

Big Sean "Made"

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Verse 1 Drake

Uh, low key Peter Parker flow
Tell them bring some aces, spades, no sparkles though
Private flights, no hassel, I just park and go
I'm the highlight, like when markers glow
Ooh, look what you created
Only got yourself to blame
I remember when you hated ooh
Now you tell me take my time
How bout I just take your city make that motherfucker
mine
Uh ha
I'm a underground king hoe
I sit tall, I swing low
The game aint always fair and thats the thing though
You can play your heart out everyone don't get a ring
though
You are in the presence of a champion
Bout to get a condo that I can fit your mansion in
You always be calling her, she ain't never answering
You ain't figured out I am the reason that she canceling
I be at the parties where you stuck outside and can't
come in
Call me Ron Bergundy yall the other anchormen
Whats on the news trick
Gossiping bout music
Cause rumours I'm the new shit
And guess what it's true bitch

Chorus

We made it
We made it
We made it
They hate us
They hate us
They hate us
They hate us

Drake Chorus

I feel like we made it
But we aint made enough
It's so amazing
You would've thought we made it up

Big Sean Chorus

Man I was made to be greater
Made for the grind
Made for the lights
Made for the shine

Verse 2 Big Sean

Ay look, less friends, more bread
Less talk, more head
Used to ride escorts now I get escorted
I'm just waiting on my cue dog, no pledge
Said she like all girls I turn that bitch to co-ed
Threw her on my track team, handed my baton to her
Passed her and blew her off, I chronic Veronica
Who got up on my nerves so I had to platonic her
No that aint my girl but every leader needs a Monica
I'm the head of my estate, aint that ironic huh
I want the baddest chick to treat my stick like a
thermometer
Oh, I'm who they going ape shit over
I'm who your girlfriend acting like she aint shit over
See broads over niggas
Business over broads
See business equals money, and money's over all
I'm tryna move my momma from the ghetto's to the
meadows
Well she can't stay in that fucking hood forever,
forever
Was made for that Mick Jagger shit
Baggage check and a chick
Fast girls, faster whip, big chains, master shit
Bitch I'm living everyday month yearly
Yell until you motherfuckers hear me
We Made It

Chorus

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