

900 Blame a N***a

Luniz

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That a nigga really didn't even do
One nigga did the dirt, but the blames on the whole crew
I feel like O.J., and Rodney
A little mayo, but still don't be havin'
No happy days like Potsy
Nigga's get blamed for every thang
From robbin you house, to ho stroll's
And the Tropicana cocaine
And if the sun turned black
"Yup a nigga did it Jim" or
"Get a nigger over so I blame it on him"
Nigga's gettin' like the oldies
Played the fuck out, we only known for stealin' cars and drinkin' 40's
Or showin your whole ass crack on cops
They quick to do a nigga on the routine stop
Chopped rock's, in a nigga possession, a whole zip
Blame me cause I'm one of fo' grips
Now you can have mayo and a gang of triggers
Bit that ain't shit, cause they still gon blame a nigga "Always gotta blame a god damn nigga
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The battery outta my car last night
I did see it, but I know those were niggers Drivin' down the block, and what did I see
A police man tryna gaffle me
Threw down my rocks, so I wouldn't get caught
A high-speed chase for forty-eight blocks I heard some shit was goin' down though

It might be scandalous, on the down low
Plus I get around ho, like Shock and Mon'
Walkin' to the lot, forgot I got the gun
In the bushes, more mayo then the rest of the pushers
Tonight a nigga might be readin' my Nike's like Bushwick
Chronic smoke like chimney, to lit a doobie
They knew me, let me in free cause I bee that Luni
Higher then the police sky waves off the blue
I partied two or three hours now I'm sideways in the suv
To the hoopsta's, survival is the be-under
But I was in it, now five-oh's on my bumper
Ready to dump the forty outie, and weed baggies
They had me searchin' through my car, for what we have we here
A queer tryna frame a nigga, but shame on a nigga
That try to put the blame on a nigga"Always gotta blame a god damn nigga
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900 blame a nigga"Uh, hello, this is 900 blame a nigger?
Uh, my daughter's raped, and comin' back from
A Ku Klux Klan meetin', and I know a nigger did itLast night was the night before
Twenty-four robber's came knocking at my door
I ran out, they ran in, tryna blast for my cash
Wit ski-masks on they're chinTake a puff from my hamp then bounce
I'm on a mission for scrilla, vanilla slugs by my zipper
Playa haters trippin' off ho's it seems that they plot
Snitch to the cops, and swear that I chopped O's of cream
Who stole the cookie out the cookie jar!
That's what they mumble
Now knowin' about the power of numskull!
Now I done had it wit all that static
I'm thinkin' I should load my automatic
And let all these faggots have itOne love, it's cocked backed, and then I bust slugs
Roastin' a motherfucker, so busta always suffer
Blood in the ghetto, other niggas try to run up
Wit they gun, and get done from sun down to sun up, punk
Dead bodies in the trunk, they kept on tellin' me
Oh I was sellin' P.D. I was sellin D, I caught a felony
As soon as I got it, had to pop out a nigga brains
I was the wrong nigga to frame"Always gotta blame a god damn nigga
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But them damn niggers take all the jobs nowadays
They got affirmative action stuff
I tell you that guy up in puff, he agreed to that stuff bad
Them, them niggas are gonna know where it's, heyWassup man, you all on my tape and shit
Talkin' that weak shit, get the fuck up outta hearWho are you, who are you!
You nigger's are tryna kill me!Get yo punk ass up outta here, peckerwood motherfucker
Jive ass turkey, that's right
I stole yo motherfuckin' car
But aye, it's yo fault
Yo ass brought us from Africa, bitch
Aye get yo ass up outta here, you peckerwood motherfucker
Blast that fool man, blast that fool, get him, get him
He tryna run, blast that fool, yeah, talkin' all that shit
Pointin' the finger and shit, I'm tired of y'all
Pointin' the fingers at motherfuckers mayne
Y'all done got O.J., Tyson, my potnah Tupac, Gov
Man fuck blamin' me, I didn't do it, why, fuck that you did it

Songwriters

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