Blaming Jesus

Young Thug

I love this on music

She say she hear a nigga cryin'
How the fuck you hear tears?
I wouldn't have told her, I was lyin'
I been pushin' this shit for years
Baby, I'm sorry, okay
Just say you love me, okay?
Just sayin' I'll be okay
You tired of me, okay, ayy

Real nigga stand up, we handle business
Keep it real, a opp'll tell you I'm the realest
Lil' bih, Mack Maine, Keed type shit
12 outside my house 'cause I'm rich
Niggas been gettin' sprayed, they know how we playin'
Got out Halloween, but, I'm no demon, baby
Niggas wax, I'm a bad father 'cause I raised 'em
'Cause I made her, I made 'em (Yeah, yeah)

I need real love in my face
Peace and blessings on my face
Let my love spread, this ain't a phase
Blaming Jesus off of my faith
My real brothers contribute to my pain
I'm puttin' racks up every single day
I've been copin', spendin' every day
I've been decent, livin' out of space

I came from nothin', now we made it to the top (To the top)
New Rolls-Royce with icing on the rocks, yeah (Rocks, yeah)
You a boss, just flex, you can do it
The next time I see you, we gettin' good (Good)
Just say that you love me, then prove it (Prove it)
Yeah, the Rolls-Royce Spectre gotta charge (Yeah)
Just keep it Presidential like your watch (Yeah)
I can see you love me when I look into your eyes
You poppin' out with me on a Thursday
Bought you a house, it ain't even your birthday
I'm tryna do your pussy the worst way
Come on, baby

She say she hear a nigga cryin' (I'm cryin')
How the fuck you hear tears? (Tears)
I wouldn't have told her, I was lyin' (I'm lyin')
I been pushin' this shit for years (For years)
Baby, I'm sorry, okay (It's okay-ay)
Just say you love me, okay? (It's okay-ay)
Just sayin' I'll be okay (It's okay)
You tired of me, okay (It's okay), yeah, yeah

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Yeah (Yeah)
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Blaming Jesus off of my faith
My real brothers contribute to my pain
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Blaming Jesus off of my faith