

## Bamble B

### "900 Blame a Nigga"

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(Chorus: 4x)

"Always gotta blame a god damn nigga  
900 blame a nigga"

(Verse 1 - Numskull)

How can I get blame for shit  
That a nigga really didn't even do  
One nigga did the dirt, but the blames on the whole  
crew  
I feel like O.J., and Rodney  
A little mayo, but still don't be havin  
No happy days like Potsy  
Nigga's get blamed for every thang  
From robbin you house, to ho stroll's  
And the tropicana cocaine  
And if the sun turned black  
{ "Yup a nigga did it Jim" } OR  
{ "get a nigger over so I blame it on him" }  
Nigga's gettin (??) like the oldies  
Played the fuck out, we only known for stealin cars and  
drinkin 40's  
Or showin your whole ass crack on cops  
They quick to do a nigga on the routine stop  
Chopped rock's, in a nigga possession, a whole zip  
Blame me cause I'm one of fo' grips  
Now you can have mayo and a gang of triggers  
Bit that ain't shit, cause they still gon blame a nigga

(Chorus plays over REDNECK talking)

Boy I tell ya Jim, one of those black niggers took  
The battery outta my car last night  
I did see it, but I know those were niggers

(Numskull)

Drivin down the block, and what did I see  
A police man tryna gaffle me  
Threw down my rocks, so I wouldn't get caught  
A high-speed CHASE for forty-eight blocks

(Verse 2 - Yukmouth)

I heard some shit was goin down though

It might be scanda-lous, on the down low  
Plus I get around ho, like Shock and Mon'  
Walkin to the lot, forgot I got the gun  
In the bushes, more mayo then the rest of the pushers  
Tonight a nigga might be readin my Nike's like  
Bushwick  
Chronic smoke like chimney, to lit a doobie  
They knew me, let me in free cause I bee that Luni  
Higher then the police sky waves off the blue  
I partied two or three hours now I'm sideways in the  
sukra  
To the hoopsta's, survival is the be-under  
But I was in it, now five-oh's on my bumper  
Ready to dump the forty outie, and weed baggies  
They had me searchin through my car, for what we  
have we here  
A queer tryna frame a nigga, but shame on a nigga  
That try to put the blame on a nigga

(Chorus plays over REDNECK talking)  
Uh, hello, this is 900 blame a nigger?  
Uh, my daughter's raped, and comin back from  
A Ku Klux Clan meetin, and I know a nigger did it

(Yukmouth)  
Last night was the night before  
Twenty-four robber's came knocking at my door  
I ran out, they ran in, tryna blast for my cash  
Wit ski-masks on they're chin

(Verse 3 - Luniz)  
Take a puff from my hamp then bounce  
I'm on a mission for scrilla, vanilla slugs by my zipper  
Playa haters trippin off ho's it seems that they plot  
Snitch to the cops, and swear that I chopped O's of  
cream  
WHO STOLE THE COOKIE OUT THE COOKIE JAR!  
That's what they mumble  
Now knowin about THE POWER OF NUMSKULL!  
Now I done had it wit all that static  
I'm thinkin I should load my automatic  
And let all these faggots have it

(Yukmouth)  
One love, it's cocked backed, and then I bust slugs  
Roastin a motherfucker, so busta always suffer  
Blood in the ghetto, other niggas try to run up  
Wit they gun, and get done from sun down to sun up,  
punk  
Dead bodies in the trunk, they kept on tellin me  
Oh I was sellin P.D. I was sellin D, I caught a felony

As soon as I got it, had to pop out a nigga brains  
I was the wrong nigga to frame

(REDNECK talking while Chorus plays)  
Boy I wish I could get a job  
But them damn niggers take all the jobs nowadays  
They got affirmative action stuff  
I tell you that guy up in puff, he agreed to that stuff bad  
Them, them niggas are gonna know where it's, hey...

(Yukmouth talking)  
Wassup man, you all on my tape and shit  
Talkin that weak shit, get the fuck up outta hear

(REDNECK)  
Who are you, who are you!  
You nigger's are tryna kill me!

(Yukmouth)  
Get yo punk ass up outta here, peckerwood  
motherfucker  
Jive ass turkey, that's right  
I stole yo motherfuckin car  
But aye, it's yo fault  
Yo ass brought us from Africa, bitch  
Aye get yo ass up outta here, you peckerwood  
motherfucker {\*gunshots\*}  
Blast that fool man, blast that fool, get him, get him  
He tryna run, blast that fool, yeah, talkin all that shit  
Pointin the finger and shit, I'm tired of y'all  
Pointin the fingers at motherfuckers mayne  
Y'all done got O.J., Tyson, my potnah Tupac, Gov  
Man fuck blamin me, I didn't do it, WHY, fuck that you  
did it

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