

# Blame

Bryson Tiller

[Intro]

Yeah, ayy, yeah, ayy

Ayy, ayy, yeah, ayy

Ayy, ayy, yeah, ayy

Yeah[Chorus]

Say I didn't love you, you know a nigga loved you

Did you forget to mention?

All the things I did for you, times I made a trip

'Cause I know you hate the distance

Baby, it's alright (It's alright)

Go ahead and take your time

But you gotta make your mind

Make your mind up, ooh

Girl, it's on you to tell me what you wanna do

[Verse]

Ayy

Tell me no, tell me somethin', tell me, is it someone

See you playin' with pronto, must know somethin' I don't, uh

Can't keep explainin' myself, feels like I'm drainin' myself

I guess there's no one to blame but myself

Got a big Henny cup, I'll drink it with help

I'm taintin' myself, I'm ashamed of myself

I've been praying for myself like you used to

Embracin' myself, like you two

I know things is different, your name is different

And as strange as it is, I'm okay with this

And I can't say it different, never even met him

Can't hate the nigga, although I hate the feelin'

I gotta-

Although I hate the feelin', I gotta face the feelin'

I gotta feel that shit

Bury the feelin', kill that shit

The only way to heal that shit, you know

They won't hear a nigga talk that shit as trill as this, as real as this

I'm feelin' like I still got this

I give you more or somethin', until that's it

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