

You Made Me

Mase

Let's get it on
you made me
You made me
You made me the way I am today
You're the reason why
I live how I live
'cause you made me the way I am

First of all, I was the worst of all
The first born, took my first breath, it was on
And thanks to my moms, and some help from nickie bonds
I was raised in ways of a don, they gas me like exxon
Had me dealin' with ex cons, frontin' with they rolex on
Get sexed on a regular basis, grown women puttin' they faces
In all the wrong places, molesting me, now you see why my destiny
Was fucked up 'cause my recipe
But I blame my mother 'cause I can't blame no other
And that's how my game was discovered
My mom was a sucker, did that bullshit to my brother
But no matter what, i'mma love her
She gave me life, even though she got high undercover
If she die, I can't find me another
But look what you made me

Yeah, you made me this way, since the day I was born
When you slid on that crap shit, launch the strong
'fore long, I realized the same old song
Never cat with then bounce on his kids and his spouse
At the beginning, I knew my pops just had to be kidding
He's coming back any day, he wouldn't leave us that way
But anyway, the time got longer, my anger got stronger
It's no time to wonder the money I hunger
Without a blunder, I vowed to be all I could be
Started running guns o.t., me and my code d.
Leave from the backstreets of a-t-l to n-y-c
When the gunspot got hot, I switched to the d
When the d spot got hot, I went low key
Now that harlem world spot hot, and I'm on tv
I don't need no fake calls from yo' ass at all
Just leave me the way you left me and watch me ball

What, what, uh
You the reason
And I thank you, what
Check it out

Yo, yo, stormy night, september '73
Would you believe what my mom recieved from heaven was me?
Second from me, my younger brother desperate as me
We see the world alike, type of girls he likes, the girls I like
The shit that make him mad, it make me hype, bug like that
Share the same blood like that, grew up around thugs poppin' and shit
Cardboard boxes of shit, dirt bikes
But now we hoppin' whips and merc, right?
Money's my birthright, my righteous birth so I floss
It's up to you to look inside yourself, see what's yours
Consecutive times, new year's eve, light off nines in the skylines

Imaginary graves, poor the henney on it
Share with my dogs who's here, 'cause there's so many gone
Yeah, meeno, I'll will, all my people
Big stretch, we'll never forget, our lord keeps you
Until we meet again, through my pen y'all can speak through, uh