Pop the champagne and let it rain all over the world Me and my girl about to do the twirl on the dance floor

Who told you to walk up to me with them Louboutin's so high? Baddest bitch I've seen in my life, 'bout to make your boyfrien d cry, make him cry baby

Lord knows, when you were sitting in front of your mirror at ho me

You knew that you were 'bout to get yours, why the hell you put that black dress on? It's so cold

It ain't my fault, just blame it on the dress that you bought I blame it on the way that you walked in the club and stole my heart

It ain't my, ain't my fault
It ain't my, ain't my fault

You know you're wrong baby, but why would you bring him along then sneak and meet me in the bathroom stall?

Slide 'em to the side, don't take 'em all the way off Lord knows, when you were sitting in front of your mirror at ho me

You knew that you were 'bout to get yours, why the hell you put that black dress on? It's so cold

It ain't my fault, just blame it on the dress that you bought I blame it on the way that you walked in the club and stole my heart

It ain't my, ain't my fault
It ain't my, ain't my fault

It ain't my fault, you know you wrong, it ain't my fault You knew that dress was the baddest, as soon as you put it on It ain't my fault, you know you wrong, it ain't my fault If homie don't know he's leaving here alone, it's ain't my

It ain't my fault, just blame it on the dress that you bought I blame it on the way that you walked in the club and stole my heart

It ain't my, ain't my fault
It ain't my, ain't my fault