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]
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 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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You done kicked me down, I've fallen
I'm crawling, it's all your fault

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

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