

# 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