

# Mama I Made It (#MIMI)

Cassper Nyovest

Mama I made it  
Happy belated  
I drop the top to the Porsche and I stick out my head and scream  
Mama I made it (yo, yo)  
Mama I made it (yo, yo, yo)  
Happy belated (Mama I made it for real)  
They call me the greatest (uh huh)  
I drop the top to the Porsche  
And I stick out my head and scream  
Mama I made it

Mama ever since I was a little kid  
I wanted to make you proud  
I know I put you through a lot of shit  
I'm sorry the calling was loud  
But you, you let me drop out of school  
All of your friends used to call you a fool  
Now when I go home I pull up in a coupe  
And ask all my lawyer cousins what it do  
What it do? How you feel?  
You like my car? Check the grill  
Don't worry I got it, I paid the bill  
The papers is lyin', I just made a mill  
But aye, I should play you my new song with  
Talib, man that shit is sounding amazing  
And I

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Eish, mama I just read the papers  
They wrote a whole lot of fake stuff  
I hope that it didn't affect you  
We got this far through the power of prayer  
Mama I'm finally famous  
That's why they're trying to break us  
We broke the rules so they hate us  
These motherfuckers is feeling the vapors  
Eish! Sorry for swearing mama, I don't mean to disrespect you  
It's just that I hate it when my fame gets to affect you  
Mare ge anyway, I hope that you good  
I love you, your son is a star and they're hating and I

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You would think that we chilling at a office park  
But we just chilling at my home  
Only on my second album and I'm about to  
Fill the dome (hey!)  
Niggas out here tryna fight with me  
A nigga should be taking notes  
Aye, nigga I done went platinum before you  
Niggas went gold