

# Blame It

Jamie Foxx

Blame it on the Goose, got you feeling loose  
Blame it on the Tron, got you in the zone  
Blame it on the alcohol, blame it on the alcohol

Mommy in the club, mami see me  
And now she stepping to the bar because she knows she need me  
Her favorite song's on, body's so appealing  
And she sipping on me because she knows she need feeling  
I make her feel good, she call me Tron Silver  
Gotta have me in her body, no matter if it kills her  
I get up in her body, kinda like a coach boo  
Mami feeling proper, body moving like it supposed to  
When I'm in her, I make mami wanna dance more  
Now she dancing like she fucking on the dance floor  
She moving like she wanna break 'em off  
I keep her hot and sweaty till she wanna take it off  
Baby girl, you better sip slow  
I'm dangerous when the bottles start to get low  
When shorty's knocked out from having a ball  
Just blame it on the alcohol

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Blame it on the Vodka, blame it on the Henney  
Blame it on the Blue top, got you feeling dizzy  
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Blame it on who, blame it on me  
She drink till she sleep when she drinking on me  
I live in her cup, I watch the ice sink  
She sipping all night on some shit that's light pink  
You know they say, you are what you drink  
But baby I gotta be Louis The Thirteenth  
and I can talk to her, when nobody hear  
I lick her so good, she don't go around beer  
Yeah, and shorty got class  
Shawty got class, so she poured me in a glass  
Hey, shorty take me to the head  
One more shot of me and shawty'll be dead  
And shorty just love Tron  
She need a designated driver cause she love Tron  
Hey there bartender, what's your name  
Let me buy this woman a bottle of Lil Wayne  
Yeah

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Girl I know you feel good, just like you look  
Couple more shots you open up like a book  
I ain't tripping, cause I'm a read ya  
Shawty I ain't tripping, I just want to please ya

I'ma take a shot of nuvo  
Shorty didn't you know  
It's going down, we can go and kick it like judo  
You know what I mean  
Shawty got drunk, thought it all was a dream  
So I made her say ahh, ah aaa  
Now she got her hand on my leg  
Got my seats all wet in my ride  
All over my ride  
She look my dead in the eye, eye eye  
Then my pants got bigger  
She already knew what to figure  
Had her looking her boyfriend like fuck that nigga

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Now to the ballers popping bottles with their Henny in their cups  
Screaming money ain't a thang, if it ain't throw it up in the sky  
And hold your drinks up high  
And to my independent mamas who can buy their own bottles  
If you're looking like a model, when them broke fellas holla, tell them bye  
Hold your drinks up high

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