

# Make It Happen

Soulja Slim

[Chorus: Soulja Slim]

Whodi, wanna make happen nigga holla at me  
Whodi, wanna make happen nigga holla at me

[Soulja Slim]

(Na na na)

Now lets get it started, I fuck shit up on tha Bacardi  
You can call it, I be damned if I dat one dearly departed  
Glock forty wit 2 other clips stuck beside me  
I call tha canon, new & improved dog bitch for tha 90's  
I keeps it real, niggas don't wanna let me ball & chill  
Fuck wit tha treal still they'll get a nigga killed  
So I keep 'em close, don't know 'em, I met 'em on my joce  
Cut throat 'em on Magnolia leave body parts on Willow  
Dats how we do it, 6 court souljas off top  
Keep 'em cocked wit out havin' second thoughts to pop  
Uptown dats where I was born & raised  
Chastised by veterens in they army brigades  
When I grew up I wanted to just like them  
Look at me now retired veteren, Soulja Slim  
Alot of souljas made it & alot of 'em didn't  
It ain't easy bein' a soulja takes alot of wig splittin'  
Unforgettin' ghetto livin' to tha day dat I die  
Fabolous, dangerous weighin' 195  
I got scuffle like Holyfield but I gets ill like Mike  
For them nigga snakes I bite  
When I write (grrr)I bite back,  
Picture dat, nigga raw doggin' it  
Got tha industry on lockdown & I'm hoggin' it  
I got what cha lookin' for & what cha want  
Huh don't play no games you know your do's & don'ts, what

[Chorus]

[Soulja Slim]

Nigga just shot my dawg Double Crosser  
Beef is on, heat is on, tweekin' for leakin' domes  
Make it known when I come home clear tha whole corner  
Somebody gon' die when my & my army ride  
You niggas jive, who gonna thank me & my dawg won't kill ya  
Had ya down dad should of let my dawg steel ya  
Bustarized, realized, we crucifized, homicide  
Lookin' for me wit tha chinese eyes  
Gold grill from tha back to tha front, mask on  
Done a walkby & got my blast on  
See me when I beef I can't sleep  
I creep creep, lay low like a sniper & che, che  
Day & night hopin' I catch my prey right  
I hate tha light but I can't run from a gun fight  
Soulja type & I refuse to lose my life  
Been inticed by tha devil but I love Jesus Christ

So what dat tell ya, I'm gon' kill ya if I haveta  
Thank it's a game when it ain't no fun & laughter  
Blast ya ass then get ghost like Casper  
I'm bout it bout it, I just ain't no good ass rapper

[Chorus]

[Krazy]

(What)

In tha projects thugged out slangin' for cheese  
Head bustin' any nigga holdin' them ki's  
Puffin' weed daily, thuggin' in public  
Tha bitches give me head cause tha hoes they love me  
Say goodbye to them bitch niggas they work for tha feds  
I can't be caught wit cha when they bust yo head  
Ski masked wit a hundred rounds lookin' for fire  
Downtown niggas clearin' watch them niggas expire  
We ride fo' deep in a Caddy wit Swab  
I don't love head bustin' im just doin' my job  
Iberville is what I scream lookin' for danger  
Hundred rounds in my chopper realesin' my anger, now

[Chorus]