

Jay-Z & Kanye West, Made in America (Ft. Frank Ocean)

[Intro: Frank Ocean]

And He'll bring you out the, out the darkness

[Chorus: Frank Ocean]

Sweet king Martin, sweet queen Coretta
Sweet brother Malcolm, sweet queen Betty
Sweet Mother Mary, sweet father Joseph
Sweet Jesus, we made it in America
Sweet baby Jesus (Ooh, ooh-oo-oo, ooh-oo-oo)
Oh, sweet baby Jesus, we made it in America
Sweet baby Jesus (Ooh, ooh-oo-oo-oo)
Oh, sweet baby Jesus, we made it in America

[Verse 1: Kanye West]

I told my mama I was on the come up
She said, "You going to school, I'll give you a summer"
Then she met No I.D. and gave me his number
Ten years later, she driving a Hummer
Niggas hustle every day for a beat from Ye
What I do? Turn around, gave them beats to Jay
And I'm rapping on the beats they was supposed to buy
I guess I'm getting high off my own supply
Downtown mixing fabrics, tryna find the magic
Started a little blog just to get some traffic
Old folks'll tell you not to play in traffic, uh
A million hits and the web crashes, damn
South Park had 'em all laughing
Now all my niggas designing and we all swaggin', uh
Ignore the critics just to say we did it
This ain't no fashion show, motherfucker, we live it

[Chorus: Frank Ocean]

Sweet king Martin, sweet queen Coretta
Sweet brother Malcolm, sweet queen Betty
Sweet Mother Mary, sweet father Joseph
Sweet Jesus, we made it in America
Sweet baby Jesus (Ooh, ooh-oo-oo, ooh-oo-oo)
Oh, sweet baby Jesus, we made it in America
Sweet baby Jesus (Ooh, ooh-oo-oo-oo)
Oh, sweet baby Jesus, we made it in America

[Verse 2: Jay-Z]

I pledge allegiance to my grandma
For that banana pudding, our piece of Americana
Our apple pie was supplied through Arm & Hammer
Straight out the kitchen, shh, don't wake nana
Built a republic that still stands
I'm tryna lead a nation to leave to my little man's
Or my daughter, so I'm boiling this water
The scales was lopsided, I'm just restoring order
Hold up, here comes grandma, what's up Yaya?
What's that smell? Oh, I'm just boiling some agua
No papa, bad Santa
The streets raised me, pardon my bad manners
I got my liberty chopping grams up
Street justice, I pray God understand us
I pledge allegiance to all the scramblers
This is the Star-Spangled Banner

[Chorus: Frank Ocean]

Sweet king Martin, sweet queen Coretta
Sweet brother Malcolm, sweet queen Betty
Sweet Mother Mary, sweet father Joseph
Sweet Jesus, we made it in America

Sweet baby Jesus (Ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh)
Oh, sweet baby Jesus, we made it in America
Sweet baby Jesus (Ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh)
Oh, sweet baby Jesus, we made it in America

[Outro: Frank Ocean]

Yes, we did
Sweet baby Jesus (Ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh)
Oh, sweet baby Jesus, we made it in America
Sweet baby Jesus (Ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh)
Oh, sweet baby Jesus, we made it in America
Yes, we did