

# Made

Big Sean

Yeah, alright  
Uhh,  
Lowkey Peter Parker flow  
Tell her bring some Ace of Spades no sparklers though  
Private flights no hassle I just park and go  
I'm the highlight like when markers glow  
Ooooooh, look what you created  
Only got yourself to blame  
I remember when you hated ooooh,  
Now you tell me take my time,  
How bout I just take your city make that motherfucker mine uh ha  
I'm a underground king hoe  
I sit tall I swing low  
The game ain't always fair and that's the thing though  
You can play your heart out everybody don't get a ring though  
You are in the presence of a champion  
Bout to get a condo that I can fit your mansion in  
You always be calling her, she ain't never answering  
You ain't figured out I am the reason that she canceling  
I be at the parties where you stuck outside and can't come in  
Call me Ron Bergundy ya'll the other anchormen  
What's on the news trick, gossiping bout music  
Cause rumours I'm the new shit  
And guess what it's true bitch

We made it  
We made it  
We made it  
They hate us  
They hate us  
They hate us  
They hate us

I feel like we made it  
But we ain't made enough  
It's so amazing  
You woulda thought we made enough

Man I was made to be greater  
Made for the grind  
Made for the lights  
Made for the shine

Ay look,  
I need less friends more bread  
Less talk more head  
Used to ride escorts now I get escorted (do it)  
I'm just waiting on my cue dog no pledge  
Said she like all girls I turn that bitch co-ed  
Threw on my track team hand on my baton to her  
Passed her blew her off, I chronic Veronica  
Who got up on my nurse so I had to platonic her  
No that ain't my girl but every leader needs a Monica  
I'm the head of my estate ain't that ironic huh  
I want the baddest chick to treat my stick like a thermometer  
Ohh, I'm who they going ape shit over  
I'm who your girlfriend acting like she ain't shit over

See broads over niggas but business over broads  
See business equals money and money's over all  
I'm tryna move my momma from the ghetto's to the meadows  
Well she can't stay in that fucking hood forever, forever  
Was made for that Mick Jagger shit baggage check and a chick  
Fast girls, faster whip, big chains master shit  
Bitch I'm living everyday month yearly  
Yell until you motherfuckers hear me  
We made it