

# Blame It On The Streets

YG

Don't blame my mama  
Blame it on the streets  
Don't blame my liquor  
Blame it on the streets

Shootouts in broad daylight, South Central zoo life  
Young nigga goin' hard, hustle all night  
Mama prayin', tellin' God I don't live right  
Fuck right, go left, catch a damn strike  
Felonies can't go to police  
Probation catchin' cases, prayin' on my (static)  
Lord, why they got me out this way?  
Lord, I gotta buy another AK  
Fresh out, I need money in the worst way  
Get a job, Hell nah, call my homie Ike  
Told me, "Pull up, I'ma get you right"  
Diamond chain, gold ring, now I'm sittin' right  
Like biz, bad bitch, real boss tie  
Took a chance, now I'm ballin' off the street life  
It's just in me, my nigga  
Don't blame me, blame the ghetto, that's where I'm livin', my nigga

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Blame it on the streets  
Don't blame my homies  
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Aye I'm a West Side, Tree Top gang member  
Don't blame it on my mama though, blame it on me  
Yo those fades I done took, peoples' safes I done took  
And if I geeked up with this shit, I'm gettin' booked  
Oh, oh no, I don't wanna go to jail  
But if I got to I swear to God I won't tell  
Hit the bounty nigga, you ain't gotta take no fade for me  
Phone call, [?], nigga I can spread for weeks  
My pops mad at me, my mama all worried  
So she bail me out, typical black male story  
Her friends wasn't supportin' cause they know I'm in the streets  
I told her, "Don't blame it on my mama, blame it on me"  
I got Piru [?], where I'm from, that's regular  
I don't do enemies and I don't talk on a cell  
And mama asked why I sag and talk with so many Bs  
No questions, mama, blame it on the streets

What's happenin'? West Side, Jay 305, I'm demanding respect.  
You got a problem with that, I 'on't know what to say.  
Blame it on the streets. Niggas like me only come once in a lifetime,  
nigga. So while you in the mothafuckin' presence of a gangsta,  
nigga, you better bow down and walk off