

I Made It (Produced By DJ Khalil)

Jay-Z

I told You Ms. Carter
Here We Are Momma I made it
Y'all know how I do like the Doc do it
I fly through 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
I'm the president you favorite
Can't believe I got away with my earlier stages
Being on stages
Having my way with the world
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 [Repeat: x2] 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, WHT
Just Ralph McDaniel's 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
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
Momma I made it[Chorus: x3]Now your lil' misfit makes sure every day is Christmas
Write out your wish list
Sixes, wrist is glistening
You don't even like jewels
But you can get missing anywhere you like to
Where the water's light BLUE
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
Told me don't wait on nobody
Get your own, so with me myself & my microphone I made itMomma I made itMomma I made it

Songwriters

WILLIAMS, BRYAN / RUDOLF, KEVIN WINSTON / CARTER, DWAYNE / HINDLIN, JACOB KASHER
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