

# Linkin Park, We Made It

[Chester Bennington]

Together we made it  
We made it even though  
We had our backs up against the wall

[Busta Rhymes]

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!

[All of Them]

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 (ha,ha!)  
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 (and the projects to this banging instrumental)  
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! )

[Mike Shinoda]

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!

[Chester Bennington, Busta Rhymes]

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

[Busta Rhymes]

Look in case you mis-understand exactly what I'm building  
The shit that I could leave 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!

[Chester Bennington, Busta Rhymes]

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But we took it on the road (to the riches)

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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)