

Made It

Young Scooter

Zaytoven
Yeah, haha
Work, man my life been crazy, nigga (Jugg)
You a street nigga, I know you know how it feels (Finesse)

I made it through that struggle, struggle, struggle, struggle
I grinded out that gutter, gutter, gutter, gutter
This a letter to my mama, to my mama
I never had a fuckin' father (Nah)
Ain't no more going broke (Yeah)
Ain't no more going broke (Nah)
Ain't no more going broke (Yeah)
Ain't no more going broke (Let's go)
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I grinded out that gutter, gutter (Yeah)

Woke up broke a thousand times
No days off, stayed on the grind
You convicted of a felon you can't press rewind
Had to think like 50 Cent: Get Rich or Die Tryin'
This Black Migo shit, my life is on the line
We made it out the struggle, through them hard times
Jugging in that gutter, gutter, under them power lines
I do this shit for my little brother, its like his kids are mine
Got me stressed out 'cause he fucked up, facing all that time
And its crazy 'cause he just had him another child
And I got two myself, and I take care my niggas
I take care my family, know the world understand me

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I'm thinkin' white hoodie, white shades, white J's on white snow
White Bugatti and a white Ferrari with white diamonds on white gold
White grill, white Benz, roll around with my white friends
White fur and the right rims, you say my name and you write in
I'm no fan of him, I got the ammo in, you wanna handle him
And who stand with him, I got the Lambo in, I'm in the Mandalin
I got the mask on, I'm Rick Hamilton
Shorty acting like a mannequin, told her quit with the shenanigans
She say she 'gon key my car, I'm still never gonna be your man again
See, murder in the trap is a movie, Young Scooter and Gucci
So many Maybachs out front, niggas think I'm rollin' with Poochie
I ain't takin' no jewelry off, you gon' cock it, nigga, come shoot me
I ain't ready for the old murder, then what you 'gon do with the new me? (Wh
oo)

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My daddy could die today and it still won't mean shit to me
Six years old, I ain't have shit to eat
My stomach empty, balled up, I can't get no sleep
Couldn't wait to go to school, that's my meal all week
Used to watch from the nose bleeds now I got floor seats
I used to catch rides, now its foreigners, four seats
A 350 Benz, that's a four for a week
My mama called my phone, talked to my daddy last week
He heard I got a song on the streets called "Colombia"
My daddy smoke Colombia, so daddy, I don't fuck with' cha
My mama raised a hustler, my mama was a hustler
Gotta thank my mama, had to move her out the gutter

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