

# We Gonna Make It

Jadakiss

Uh, uh...

Fuck... the.. frail shit

Uh, cuz when my coke come in

They gotta use the scales that they weigh the whales wit

Carsons on the jeep, but Gotti made the prototype

Hoped you'd get the picture but you just can't photo light

Determined niggas make it

Kickin down the door and we burnin niggas naked

The house costs a million, sittin on the beach

and the only thing I know if it's furnished I'ma take it

My bathtub lift up, my walls do a 360

We got the shit that the government got

Talkin money then you rubbin the spot

Real niggas say that they be wildin

We on the Caiman islands

On a yacht wit our favorite albums

a bad hoe and a plate of salmon

Smokin and drinkin nigga is you thinkin that our fate is violent

I love my nigga for the fact that he real

and nobody on the faculty squeal, what

and if you facin capital pun, pass me a gun

and I'ma give you time to run, while I rapidly peel, uh

We gon make it

we gon make it, we gon make it

(3x)

I learned the game quickly, and I don't like to rent

So when I fly now I bring my cars on the plane wit me

In this case who's the loser

ran through enough coke for Castro to build schools in Cuba

Teachin kids how to read and write and use the ruger

Motherfuckin niggas is back, Jada and P

We got water, (X, haze)

Plus weight in the D

and I'm tired of hearin about old niggas that had it

and be the same old niggas that ratted

Talkin 'bout how we hawk niggas in they fuckin back

Gun works official but niggas don't be wantin that

Cuz they puss and they mans is lame

We so for real in the hood we make candy rain

I could easily send you to God

But come and see me at the Plaza Hotel I might give you a job

If you can't remember the name  
All you gotta do is ask the dame for the niggas that deliver it hard...

We gon make it  
we gon make it, we gon make it

Ja- da- mwa, I'll kiss you you bitch ass nigga  
That the hood won't miss you you bitch ass nigga  
Might find your man dead in the ocean

He be aight though

You know dead rappers get better promotion  
Why we don't laugh at death, and cry at birth  
Never say you can't do it til you try it first  
Be the young niggas eager to pull it  
but it's a message in everything trust me, even a bullet  
Go to war with the eight and the pound  
Think you got your ear to the street now, put your face in the ground  
Cuz my shells is expensive  
You'll know exactly why when you yellin in intensive  
my fellas is offensive  
Lucky cuz I got guns that crack your back  
but that's not what I prefer I manufacture crack  
and, niggas turn bitch when you show 'em the steel  
but we know how to bid so y'all go 'head and squeal  
I'm comfortable far from home  
Eatin right, gettin good rest either on the far or the foam  
I'm the reason niggas got deals the past few years  
Sound anything like Kiss then sign right here  
and, y'all just talkin, I'm doin it well  
Jadakiss motherfucker I'ma see you in hell, what

We gon make it  
we gon make it, we gon make it