

Drake "Made"

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

Drake

Yeah, alright uh uh

Uh, Low key peter parker flow
tell her bring some ace of spades, no sparklers though
private flights, no hassle I just park and go
Im the highlight, like when markers glow
ooo look what you created, only got yourself the blame,
I remember when you hated, ooo
Now you tell me take my time
How bout' I just take your city make that mother f*cker
mine
uh huh
Ima underground king hoe,
I sit tall, I swing(swang) 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 aint never answerin
You aint figured out I am the reason that she canceling
I be at the parties, where you stuck outside and can't
get in
call me ron burgundy, yall the other anchormen
what's on the news trick, gossipin bout music?
there's rumors im the new shit, and guess what its true
bitch
(we made it)

Chorus

I feel like we made it
But we aint made enough
Its so amazing,
You wouldve thought we made it up

Hook (Big Sean) (2x)

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

Big Sean
Uh, Yeah, Aye Look
I need less friends, more bread
Less talk more head
Used to ride escorts, now I get escorted (do it)
I'm just waitin on my cue dog, no pledge
Says she like all girls I turn that bitch co-ed
Threw her on my track team,
Handed my baton to her
Passed her, blew her off
I chronic veronica
Who got up on my nurse, so I had to platonic her
Nah that ain't my girl but every leader needs a monica
I'm the head of my state, ain't that ironica (iron-ik-ah)
I want the baddest chick, to treat my stick like a
thermometer
Oh, I'm who they goin ape shit over,
I'm who your girlfriend acting, like she ain't shit over
See broads over niggas, but business broads
See business equals money, and money's over all
I'm tryna move mamma, from the ghettos to the
meadows
Well she can't stay in that fuckin' hood forever
(forever?)
We was made for that mick jagger shit, bag a chick,
and a chick
Fast girls, faster whips, big chains, master shit
Bitch I'm livin every day, month, yearly,
Yellin till you mother f*ckers hear me (hear me)
I made it!

Chorus (2x)
Feel like we made it
But we ain't made enough
Its so amazing, You wouldve thought we made it up

Hook (2x)
Man I was made to be greater
Made for the grind
Made for the lights
Made for the shine

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