

My Fault

Blac Youngsta

Ya know, I got a lot of homies that's dead or in jail that ill never see again. You know I just miss my dawgs. And I blame myself for that shit sometimes

I'm sorry my nigga its my fault
All my niggas dead and gone felt like it was my fault
I get mad when I call you you don't answer my call
I be feeling real lonely man I miss my dawg
I regret not going on that mission with my dawg
I protect my homie I love him from the bottom of my heart
All these penitentiary chances I done took baby
Don't get mad when the haters stare let em look baby
Let em know you took baby

You look good when you wear your glasses reading books baby
Put in work for your stripes I can't get em took baby
Got a mac on me now got them niggas shook baby
You can feel my pain nigga when I sing this hook baby
I don't know how to talk to my nigga mama cause I ain't never lost a son
I don't know why them niggas tryna act like I ain't never did shit for em
I don't know why they ain't believe me when I say I was gone pull up in a foreign
I don't know why them hatin ass niggas tried to flag me down they knew I was gone keep going

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Tote my Glock in my Louie bag nigga
Knock knock nigga who is that nigga
Open that door, Lay it down on the floor and you bet not move ho (I got kids in this house)
I got rob fuel ho (They need food in they mouth)
I want all the food ho
If you go to war with me you gone have to move ho
You gone lose ho, fuck around and make the news ho

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