

Blueprint (Momma Loves Me)

Jay-Z

Yeah, yeah..

Uhh, right, right, right

Right, right, right, right

Uhh uhh uhh, feel me now, listen

Momma loved me, pop left me

Mickey fed me, and he dressed me

Eric fought me, made me tougher

Love you for that my nigga no matter what brah

Marcy raised me; and whether right or wrong

Streets gave me all I write in the song

Hootie babysitted, changed my diapers

Gil introduced me to the game that changed my life up

East Trenton grew me, had me skippin school

Valencia's boyfriend Vovo had me makin moves

Momma raised me, pop I miss you

God help me forgive him I got some issues

Mickey cleaned my ears, and he shampooed my hair

Eric was fly - shit, I used to steal his gear

I was the baby boy, I could do no wrong

Yeah it's goin past fast - let's move along

Kitchen table - that's where I honed my skills

Jaz made me believe the shit was real

Labels turned me down, couldn't foresee

Clark sought me out, Dame believed

Primo laced me, Ski did too

"Reasonable Doubt" - classic, shoulda went triple

Momma loved me, pop left me

Grandma dressed me, plus she fed me

banana puddin, what's in the hood then

Puffin on L's, drinkin pink champelle

Ty rolled with a nigga, V.A. spot

Tone, Mike 'Zo and them niggaz, V.A.'s locked

Vigs fucked with a nigga, whassup ha?

(?) high hated the fact I put rap to the back

Money pourin in, clientele growin now

Birth of my first nephew, time to slow it down

October 21st, Lavelle came to the world

Followed by three more boys and then a baby girl

Momma loved me, T.T. Uncle Jay

loves you to death won't let no trouble come your way

Oh, can't forget my man down in Maryland

He's gone 'til November, how can I not remember?

Tell your moms I'm there for her and Tiembra

And your son too - there's nothin I won't do

Unless you was me, how could you judge me?

I was brought up in pain, y'all can't touch me

Police pursued me, chased cuffed and subdued me

Talked to me rudely; cause I'm young rich and I'm black

and live in a movie, not livin by rules

New rap patrolin the city, follow my crews

Bleek you're still with me - nigga what did I say?

The time is comin; you one hit away

Beans I ain't tryin to change you - just give you some game

to make the transition, from the street to the fame

My momma loves me..