

# We Gonna Make It (feat. Styles of the Lox)

## Jadakiss

(feat. Styles)(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  
(Styles)  
Carsons on the jeep, but Gotti made the prototype  
Hoped you'd get the picture but you just can't photo light  
(JK)  
Determined niggas make it  
Kickin down the door and we burnin niggas naked  
(SP)  
The house costs a million, sittin on the beach  
and the only thing I know if it's furnished I'ma take it  
(JK)  
My bathtub lift up, my walls do a 360  
We got the shit that the government got  
Talkin money then you rubbin the spot  
(SP)  
Real niggas say that they be wildin  
We on the Caiman islands  
On a yacht wit our favorite albums  
(JK)  
a bad hoe and a plate of salmon  
Smokin and drinkin nigga is you thinkin that our fate is violent  
(SP)  
I love my nigga for the fact that he real  
and nobody on the faculty squeal, what  
(JK)  
and if you facin capital pun, pass me a gun  
and I'ma give you time to run, while I rapidly peel, uh(HOOK 3X: Jadakiss)  
We gon make it  
we gon make it, we gon make it  
(JK)  
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  
(SP)  
ran through enough coke for Castro to build schools in Cuba  
Teachin kids how to read and write and use the ruger  
(JK)  
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  
(Who cares?) Talkin 'bout how we hawk niggas in they fuckin back  
(SP)  
Gun works official but niggas don't be wantin that  
(Why?) Cuz they puss and they mans is lame  
(JK)  
We so for real in the hood we make candy rain  
(SP)  
I could easily send you to God  
(JK)  
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...  
(HOOK)(JK)  
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  
(SP)  
He be aight though  
(JK)  
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(HOOK)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>