

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