

## 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 nigg  
a), ayy

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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

(RSK, let it play, boi)