

# Whose Fault

## Boogie

(I will tear this whole fucking house down  
I'm bettin' you won't do shit  
Oh, really? Try me. Try me!  
Yeah  
Come on, try me!  
Fuck out my face!  
Try me, bitch!  
Then come on and try me!  
Get out my fuckin' face, move!  
What you gonna do?  
Come on, don't stop here  
No, I'm tired of you  
Go head, go  
Go head, stop  
Yeah, whatever  
I have had enough!  
Shut the fuck up!)

Yo, yo  
Uh  
Don't put your hands on me, uh  
Fuck out my phone, I already told you she my damn homie, uh  
You know the buttons still hurtin', and then you gon' stand on em', uh  
And have the nerve to say you'll call another man on me, whoa  
I was aware of your hurt, but I didn't know what your vengeance like  
How the role of the killer switch to the role of the victim? Like  
Why the fuck you keep yellin', "We can't afford no eviction"? Uh  
On my momma, you trippin' bitch, don't be bringin' my kid in this  
She say, "Nigga you ain't shit, shoulda left you where you stand  
Shoulda never let you hit, I shoulda chose up on your friend  
Wish your daddy was around and taught you how to be a man  
'Cause you a, motherfuckin' coward, nigga, let go of my hand  
I swear I hate you, I hate how you think you dumb poppin'  
Nigga, fuck Compton, act like you don't see your son watchin', uh  
I'm done watchin' you fuck him up, keep it pushin', go do you  
Like he don't copy your movements and he ain't lookin' up to you that shit i  
s boo-boo, I hate it  
Know it's actually kinda crazy how you fucked your homegirl and then actual  
ly tried to blame me, like  
No, I'm laughin' because I'm angry, you salty 'cause I been dating don't ask  
me to see your baby, fuckin' pussy"

"At the tone please record your message, when you finish recording you may h  
ang up or press one for more options"  
"Look bro, I don't know what you been on  
But this is the example you want to set for your son?  
Like dude, get it together  
I need some me time  
Your son got practice on Friday and a game on Saturday  
I need you to pick him up after school  
Get out your feelings"

We in darkness, but we addicted to it  
You say my son got a game and I need to get him to it, uh  
Though I miss him, I say, "Shit, no I ain't finna do it"  
'Cause I'm too pissed, I say, "No, bitch, go tell your nigga do it", uh  
Another stereotype that I couldn't prove wrong

Cool with doin' me, but just not tryna let you move on, uh  
The rude tone was too strong, shit, you know I just can't back down  
Know you got me fucked- nah, who that nigga in your background?  
I told you, bitch, don't ever have no nigga 'round my baby  
I'm forever gon' be with it, bitch, don't ever try and play me  
She like, "Boy you fake crazy, I bet you wish you cared then, huh?"  
Then, "I bet you wish that you was there then, huh?"  
I seen the truth when I was buried in my shame  
We already share the pain, how 'bout we finally share the blame?  
You was bitter out my bones and take the hatred out my veins, uh  
Don't look for change, be the change, that's it