

We Made It (Interlude)

Red Café

I got bad girls with bad habits
Sex good, I mean fantastic
Clean mouth from the dirty south
Dirty red, old dirty bastard
Box killa, got the box mastered
Top choice, still papa ratchin'
Hit the thang with that King-Kong
Then I back 'em off and give them hot flashes
In the belly like ant asses
She suck the cock like she had practice
Jury all on my thriller jacket
Strapped up, can't forget the rapping
Hold up! Lemme wave at the haters
That hate from a distance
I be on camels in Dubai
Nigga, we stunt from a distance
Drunken flying than all of y'all
Kush got me higher than all of y'all
My chick bad and her friends bad
She put it on me, I walk it off
What up

Nigga we made it, aye
We made it
Nigga we made it, aye
Damn, we made it
Nigga we made it, aye
We made it, aye
Nigga we made it, aye
We made it