

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)
Lit 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 that's 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)
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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 quick
(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