

All Your Fault

Hopsin

[Hook]

I'm so tired

Of all the problems you've been causing me

We are not cool no mo' far as I can see

You done kicked me down, I've fallen

I'm crawling, it's all your fault[Verse 1]

More money, more problems it is

Now I'm back to writing my lyrical novel again

I'm holding on grenades and I'm trying to not pull a pin

I done contemplated on downing a bottle of gin

'Cause maybe that'll calm my nerves and get my ass on track

I'm on the fucking edge, I snapped and I just can't go back

I have no class, I'm cut from how my last hoe act

She tried to ruin me, she damn near made my cash flow crash

I fucking hate this bitch, her name could sit on a grave

Only reason she ain't dead is 'cause my kid on the way

The bitch is pregnant and she stripping, dodging minimum wage

She done kick me down, locked me up and spit on my face

I bought a ring for this bitch just to set it in stone

My headache has grown, damn I should've left it alone

Now heaven is gone, so is my love and it won't return

Welcome to hell bitch, I hope you burn because[Hook]

I'm so tired

Of all the problems you've been causing me

We are not cool no mo' far as I can see

You done kicked me down, I've fallen

I'm crawling, it's all your fault[Verse 2]

Listen little nigga, we ain't in the same shoes

You ain't built a name or even paid dues

Dammit, I'm ashamed of what it came to

And if you had have ever reached my level of fame guaranteed Dame would have played you

He's in the wrong, don't give me hate for it

You know him better than me, y'all always had a broken relationship

Now you looking at me like I'm Satan's spawn

But five years ago you had made the same diss song

Why don't you put it out? Show the world you hate your brother too

Don't be afraid to show the truth, shit you ain't got much to lose

Anyone can hold a gun up but who's brave enough to shoot?

You know damn well he's addicted to raking up the loot

If you seen the shit I seen, you would've taken sides with me
But you fucking disappeared and you ain't even ride with me
And now you wanna return when the label hit the bottom
Nigga fuck you and your phoney mental problems[Hook]

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You done kicked me down, I've fallen

I'm crawling, it's all your fault[Verse 3]

Too many motherfuckers judge my life

And make me out to be a monster like I love my strife

Too many motherfuckers pick at what the fuck I write

They hate to see me shine, they wish they could cut my light

I use my music as my public diary, it's what inspires me

It's why your fucking son admires me, come and fire me

Settle with the hell that I was put in, nuh-uh

You motherfuckers keep forgetting I'm too good at my job

Y'all shoulda knew this, some think I'm too retarded and stupid

Overnight I just went and started a movement

The power at my fingertips is greater than Funk Volume and Ruthless

Ha Ha, you still losing, you niggas thought you could do it

Go crawl in some sewage, you niggas ain't no entrepreneurs

You fucked with Hopsin Da Ruler and now I'm hollerin' screw ya

Hallelujah, all the deadweight is finally cut off

Niggas the throne is mine so stay the fuck off[Hook]

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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