

World Harlem

"You Made Me"

Visit "[You Made Me](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Mase]

Let's get it on

[Carl Thomas]

1 - 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

[Huddy Comb]

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

Repeat 1

[Meeno]

Yeah, you made me this way, since the day I was born

When you slid on that crack shit, mom be strong

'Fore long, I realized the same old song

Another cat that done bounced on his kid 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

Repeat 1

[Nas]

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, Ill Will, all my people

Big Stretch, we'll never forget, Allah keeps you

Until we meet again, through my pen y'all can speak
through, uh

Repeat 1

Visit [World Harlem](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.