

# We Made It

Jay-Z

The only thing I'm seeing I'd like to put an amend on, perhaps a little more room here for the fixins.

You know what I'm talkin' about? Oh, we gon' have a lot of fixins.

We gonna have so many fucking fixins up in this motherfucker, this shit gon' go through the roof.

Got damn I'm shittin' gold these days

We made it

We made it

The devil, the haters, the bloggers, the papers, the labels, they labeled me  
But they can't relate to our struggle, my nigga, we came up from slavery  
Apologies go out to all of my fans cause they waited so patiently  
This one is for all of the lost and forgotten black angels that prayed for me

A milli, a milli, niggas love me cause I'm ill  
The greatest story ever told, niggas in the field  
From Solomon to Sambo to Django, it's fact  
I'm the Farrakhan of rap and I get it from the wheel  
The son of WD, who hung around in the D

Who ran around in the three

The trap gods raised me

Face all on the Sphinx

Story all in the wall of the pyramids

Niggas know the Black God saved me

You can blow the nose off, that won't change it

Obamacare won't heal all that anguish

We came a long way from the bottom of the boat

All praise to the Mahdi, we found our language

Gold necklace, middle finger erected

God tribe of Shabazz stylin' on the record

Lost sons of Muhammad, wildin' in the wreckage

Asha du illah illaha is the message

All these niggas, I got to fight one

All these devils, I got to strike some

All these rebels just waitin' on the war cry

Mama said "Son, you got to strike drum"

Roc Nation, celebration

Motivation, elevation

Nigga we made it from slaves on a slaveship

Live from the cotton fields, straight to the spaceship

Kinda makes me wonder why the hell so many people are tryna tell me to slow down.

Seems like motherfuckers should be shuttin' the hell up and enjoyin' the show

Hop off the slave ship

Poppin' my chain, and took it to Jacob, I got it gold plated

Walked in that bitch like "Nigga we made it!"

I own my own masters, you know I ain't missin' no royalty statements

I can't be rated, damn Hov stunt on them haters

Sorry Mrs. Drizzy for so much art talk

Silly me rappin' 'bout shit that I really bought

While these rappers rap about guns they ain't shot

And a bunch of other silly shit that they ain't got

I'm on my Lupita Nyong'o

Stuntin' on stage, got the 12 Years A Slave  
This Ace of Spades look like an Oscar  
Black tux, look like a mobster  
Don't make me RRRRAA yah, nigga watch your tone  
I come to court with black boxers on  
Y'all hella jealous of my melatonin  
I could black out at any given moment  
I'm God, G is the seventh letter made  
So when my arms & feet shackled I still get paid  
All praises due  
I'm ready to chase the Yakub back into caves  
These are the last days, but do I seem fazed?  
Showed up to the last supper in some brand new J's  
I'm the true and livin', book of Hov  
New religion, 8th wonder of the world, alien, superstition  
You're blind, baby  
Blind to the fact of who you are maybe  
My bloodline's crazy  
Kings and queens and Michael Jordan rings  
I go stupido, sucio  
The flow is filthy, y'all can't kill me  
I've been inoculated from the snakes and the fakes  
The corny handshakes, cock sucker we made it