

Hey Mama

Lyrics and Music by Kanye West

Michael Solem: Vocals, guitars, synths and percussion

Hey Mama, I want to scream so loud for you

'Cause I'm so proud of you, let me tell you what I'm about to do (Hey Mama)

I know I act a fool, but I promise you I'm going back to school I appreciate that you alive for me, I just want you to be proud of me (Hey Mama)

I want to tell the whole world about a friend of mine This little light of mine, I'm feelin' let it shine

I'm feelin' take y'all back to them better times

I'm feelin' talk about my momma if y'all don't mind (Hey Mama)

I was 3 years old when you and I move to the Chi

Late December, harsh winter gave me a cold

You fix me up something that was good for my soul

Famous homemade chicken soup, can I have another bowl (Hey Mama)

You work late nights just to keep on the lights

Mommy got me training wheels so I can keep on my bike

And you would give me anything in this world

Michael Jackson leather and the glove, but didn't give me a curl (Hey Mama)

And you never put no man over me, and I love you for that mommy can't you see

Seven years old, caught you with tears in your eyes

Cause a nigga cheat and telling you lies, then I started to cry (Hey Mama)

As we knelt on the kitchen floor, I said mommy I'm a love you 'till you don't hurt no more And when I'm older, you ain't got to work no more

And I'm a get you that mansion that we couldn't afford (Hey Mama)

See your unbreakable, unmistakable, highly capable, lady that's making loot

A living legend too, just look at what heaven do, send us an angel, and I thank you

Forest Gump momma said, life was like a box of chocolates

My momma told me go to school, get your doctorate

Something to fall back on, you can profit with

But still supported me when I did the opposite (Hey Mama)

Now I feel like there's things I gotta get, things I gotta do

Just to prove to you, you was getting through

Can the choir please, gimme a verse of you, eyes so beautiful, to me (Hey Mama)

Can't you see, you're like a book of poetry, Maya Angelou, Nikki Giovanni

Turn one page and there's my mommy (Hey Mama)

Come on mommy just dance with me, let the whole world see you dance with thee

Now when I say hey, y'all say mama

Now everybody answer me

I guess it all depends though, if my ends low

Second they get up you gon' get that Benzo, tint the windows

Ride around the city and let your friends know (Hey Mama)

Tell your job you gotta fake 'em out

Since you brought me in this world let me take you out

To a restaurant, upper echelon

I'm a get you a Jag whatever else you want (Hey Mama)

Just tell me what kind of S-Type Donda West like

Tell me the perfect color so I make it just right

It don't gotta be Mother's Day, or your birthday, for me to just call and say

Hey Mama, I want to scream so loud for you

'Cause I'm so proud of you, let me tell you what I'm about to do (Hey Mama)

You know I love you so, I'll never let you go

I wrote this song just so you know no matter where you go I'm a love you