

Oblique Brown

"I Made It"

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[Verse 1]

(Hey I Made it) through the stress through the pain
through the mess that remains, so what really
changed?
Respect for that pain, etched in my brain
Sketched all that strain, in a song saying
(Hey I Made it) through the worst when I came
'89 off the plane, cause the language that I'm saying
so strange to those cats who tried to jump me on the
train
but if they came from where I came, they'd be saying
(Hey I Made it) to American terrain
home of the fortunate, arrogant and vain
the shame that came with this improbable name
lived my life through the strife, went against the grain
(Hey I Made it) with two dollars to my name
from the squalor where the squatters, holler in the rain
all their daughters and their fathers steady calling for
some change
but the only thing that changed is this saying
(Hey I Made it) without the fortune and fame
through them doors where remorse is the fortune of
the day
where morsels is portioned, get orphaned in this game
and the only thing to raise it hope coursing through
these veins

[Hook]

Verse 2:

(Hey I Made it) cause of Bam and Planet Rock
'cause Melle Mel added math to this language, ack
'cause rap came and salvaged, my damaged,
bandaged heart
when I left a famished spot and re-canvassed my plot
(Hey I Made it) through the transatlantic cross
Landed on this rock, where it's standard to get robbed
Or shot or stabbed or, hung upon a cross
for props or cash, when you standing in your spot
(Hey I Made it) for the land of the lost
where they stranded on the block, granted that its hot

cause the cops got their hands on the hammers and
the glocks
go, (rrrah, rrhah) that's the language, that's the talk
(Hey I Made it) for them dancers on 'ya crotch
saying that you handsome, even when you not
cause she raise a little man that's lampin' on a cot
and she's sick of feedin' him pudding when the
bananas rot

[Verse 3]

(Hey I Made it) for ladies who love rap
for dudes who love that and run up their club tabs
for cats who bought wack tracks and want their funds
back
for them rhymes on ya walls, posted on with thumb
tacks
(Hey I Made it) for the love of Sun Splash
for New Yorkers in Yankee blue, fitted snug caps
for my Cali folks, bumpin' this to a dub sack
from the jump black, sayin you sprayin' that drumtrack
(Hey I Made it) all for you so you could true it
even if you different, life's emotions are congruent
fluid, dudes say I'm sick with the music
but who did the beat, Zeeb said
(Hey I Made it) for my big brother Charles
for Paul C, Dilla, and Mister Marley Marl
with snares and kicks with my man I call Chirag
and we'll do it till we make it man, Double extra large

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