

Jay-Z, Momma Loves Me

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 f**ked 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 patrolin 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..