We Made It (feat. Superb)

Ghostface Killah

"Tony Starks fights again for survival, and by just a thin thread of electric current wins another victory."[Superb (Ghostface)] Ugh, c'mon, yeah, c'mon y'all (Bounce wit us) Hip-hop (What? Celebrities, what?) (Street corner) For all my niggas Crack spot niggas *Chip Banks starts to sing "we made it"* Chicken ass mothafuckas, envious bitches Yo, you know what y'all... Make me wan' pop sumthin', no champagne Two-five on me, weed and crack stalk me Bitch motherfucker tried to get a rep' off me Leave him there, never know, get him off me I remember days when we just fucked bitches Bought a lot of clothes and just played the ave. Now we rap niggas with a lot of wardrobes and if we want a nigga dead we pay the cash I ain't tryin to waste my career on y'all Even scuffle with y'all, waste gear on y'all But if I gotta go out, you know I'ma show out You gon' fuck around and get your whole back blown out I remember on the Island, can't tone out The mess hall crawler, about to zone out Dumb motherfuckers with our microphone out We just dumb motherfuckers with our microphone out [Chip Banks]

See. see. see me

I roll with Ghost and cats that carry they toast and make the post and from pagin, sin astasian

When it's time to bust off them things, it ain't a game man We rocked out own diamond rings, see them 'Bling, Bling'
Got big boy toys, Porsche, Sixes

Dime bitches, told y'all before we import those
Jury stay froze, court cases get closed

Niggas hate Nino cuz how fast I roast them
Like George Jefferson and em, steppin on em

The headline read, "Starks had the weapon on em"
The best, what y'all expect? He a vet
Plus the best, now tell me how we gon' foul

when we dealin with 'Supreme Clientele' [Chorus: Superb - American Cream Team x2]

>From Riker's Island to the Camay Island

We thugs like, life is the same challenge

Do the knowledge, recognize your talent

And if you live the streets, you better stay silent[Ghostface Killah]

Yo, spotted at a mirage, Ghostface walked by groupies

Minkal monk stars, I come in cat, invades Mars

Hallyed at a sanctuary, first dent placed upon entry

Fainted when the book mentioned me

Keep ballin, new systems, high sciences

Drop that, Ghost listenin, the track sizzlin

Angelica, Judey Plum for bitches, Goines king of the century

Best sellers, but niggas stay together

Posted up trucks, leanin on the Benz

Cinemax smile shot in thrity-five lens

You program, broke bottles of Dom

Seven inch bangles, back breakers

I'm a dope feed, look at my art, Popeye strength

Rap with a British accent, Gucci clothes

Dennis Coles in the latest fashions

Blow backs in, flip raps like fourty-eight bundles

Dinner plates, deadly front gates, celeb Brian Gumble[Hell Razah]

Interlapse this in like Deniro, words in your center earhole

Blocks of ice like Sub-Zero, we been right since day zero

Shatter your soul like glass windows

Turn verses to nymphos, pop these hollows at fake cats in a Tahoe

Wild out, throw your liquor bottles at hood rats to the richest models

We conversate like Christ and the twelve apostles

Livin life without you, can't count you as great men

Murderers in the state pen', bein caged in

The wage is a sin, before they read up they pop our tape in

You ain't gotta tuck you chain in cuz here we want the head of Satan

Durags and our pants hangin*Chip Banks starts to sing "we made it" again*[Ghostface]

Uh-huh, uh-huh

That's right y'all

Street corners

Jail niggas

Riker's Island

Ge-Grey Haven

Big Un

That's right y'all

Word up

All y'all, all y'all crumbs

We made it, nigga

Step the fuck off

True indeed, true indeed

Yeah, Ready Red

That's right, my nigga Born

That's right yo

Lil' Free in the feds

That's right, you'll be home nigga
Yeah, we made it
Yeah, C Allah, word up
That's fam
Yeah, check it out
Staten Island
True indeed
Five boroughs
Check it, uh-huh
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