

# Jay-Z

## "Momma Loves Me"

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Yeah, yeah..

Uhh, right, right, right

Right, right, right, right

Uhh uhh uhh, feel me now, listen  
Momma loved me, pop left me  
Mickey fed me, and he dressed me  
Eric fought me, made me tougher  
Love you for that my nigga no matter what brah  
Marcy raised me; and whether right or wrong  
Streets gave me all I write in the song  
Hootie babysitted, changed my diapers  
Gil introduced me to the game that changed my life up  
East Trenton grew me, had me skippin school  
Valencia's boyfriend Vovo had me makin moves  
Momma raised me, pop I miss you  
God help me forgive him I got some issues  
Mickey cleaned my ears, and he shampooed my hair  
Eric was fly - shit, I used to steal his gear  
I was the baby boy, I could do no wrong  
Yeah it's goin past fast - let's move along  
Kitchen table - that's where I honed my skills  
Jaz made me believe the shit was real  
Labels turned me down, couldn't foresee  
Clark sought me out, Dame believed  
Primo laced me, Ski did too  
"Reasonable Doubt" - classic, shoulda went triple  
Momma loved me, pop left me  
Grandma dressed me, plus she fed me  
banana puddin, what's in the hood then

Puffin on L's, drinkin pink champelle  
Ty rolled with a nigga, V.A. spot  
Tone, Mike 'Zo and them niggaz, V.A.'s locked  
Vigs fucked with a nigga, whassup ha?  
(?) high hated the fact I put rap to the back  
Money pourin in, clientele growin now  
Birth of my first nephew, time to slow it down  
October 21st, Lavelle came to the world  
Followed by three more boys and then a baby girl  
Momma loved me, T.T. Uncle Jay  
loves you to death won't let no trouble come your way

Oh, can't forget my man down in Maryland  
He's gone 'til November, how can I not remember?  
Tell your moms I'm there for her and Tiembra  
And your son too - there's nothin I won't do  
Unless you was me, how could you judge me?  
I was brought up in pain, y'all can't touch me  
Police pursued me, chased cuffed and subdued me  
Talked to me rudely; cause I'm young rich and I'm  
black  
and live in a movie, not livin by rules  
New rap patrollin the city, follow my crews  
Bleek you're still with me - nigga what did I say?  
The time is comin; you one hit away  
Beans I ain't tryin to change you - just give you some  
game  
to make the transition, from the street to the fame  
My momma loves me..

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