Big Sean, All Your Fault (ft. Kanye West)

You know we good You talkin' about this shit but whatever We can go back and forth all day

(How much I feel, I live for your love) Lit for your love baby, lit for your love (Live for your love) Lit for your love baby, lit for your love (Live for your love baby, lit for your love (Live for your love baby, lit for your love (Live for your love) Lit for your love baby (Straight up!)

That's that don't play, whoo, that's that new Ye People sayin' I'm the closest thing to Mike since Janet, whoo Tom Cruise, homie, we jumpin' up on them couches That's a fresh house, is that a guest house Your house got another house Your bitch got a bitch, your spouse got another spouse Young Walt Disney, I'ma tell you truthfully If you leave Mickey you gon' end up with a Goofy I imagine thats what Chris told Karrueche Girls be actin' like it's diamonds in they coochie I don't give a fuck, I don't give a fuck But cops chokin' niggas out in the media We finna have to protest and tear the city up We bout to tear this whole place up pretty much (How much I live)

And you know it's all your fault Nobody, nobody, nobody, babe You know it's all your fault Nobody, nobody, nobody, but me

(How much I feel, I live for your love) Lit for your love baby, lit for your love (Live for your love) Lit for your love baby, lit for your love (Live for your love) Lit for your love baby, lit for your love (Live for your love) Lit for your love) Lit for your love baby (Straight up!)

Ho we done made it through hell and disaster My crib done got bigger, my women got badder You wonderin' how do you get in the game I'm wonderin' how do I get to the rafters Oh boy, I'm mad until these records gettin' shattered Til I'm MJ or Magic, oh she just want the status, so You the man she got, but I'm the man she been after She done sent so many naked pics my phone ain't got no data I walk off in New York like my name Derek Jeter Headed home to the D where you know I keep a Gina I'm the good with the evil Fuck you nice to meet you You can have a peace sign man without the middle finger With the clique when you see us, that's my family to me That's my family tree They're my arms, legs, hands, and my feet And I can't cut them off even with diabetes Hit the beat and kerosene it Scratch that, I white sheet it A 100 dollar fade every single time you see us Been a king all my life so I shoulda got a Caesar

Somewhere off in Vegas rollin' dice up at the Caesar's Got me thinkin' back bout how I used to roll to Little Caesar's Piece of pizza with Tanisha Now I'm with a Boniqua She finna blow at that I got your dream girl, yeah she actin' like a ho at that Throw her to me I'ma throw that back Top spot I'm finna go at that (Straight up)

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Ho you gotta move guick (World in my hands, I ain't gotta loose grip I don't like loose pussy or loose lips) And I done did the impossible a few times, Tom Cruise shit Ho and I ain't satisfied bein' on that top 5 list (I ain't satisfied until I'm on that all-time list) Til everything I spit is all timeless (My girl on that all fine list) My life a little luck, a lot of grind Bitch no maybe ho I gotta make it (Fuck your nomination man fuck the world) I'm repopulatin', wrap my rollie round my waist yeah time's a waistin' (Niggas want the comma, comma combination) Long as I'm around, it's gon' be dot dot dot a lot of waitin' Got my pinky on her brain while I'm gettin' brain plottin' world domination (People ask me how I done make it) I'm just like "man if you want the crown, bitch you gotta take it" Straight up