

# Blame Game

Jon Connor

Whose fault?  
Let's play the blame game, I love you more  
Let's play the blame game for sure  
Let's call out names, names, I hate you more  
Let's call out names, names, for sure  
I'll call you bitch for short  
As a last resort and my first resort  
You call me motherfucker for long  
At the end of it, you know we both were wrong  
But I love to play the blame game, I love you more  
Let's play the blame game for sure  
Let's call out names, names, I hate you more  
Let's call out names, names, for sure  
On a bathroom wall I wrote  
I'd rather argue with you than to be with someone else  
I took a piss and dismiss it, like fuck it  
And I went and found somebody else  
Fuck arguing or harvesting the feelings  
Yo, I'd rather be by my fucking self  
'Til about two am and I call back and I hang up  
And I start to blame myself, somebody help  
Let's play the blame game, I love you more  
Let's play the blame game for sure  
Let's call out names, names, I hate you more  
Let's call out names, names, for sure  
You weren't perfect but you made life worth it  
Stick around, some real feelings might surface  
Been a long time since I spoke to you in a bathroom  
Gripping you up, fucking, and choking you  
What the hell was I supposed to do?  
I know you ain't getting this type of dick from that local dude  
And if you are, I hope you have a good time  
'Cause I definitely be having mine  
And you ain't fixin' to see a mogul get emotional  
Every time I hear about other nigga's stroking you  
Lie and say I hit you, he sitting there consoling you  
Running my name through the mud, who's provoking you?  
You should be grateful a nigga like me ever noticed you  
Now you noticeable and can't nobody get control of you

1 a.m. and can't nobody get a hold of you  
I'm calling your brother's phone, like what was I supposed to do?  
Even though I knew he never told the truth  
He was just gon' say whatever that you told him to  
At a certain point I had to stop asking questions  
Y'all got dirt on each other like mud wrestlers  
I heard he bought some coke with my money, that ain't right, girl  
You getting blackmailed for that white girl  
You always said Yeezy, I ain't your right, girl  
You'll probably find one of them "I like art" type girls  
All of the lights, she was caught in the hype girl  
And I was satisfied being in love with a lie  
Now who to blame, you to blame, me to blame  
For the pain and it poured every time when it rained  
Let's play the blame game, I love you more  
Let's play the blame game for sure  
Things used to be, now they not  
Anything but us is who we are  
Disguising ourselves as secret lovers  
We've become public enemies  
We walk away like strangers in the street  
Gone for eternity, we erased one another  
So far from where we came with so much of everything

How do we leave with nothing?  
Lack of visual empathy  
Equates the meaning of L-O-V-E  
Hatred and attitude tear us entirely  
Chloe Mitchell

Let's play the blame game, I love you more  
Let's play the blame game for sure  
Let's call out names, names, I hate you more  
Let's call out names, names, for sure  
I can't love you this much, I can't love you this much  
I can't love you this much, I can't love you this much  
I can't love you this much, no, I can't love you this much  
I can't love you this much, I can't love you this much  
And I know that you are somewhere doing your thing  
And when the phone called it just rang and rang  
You ain't pick up but your phone accidentally called me back  
And I heard the whole thing  
I heard the whole thing, whole thing, whole thing  
Oh, my God, baby, you done took this shit to the 'nother motherfucking level  
Now a neighborhood nigga like me  
Ain't supposed to be getting no pussy like this

God damn, god damn  
Who taught you how to get sexy for a nigga? Yeezy taught me  
You never used to talk dirty, but now you, you god damn disgusting  
My, my God, wh-wh-where'd you learn that? Yeezy taught me  
Look at you motherfucking butt-ass naked  
With them motherfucking Jimmy Choo's on  
Who thought you how to put some motherfucking Jimmy Choo's on?  
Yeezy taught me  
Yo, you took your pussy game up a whole 'nother level  
This is some Cirque Du Soleil pussy now, shit  
You done went all porno on a nigga, okay?  
And I, I, I, I love it, and I thank you  
I thank you, my dick thanks you  
How did you learn, how di-  
How did your pussy game come up?  
Yeezy taught me  
I was fucking parts of your pussy  
I never fucked before  
I was in there like, "Oh shit I never been here before  
I've never even seen this part of Pussy Town before"  
It's like you got this shit re-upholstered or some shit  
What the fuck happened?  
Who, who the fuck got your pussy all re-upholstered?  
Yeezy re-upholstered my pussy  
You know what, I got to thank Yeezy  
And when I see that nigga I'ma thank him  
I'ma buy the album, I'ma download that motherfucker  
I'ma shoot a bootlegger, that's how good I feel about this nigga  
Oh, I still can't believe you got me this watch  
This motherfucker's the exact motherfucker I wanted  
With the bezel, this is the motherfucker I wanted  
I saw this shit, I saw it  
Twista had this shit on in The Source, I remember  
Twista had this motherfucker on in The Source  
That's right, that's right  
Yo, yo, babe, yo, yo, this is the best birthday ever  
Where you learn to treat a nigga like this?  
Yeezy taught me  
Yeezy taught you well  
Yeezy taught you well