## Travis Garland "It Ain't My Fault"

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It ain't my fault, Yeah
My feeling yea
We don't think with my pocket
Riding around in my busy lizy
Fucking holes in my ride

Know she wanna get it
Said it, time is all on my wrist
Know them hoe, big jacket
Pulling out my wallet
It's Christmas girl, she'll stock it
No I keep that bank
You with me girl, you shoppin'
Louie on my waist,
Louie in my closet
JumW on it, why you girl keep calling
Six o clock in the morning
She coming over like good morning
And I'm yawning

But it ain't my fault
Better check your hole
And it ain't my fault, nigga better stack your dough
It ain't my fault, nigga I'm doing my thing
It ain't my fault, put diamonds in my chain, in my ring
It ain't my fault I look like a star
It ain't my fault I drive I fancy car
It ain't my fault I buy expensive clothes
It ain't fault that's just the way it goes

I rock ice in where I go Vrivate flights to West coast I'm feeling right, blowing on the bitch mode It ain't my fault that's just the way it goes

I ain't right blowing on the bitch mode Your full week landing on the west coast Yeah riding on my Reese Beggar I'm a superstar Time is a bitch, you should blind it buy the fancy car Give her ass the dick All really wonder bra
Add her to my entourage
Let her hush her pain and all
Take a cup of flicks
Fuck it I might buy the bar
Tonight she my bitch,
But best believe I'm gon' more
I know it's for the early day
The life I live can't change it though
Status that you know I roll
It ain't my fault I'm ballin
Ain't my fault I bought that how
Ain't my fault I do my thing
Ain't my fault you hating me

It ain't my fault I look like a star It ain't my fault I drive I fancy car It ain't my fault I buy expensive clothes It ain't fault that's just the way it goes

I rock ice in where I go Private flights to West coast I'm feeling right, blowing on the bitch mode It ain't my fault that's just the way it goes

Chillin' me sipWy Swerving it whippy Your bitch acting crazy Then I'm gon' give her a whipping I'm big dick pimpy The waitress I'm tipping The bottles keep popping And The strippers keep stripping Ok on Miami living Rappers so funny, they keep catching phillies I'll pay my top bet chilling Hollynet women Catch me on South beach, big money spending Ok I got your attention So sit back and listen I'm your baby momma's favorite Did I forget to mention See these diamonds on my wrist That only means that we winnin' I'm throwing money in the cock cause nigga I got Wlenty

It ain't my fault I look like a star It ain't my fault I drive I fancy car It ain't my fault I buy expensive clothes It ain't fault that's just the way it goes I rock ice in where I go Private flights to West coast I'm feeling right, blowing on the bitch mode It ain't my fault that's just the way it goes

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