

# Harlem World

## "You Made Me"

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[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

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