

# I Made It

JAY-Z

[Verse One] Momma I made it  
Ya'll know how I do when the Doc do it  
I fly thru it  
That's how I operated  
Momma I made it  
Ghetto like the grease when you getting your hair braided  
Sweeter than your sister Kool Aid is  
Hooray is the underdog  
Now my feet under desk  
It's the presidential favorite  
Can't believe I got away with my earlier stages  
Being on stages  
Having my way with  
Congratulations  
Ya baby boy's a made man  
I'm a hold the fam down at least 3 generations  
I'm talking when spaceships are around  
And ya great, great grands  
Reminiscing about foundation you gave 'em  
For repairing my relationship with my pops before he passed  
All I ask is you raise your glass for this celebration  
Toast to the most beautiful girl in the world  
My inspiration, thanks for your information  
[Chorus] Momma I made it [2x] [Verse Two] I'm in BK where  
It ain't everyday that you make it out  
To be on top of yachts waving  
I remember you saving for the light bill  
Paid the rent with a light bill  
Now my crib dark as a basement  
And you'd lock up the when you wasn't home  
We was communicating like the money you made wasn't basic  
Our cable was basic  
No HBO, no WHT  
Just Ralph McDaniels on the station  
I aggravated you for Atari and Coleco Vision  
Pinstripe Lee's when the first day of school came  
I was OK with not having everything as long as Saturdays  
You had the Commodores playing  
The expression on your face was priceless

It's still with me till 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 standing ovation  
Mamma I made it  
[Chorus 3x][Verse Three]Now your lil misfit makes sure every day is Christmas  
Write down your wish list  
Sixes, wrist is glistening  
You don't even like jewels  
But you can miss anywhere you like to  
Where the water's light tube  
Anything you order, sign it to your nice room  
Leave an extra tip Ma  
Be extra nice to 'em  
CEO Carter Foundation  
Wow I know pop's looking down  
I know Colleen 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 ya husband and I'm only ya son  
I told you one day I'll get you a home  
But I didn't know it would possibly be in Rome  
She told me don't wait on nobody  
Get your own, so with me myself & my microphone I made itMamma I made it...Mamma I made it...[Music  
slowly fades out]  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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