

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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