

Da Bush Babees

"Don't Be Mad"

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Yeah, Come on
Blame God, blame God
Thats right, come on
Blame God, blame God
Yeah, come on
Blame God, blame God

[B.B. Jay]
Sound the alarm 'cuz I'm dropping the bomb
B.B. Jay's like the fine Don Corleon
Off gaurd, know I caught all y'all, didn't I?
Humbug, fat track, took you like a drug
Rotate the love, I'm about to rule in a minute
Graves are dug, all you gotta do is lay in it
Profile of a thug is the worse like a curse
You doomed you done, room enough for one
Gotta pray, mad prayer-haters jealous today
Its gonna take more than that for you to hinder my pray
Je-sus, give 'em the praise for the great things he has
done
None can stop, we as one
Gospel bad boy rule like Buju Banton
Open ya eyes and recognize who I am son
Cause of Christ I'm jiggy laced in ice
Roll tighter than the vice, sanctified for life

[Hook: B.B. Jay]
Don't be mad 'cuz I'm fat like that
Don't be mad 'cuz I'm blessed like that
Don't be mad 'cuz yo' style is wack (Blame God)
Who da' blame? (Blame God)
Don't be mad 'cuz I'm fat like that
Don't be mad 'cuz I'm blessed like that
Don't be mad 'cuz yo' style is wack (Blame God)
Who da' blame? (Blame God)

[B.B. Jay]
I'm not your average mediocre joker trying to be hard
Or be God, just a brotha tryin to live the dream y'all
Recall the work and the sweat, love and the debt
Tears through the years and all my family and peers

who got wet
Regret, a lot of things
Never sweat, a lot of things
Understand, be the man to cause of a lotta things
Diamond rings, cuban linkas, shouldn't intrigue us
It's a fact crack kills, real, we need Jesus
How you feel, peel a hundred bill off ya knot
Head, so hungry you can hear their stomach growl
Down the block, on the real money
A little money never make you hot
Just like you can get money
Money, you can get got
Believe dat, easy like a nine to ya mind
On a breezy night nobody there to shine but the street
light
Be like on the neutral side, representin Christ
You know the one who crucified, time for change, baby

Hook

[B.B. Jay]

When you see me flossin, whippin somethin awesome
Don't be mad at fat dad 'cuz you walkin
When you had a job shoulda paid yo' tithes
But nah, you was too busy clockin mine
Now I shine like the stratus, jokers mad at us
My whole team get more cream than bank bandits
G-O-S-P-E-L I'm preachin that
Land Cruiser fully loaded, I'm peepin that
Credit forget it, co-signer never that
I want it daddy, cash to carry gimme that
Twenty years po' black, now I'm phat
Non-believers where they at, I shut that trap
Heart attack, B.B. Jay got mad flavors
'Cuz of Jeee-sus, we just stackin paper
By the truckloads, on silk sheets I dose
Like the president
Order what you want, I own the restaurant
The capital G, O-D be the glory
Uhh, universal concussion, end of story

Hook

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