Blame It on da Bay

Lil Wyte

Fuck what you, who gives a fuck what you bitches sayI'm putting this one down for tha Bay you can bet bitch
Commin to tha Bay, round my way I'm a vet bitch
Launchin lightning by tha pound
Call me mister coke and crown
In the town I'm found we got tha sound to make them haters frown
Break it down
Now B is beating niggas about
Y is yours now figga it out
Constantly questioning all tha bickerin ghetto fab is what I'm bout
Got me commin up on hustling
Pen pad I have to preach
Fuck what you say if you disagree me run in tha streets
I'm always commin wit sum mo'
Probly fuckin on yo hoe
If you car got took I'm tha one who threw tha brick through tha window
Repercussions, guts are gushin head gets busted for practically nuttin
Consequences they fold up, its splatter close will be discussed
And Frayser's where my roots were sold and so that's where I call my home
If it wasn't for tha Bay, tha rap game I would not belong
Hear this song man who gives a FUCK what you bitches say
Don't get wrong, when you get got just blame it on da Bay
If your hoe get fuck (You can blame it on da Bay)
If your car get took (You can blame it on da Bay)
If your boys get shot (You can blame it on da Bay)
Someone run up in your spot (You can blame it on da Bay)
If your clique get hit (You can blame it on da Bay)
Robbed blind fo sum shit (You can blame it on da Bay)
Beat down in these streets (You can blame it on da Bay)
Get jacked fo sum green (You can blame it on da Bay)
Blame it on da Bay is what they all say when something happens round they way
Either they too scared or too wrong to bring to our face
Add it up - took his hoe, stole his car, and shot his bro
By now someone like me should be dead but ya know
I'm tha one superstar out tha hood, its all good
Cause tha hood that I plug is tha Bay understood?
Rock 'em, sock 'em leave 'em for dead but keep up in yo sight
Tightly lock up 'em off in tha dungeon wit out a crack of light
Frayser B-O-U-N-D must be all up inside of me
M-E-M-P-H-I-S crunkest city in Tennessee
Blame it on da Bay if there's a glitch up in your atmosphere
Hear tha sound of money being made and its so crystal clear

Haters watch tha street strapped wit heat that I'm feelin fine
Gradually I peak over tha steep hills that I have climbed
And when I get finished with this path that I'm bout to pave
Please know that I wouldn't be shit wit out tha fuckin BayFuck what you, who gives a fuck what you bitches say
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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