

Blame It on da Bay

Lil Wyte

Fuck what you, who gives a fuck what you bitches say I'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'

Proibly 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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>