggas say, we made it  
Ain't gon' pick your diamond color, my baby  
Ain't gon' pick your favorite kind of Mercedes  
We just some early birds, droppin' for the latest  
It ain't no doubt, I'm show it off and they hate it

Uh, ayy, yeah, ayy

If I die, take me to my grave in the limo  
Know they done sleepin' on me, they stuck in the limbo  
When I made my first hunnid racks I said "Bingo"  
And for my safety I hold the stick like a gimbal  
And that money calls but you gotta know the ringtone  
I'm never alone, I'm with them niggas I'd sin for  
Matter of fact I just caught the ones that's missin' to let 'em  
know

I love my niggas

We can pray to God or pray to Allah, my niggas  
We won't survive if we ain't got love, my nigga  
If you say that's your dawg, that's my dawg, my nigga  
And if you say that's you opp, that's my opp, my nigga  
Ain't no conditions  
I'm a grown man, fuck a friend, you my sibling, you dig?  
Stick to the mission  
We came from the dirt, you gon' see us when we winnin' (My nigga), ayy

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(RSK, let it play, boi)