

Blame It

Hodgy Beats

[Verse: Hodgy]

Nigga I'm contagious
Ain't nobody cure us
One squirrel out of many gathering more nuts
Groupie fillies getting run over by the tour bus
Double salad sticky icky like sore up
Me and my drink
Homie what's in your cup?
A-a-a-a-a-alcohol
A couple sacks, extra fat I bag them all
Swisher packs for the sacks I packed them off
We fly nigga we don't relax at all
I'm on my genuine: So anxious
Cruising round, drunk, like she know we're the takers
I can see through the make-up if she trying to fake us
Bring me to the bank but I never go bankrupt
Got my change up though I'll never change up
I go after my money like a fucking predator
I wake up to the sound of my lovely cash register

[Chorus: Hodgy]

Every time I see one of them chicken heads, I be like
get off me
(Get off me, get off me)
Every time I see them girls in the red, I be like get
off me
(Get off me. get off me)
Every time I see them chicken heads, I like, man, get
off me
(Get off me!)
'Cause you're killing me hard
You're not killing me softly