

Young Jaye "Momma I Made It"

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Wassup woorld
It's me young jaye
Aka
Mr. young spitter
Mr go get her
Mr I can't be with her
Mr hit me on twitter

I'm feeling good rite now man like like you noe when
you get that feeling
Naw well let me tell you a little something about it yea

Verse 1: he had some mean lines and a dope hook
Pencil and a pad a young lad and his note book
They ask him his topics he say he rap about life
And how things aint rite and the struggles and the
fights
He sees no one in his vision then he turns to the mic
A young mc tryna make the wrong things right
And so he spits his life and things wrong in his
community
And when the mic came his way he never miss that
opportunity
But he kept on spittin most not written
And when days seemed odd thanked god that he's
living
And when he done doing his all everything is what he's
giving
Dreaming bout the fast life and fantasizing all the
Women
And it's funny how you goin from struggglin in the
hood
To richest and fame and then you start livin good
And so for all those that want hip hop she's taken
Determined to be the greatest this was history in the
making

Verse 2: now don't get me wrong homie didn't stop
there
And why he thank his mama his pops was not there
But don't me wrong it wasn't like he did not care
It's just life and he know life is not fair

Woke up one morning to check his myspace page
A hundred something comments and a hundred
thousand plays
Folks around the way heard em spit and surely was
amazed
Said this younging remind me of hip hop back in the
days
So pencil and a pad and he got with his crew
Records heard about em and said yo I like what you do
And then went on with his life unto the next chapter
Got a record deal and then he lived happily ever after
And said mama I never could of done it without you
You told me keep my head up and don't let no one
doubt you
Because his pops wasn't there you were the only one I
can shout to
And that's why I decided to write a song about you
I love you mama

Verse 3: put out a platinum so hot the radios couldn't
stop playin it
Momma I made it was his phrase and he couldn't stop
saying it
Yea and he always knew he make it there one day
Round of applause lets all clap it up for young jaye
He looks up and sees the road and the life he's created
A younging on his grind determined to be the greatest
Overcoming obstacles and ignoring all hatred
He looked up with a smile and thanked his momma he
made it

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