Blame Game

Scott Campbell

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
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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

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