

Beach Boys % Fat Boys

"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

Cuz 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 cuz my recipe

But I blame my mother cuz 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, cuz 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

