

We Made It (feat. Linkin Park) [Instrumental]

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
But I know that I live to be hurdled and I'm so victorious
Take a look I'm a symbol of greatness now call a nigga Morpheus
As force accumulated the wind and but a believe I'm so notorious
You know I've been buying my bread even though we rapping now (yes)
And now when you look on my trip and you a nigga higher level tramping now
And you see that everyone on my middle struggles and
For your ass is never been an option
A nigga paper long like we was on the trap and I'm about to take the hood choppin
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 (c'mon)
Forever we waited (haha!)
And they told us we were never going to get it
But we took it on the road (to the riches)
On the road (to the ghetto)
On the road (ride with me) {yeah, yeah}
On the road (you come and get it) {yeah, yeah}
On the road {yeah, yeah, yeah, yo!}
When it all got started we was steadily just getting rejected
And it seemed like nothing we could
do would ever get us respected
At best we was stressed and the worst they probably said was we're pathetic
Had all the pieces to that puzzle just a way to get connected
And I was fighting through every rhyme tightening up every line
Never resting the question and I was out of my mind
And it finally came time to do it or let it die
So put the chips on the table and told me to let it ride
Sing it! Ya!
Together we made it (you see we did it niggas)
We made it even though we had our backs up against the wall (c'mon)
Forever we waited (haha!)
And they told us we were never going to get it
But we took it on the road (to the riches)
On the road (to the ghetto)
On the road (ride with me)
On the road (you come and get it)
On the road (ya, ya, ya)
Look in case you mis-understand exactly what I'm building
The shit that I could live for my children (children) children (children)
Now I only wake up I
smile to see how far I've come

Fighting for sales on a strip to get hustle from
From nights in jail on a bench using my muscles son
To count money like Dre, and Jimmy and Russell Ones (ya nigga)
But now I live when I dream you see me finally getting it (oh!)
Let's make a toast to the hustle regardless how we get it

Singing!

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On the road (ride with me)
On the road (you come and get it)
On the road (ya, ya, ya, ya)

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>