

Blame Game (Featuring John Legend & Chris Rock)

Kanye West

Who's 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 sure
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" (else, else, else)
I took a piss and dismiss it like fuck it and went and found somebody else
Fuck arguing harvesting the feelings, I'd rather be by my fucking self
Till about 2 A.M. and I call back and I hang up and 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
I'll call you bitch 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 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 finna see a, mogul get emotional
Every time I hear bout other, nigga's is stroking you
Might say I hit you
He sitting there consoling you
Rubbing my name threw the mud
Who's provoking you?
You should be grateful a nigga like me ever noticed you
Now you noticeable like can't nobody get control you
1 a.m. and can't nobody get a hold of you
I'm calling your brothers phone like what was I supposed to do
Even though I knew, he never told the truth
He was just gon' say whatever you gon' told him too
At a certain point I had to stop asking questions

Chuck 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 you're right girl
You 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 the lie
And 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
Gon' 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 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 ring and ring
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, whole thing Oh my God
Baby you done took this shit to the nother motherfuckin' level!
Now a neighborhood nigga
Like me ain't supposed to be gettin' no pussy like this
Goddamn, Goddamn! Who thought you how to get sexy for a nigga?
(Yeezy taught me)
You never use to talk dirty, but now you you goddamn disgusting
My, my God, where'd you learn that?
(Yeezy taught me)
Look at you, motherfuckin' butt ass naked, with them, Jimmy Choos on

Who thought you how to put some Jimmy Choos on?
(Yeezy thought 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 OK
And I, and I love it
And I thank you, I thank you, my dick thanks you!
How did you learn, how, how did your pussy game come up?
(Yeezy thought me)
I was fuckin' parts of your pussy I never fucked before
I was in there like ooh 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
Who 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 his album
I'ma download that motherfucker I'ma shoot a bootlegger!
That's how good I feel about this nigga
Ahh, I still can't believe you got me this watch
This motherfucker is the exact motherfucker I wanted!
You went to bezel! This is the motherfucker I wanted
I saw this, I saw it
Twista had this shit on in The Source
I remember! Twista had this 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

Songwriters

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