

# We Gon' Make It

Puff Daddy

Baby this is your last dance; you know how you do it  
There's no nigga like you and there'll never be another nigga like you  
Put your foot on these motherfuckers necks  
Do it to 'em daddy, do it to 'em

As my, Daytons spin lowrider sittin low  
Hittin corners so hard you can taste my rims  
Hard top six-four, I'm Diddy no tint  
I can't hide in New York City  
I'm 'bout it in the South, sleep good in the West  
Know a chick from Watts with Bad Boy tatted on her breast  
I done been there and did it (I done been there and did it)  
Ten years without gettin sweat inside my Yankee fitted  
1990-Raw I showed you ice  
You ain't know who Jacob was so I showed you twice  
When it was (All About the Benjamins) I had two bezels on my arm  
Like a Don's supposed to, Sean  
Ride with a chauffeur in Gucci loafers  
And switch to All Stars without losin focus  
These rap niggaz hopeless (hopeless) you can change the locks  
But I'ma shine for niggaz that ain't know Big

R: Do, seem, like, my, fu-ture's, here, nowwww  
It feels good to see the sun in the mornin  
I'm tired of feelin that the people are talkin  
I heard a rumor that things ain't changin  
But Lord knows that we gon' make it  
Ooooooooooooooooooooooh

The world famous  
As we proceed  
To give you what you need  
It's been so long  
It's been so real  
So magnificent, thank you

Tell me who shot Big (who shot Big)  
And take the bullets out of 2Pac's ribs (take 'em out)  
If I could I would reverse the car, reverse the beef  
Put it all in a pot and boil it on a D. Dot beat (hit me baby)  
Sometimes I get drunk, for stress relief  
Other times I put "Life After Death" on and peep  
We ride (we ride) what's a four door Bentley Coupe  
Without my nigga on the passenger side?  
And still I try (I try) to get money stay fly  
Finish the race, holdin my crown high (take that)  
I fly next to God, my eyes on the prize  
Been away a long time but now I'm reenergized  
(AS WE PROCEED) The life and times of a mastermind (c'mon)  
Dedicate every breath to claim my designs (it's mine)  
And the day I die, let a G4 fly  
And dump my ashes over N.Y.

R:

Y'all know my name, y'all know my motherfuckin name  
I told you I was gon' be great ma

I TOLD YOU I WAS GON' BE SOMEBODY!  
Ohhh!! Feel so good  
Feel so free  
Put your fists in the air, AOWWWW!!

I'm the King of all Kings, I abide by no rules  
And do what I do by any means (c'mon)  
Call him necessary, the great visionary  
Born extrordinary, a life legendary  
Who else put flows out, that put clothes out  
Flee the cold weather, short sleeves with my toes out  
Nine-six Big showed me what to do  
But deep in my heart, this is "No Way Out II" (let's rock)  
I spend absurd money, private bird money  
That Bill Gates, Donald Trump, Bloomberg money (you know what it is)  
Old habits die hard, the Vanguard award winner  
New York torch gripper, O.G. of the floss nigga  
I'm seein visions like I did a bag of angel dust  
This is life when you black rich and dangerous  
I'm with God, I'ma live on forever  
Bad Boy for life bitch, nobody does it better (nobody)

R:

Y'all know my name, y'all know my motherfuckin name  
I'm in the best shape of my life!  
Y'all know my name, y'all know my motherfuckin name  
YEAH! YOU CREATED THIS MONSTER!  
IT'S SO INSPIRATIONAL, IT'S SO REAL  
BAD BOY BITCH!

So there y'all have it  
Words from a wise, great King  
We love it when you speak the truth daddy  
Don't ever stop, please  
Don't ever stop