

I Made It

Jay-z

I told you Ms. Carter, here we are Momma, I made it
You know how I do when the Doc do it
I fly through it, that's how I operated
Momma, I made it
Ghetto like the grease when you gettin' your hair braided
Sweeter than your sister Kool Aid is Hooray, it's the underdog now, my feet under desk
I'm the presidential favorite
Can't believe I got away with my earlier stages
To bein' on stages, havin' my way with the world Congratulations, your baby boy's a made man
I'ma hold the fam down at least 3 generations
I'm talkin' when spaceships are around
And your great great grands
Reminisce about foundation you gave 'em For repairin' my relationship with my pops before he passed
All I ask is you raise your glass in this celebration
Toast to the most beautiful girl in the world
My inspiration, thanks for the information Momma, I made it
Momma, I made it Home became where it ain't everyday that you make it out
To be on top of yachts wavin'
I remember you savin' for the light bill
Paid the rent with a light bill
Now our crib dark as a basement Had to lock up the phone when you wasn't home
We was communicatin' like the money you made wasn't basic
Our cable was basic, no HBO, WHT
Just Ralph McDaniels on the station I aggravated you for Atari and ColecoVision
Pinstripe Lee's when the first day of school came
And I was okay with not havin' everything
Long as Saturdays you had The Commodores playin' The expression on your face was priceless
It's still with me 'til this day, baby girl, I won't erase it
I go to my grave with the memory of the sacrifice you made
You deserve a standin' ovation Momma, I made it
Momma, I made it
Momma, I made it Now your lil' misfit makes sure every day is Christmas
Write out your wishlist, sixes, wrist is glistenin'
You don't even like jewels
But you can missin' anywhere you like to Where the water's light blue
Anything you order, sign it to your nice room
Leave a extra tip, Ma, be extra nice to 'em
CEO, Carter Foundation Wow, I know Pop lookin' down
I know Colleek somewhere up in the clouds

Like, "Go get 'em, Grandma, make me proud
Didn't have a man in the house, so you made one
So I act like your husband and I'm only your sonI told you one day, I'll get you a home
I didn't know it would possibly be in Rome
Told me don't wait on nobody, get your own
So with me, myself and my microphone, I made itMomma, I made it
Momma, I made it

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