

Blame

Bryson Tiller

Yeah, ayy, yeah, ayy
Ayy, ayy, yeah, ayy
Ayy, ayy, yeah, ayy
Yeah

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

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