

## Trey Songz "Blame It"

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Get ma autotune on  
Songz, he the truth  
Trigga get it loose  
DC Club Love fucked up off Goose  
Plus I gotta say, I am not engaged  
I ain't even in a 'ship, but you probally can't relate  
Ain't been half of whole since half of '08  
Pictures only tell half what the words can't say  
BeyoncÃ© say, 'if you like it put a ring on it, '  
And if I did then the kid wouldn't cheat on it  
So, if it's a pretty girl in my face  
I'ma drink straight, her, too, no chase  
And the MEDIA can take whatever they wanna TAKE-  
OUT,  
We can BOSSIP, I'm YOUNG, BLACK & FABULOUS  
Shining on my song, "In My Phone," me and Fabulous  
We above average  
Women love statuses  
But, baby, I'ma pimp one night, no Gladys'  
(Imagine this)  
A whole lotta liquor  
Baby, how you feel?  
I don't want chu too drunk, and that's real  
And then she said she promise she won't vomit  
Body so atomic, I wanna bomb it  
Blame it on the gin and the tonic and cognac

Blame it on the goose  
Got you feeling loose  
Blame it on PatrÃ³n  
Got you in the zone  
Blame it on the a a a a alcohol  
Blame it on the a a a a alcohol  
Blame it on the vodka  
Blame it on the henny  
Blame it on the blue top  
Got you feeling dizzy  
Blame it on the a a a a alcohol  
Blame it on the a a a a a...

Now, we about as drunk as we can be tho  
What's a pocket rocket when you got a torpedo?

She know, I'm strapped up inside  
Always buckle up when it's time for a ride  
Liquor on my breath  
Lickin on her breasts  
I lick it the best  
Get it drippin wet  
Touch it while I cut it I'ma rub ya body all around  
Promise I'ma bring it till it's comin down  
And I don't mean to be nasty  
Girl, if you ask me, liquor done had me  
Feelin like a love machine  
And you the only one I need (you the only one I need)  
We gon make the bed break (we gon make the bed  
break)  
Wake up with a headache (wake up with a headache)  
I ain't been smokin no chronic  
So, I'ma blame it on the gin and the tonic and cognac

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In the VIP section touchin midsections  
Press ignore to whoever call or textin  
Bring the shots in, cameras watchin  
Make a song bout it now it's on Boxden  
Barack's in so now the Ciroc's in  
Too drunk to drive so I just hops in  
Shawty gon hop in right in my lap  
Quick to the 'tel don't tell where we be at  
You know my bidness it be all up in the streets  
And girl don't be trippin cause I know you ain't a freak  
And I'll hold you up cause you bout to fall  
When I hit the mall they sing the National Anthem, girl,  
cause I'm bout to ball  
That ain't got nothin in particular to do with this song  
Now, lets get into the particulars of you wit the Songz  
Girl, we got our liquor on  
Ain't no need to trip, we grown  
Plus I got somebody you can blame it on

Blame it on the goose

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