

# We Made It

Busta Rhymes

Together we made it  
We made it even though we had our backs  
Up against the wall

See a nigga survived the worst  
But my life is glorious (uh!)  
But I know that I leaped every hurdle  
And I'm so victorious (uh!)  
Take a look I'm a symbol of greatness  
Now call a nigga Morpheus (yeah)  
As force securin' the win, but they  
Believe I'm so notorious (yeah)  
You know that I've been 'bout my bread  
Even though we rappin' now (yes)  
We used to live on the strip even though  
A nigga higher level trappin' now (oh!)  
Superseded everyone of my little struggles and (uh!)  
So your head never ever been an option (trust)  
A nigga paper long like rush hour traffic  
And I'm about to take the hood shoppin' (get it!)

Together we made it (you see we did it niggas)  
We made it even though we had our backs  
Up against the wall (come on)  
Forever we waited (ah hah)  
And they told us we were never gonna  
Get it But we took it on the road  
(To the riches)  
on the road  
(To the ghetto)  
on the road  
(In the projects, to this bangin' instrumental)  
on the road  
(Rise with me)  
on the road  
(Come and get it)  
on the road

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yo  
When it all got started we were steadily  
Just getting rejected  
And it seemed like nothin' we could do  
would ever get us respected  
At best we were stressed at the worst  
They probably said we're pathetic  
Had all the pieces to that puzzle  
Just the way to connect it  
I was fighting through every rhyme  
Tightening up every line  
Never restin' the question if I  
Was out of my mind  
It finally came time to do it and let it die  
So we put the chips on the table and  
Told them to let it ride, sing it (yeah)

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Yeah, yeah, yeah, look

In case you misunderstand exactly what I'm buildin'  
This shit that I can leave for  
My children's (children's) children's (children)  
Now on the wake up I smile, to see how far I've come (yeah)  
Fighting for sales when I'm stripped  
To negate the hustle from (yeah)  
From nights in jail on a bench using my muscles son (yeah)  
To countin' money like Dre and Jimmy and Russel was (yeah nigga)  
But now I live when I dream, you see we finally did it (oh!)  
Let's make a toast to the hustle  
Regardless how you get it, sing it

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