

# B.B. Jay, Don't Be Mad (Who Da Blame)

Yeah, come on  
Blame God, blame God  
That's right, come on  
Blame God, blame God  
Yeah, come on  
Blame God, blame God  
Sound the alarm 'cause I'm dropping the bomb  
B.B. Jay's like the fine Don Corleone  
Off guard, know I caught all y'all, didn't I?  
[Unverified], fat track, took you like a drug  
Rotate the love, I'm about to rule in a minute  
Graves are dug, all you gotta do is lay in it  
Profile of a thug is the worse like a curse  
You doomed, you're done, room enough for one  
Gotta pray, mad prayer-haters jealous today  
It's gonna take more than that for you to hinder my pray  
Jesus, give Him the praise for the great things He has done  
None can stop, we as one  
Gospel bad boy rule like [unverified]  
Open ya eyes and recognize who I am, son  
'Cause of Christ I'm jiggy laced in ice  
Roll tighter than the vice like a five for life  
Don't be mad 'cause I'm fat like that  
Don't be mad 'cause I'm blessed like that  
Don't be mad 'cause yo' style is whack  
(Blame God)  
Who da' blame?  
(Blame God)  
Don't be mad 'cause I'm fat like that  
Don't be mad 'cause I'm blessed like that  
Don't be mad 'cause yo' style is whack  
(Blame God)  
Who da' blame?  
(Blame God)  
I'm not your average mediocre joker, trying to be hard  
Or be God, just a brotha tryin' to live the dream y'all  
Recall the work and the sweat, love and the debt  
Tears through the years and all my family and peers who got wet  
Regret, a lot of things, never sweat, a lot of things  
Understand, be the man cost of a lotta things  
Diamond rings, Cuban linkas, shouldn't intreg us  
It's a fact, crack kills, real, we need Jesus  
How you feel, peel a hundred bil' of ya knot  
Head, so hungry you can hear their stomach growl  
Down the block, on the real money  
A little money never make you hot  
Just like you can get money, money, you can get got  
Believe dat, easy like a nine to ya mind  
On a breezy night nobody there to shine but the street light  
Be like on the neutral side, representin' Christ  
You know the one who crucified, top of chains baby  
Don't be mad 'cause I'm fat like that  
Don't be mad 'cause I'm blessed like that  
Don't be mad 'cause yo' style is whack  
(Blame God)  
Who da' blame?  
(Blame God)  
Don't be mad 'cause I'm fat like that  
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(Blame God)  
Who da' blame?  
(Blame God)  
When you see me flossin', whippin' somethin' awesome

Don't be mad at fat dad 'cause you walkin'  
When you had a job shoulda paid yo' time  
But nah, you was too busy clockin' mine  
Now I shine like the stratus, jokers mad at us  
My whole team get more cream than bank bandits  
G O S P E L, I'm preachin' that  
Land Cruiser fully loaded, I'm peepin' that  
Credit forget, co-signer never dat  
I want it daddy, cash to carry gimme that  
Twenty years po' black, now I'm phat  
Non-believers where they at, I shut that trap  
Heart attack, B.B. Jay got mad flavors  
'Cause of Jesus, we just stackin' paper  
By the truckloads, on silk sheets I dose  
Like the president  
Order what you want, I own the restaurant  
The capital G O D be the glory  
Uh, universal concussion, end of story  
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