

# Baby Blue

Action Bronson

Why you always all on my back?  
Why you gotta do me like that?  
Why you gotta act like a bitch when I'm with you?  
Baby girl I'm blue

Because you treat me like shit  
I paid for the bed and never even slept in it  
I paid for that crib and never stepped foot in  
And now somebody else is eating all the pudding  
Things change now my dashboard wooden  
All black Benz like a young Doc Gooden  
Thug shades cause I'm stone crazy  
Girl, we grown, stop playing on my phone, baby  
All your childish attempts to make me angry fall short  
Which only fuels the rage you have, because you have nothing  
Understandable, I'm shining brilliant with 5 Brazilians  
There were times I used to hide my feelings  
Now I'm butt naked in the Lamborghini  
And motherfuckers can't see me  
Wait 'till the chick see me on TV, I make the shit look easy  
Who would've thought I hit you right back?

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So many women wanna call me, baby  
And you wonder why the fuck that I ain't call you lately  
Some would say that I'm the symbol for sex and uh  
Others would hate, but I don't give em no breath  
Go on a date, I'm at the crib with the chef and uh, that's me  
And you could order whatever  
The specialty is white snake and underwear sauce  
You could probably catch me somewhere where the sun is next  
And I understand that's only cause I'm popular  
I'm getting topped off in the front row of the opera  
As Bocelli sings the celly rings  
I gotta go you'll never know how good it feels to lay in bed with king  
I'm not exactly flawless, but I'm gorgeous just like a horse is  
I know the thought of me succeeding makes a lot of people nauseous  
Still I'm on the back of the boat taking pictures with the swordfish

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I hope you get a paper cut on your tongue  
From a razor in a paper cup  
I hope every soda you drink already shaken up  
I hope your dreams dry like raisins in the baking sun  
I hope your titties all saggy in your early 20's  
I hope there's always snow in your driveway  
I hope you never get off Fridays  
And you work at Friday's that's always busy on Fridays  
I hope you win the lottery and lose your ticket

I hope it's Ben and Socrates poop all up in your kitchen  
I hope the zipper on your jacket get stuck  
And your headphones short, and your charger don't work  
And you spill shit on your shirt  
I hope your tears don't hurt, and I can smile in your face  
Cut my losses, how Delilah changed my locks to fade  
I hope you happy, I hope you happy  
I hope you ruined this shit for a reason, I hope you happy, igh

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La La La La