

# Homewrecker (feat. Weezer)

Vic Mensa

She said everything you say is a lie  
I text you and you never reply  
Sometimes I wish I woulda been with a regular guy  
All these years and you gon' string me on like that?  
Like a puppet and Gepetto when you know I'mma snap  
You don't understand the power that you have to affect me  
Could use it for good, but you'd rather neglect me  
You keep pulling me back like a Chinese finger trap  
I try to let go, but you just won't let me  
I guess that she could sense the sex in the morning  
Judging by the way she kept texting and calling  
Phone blowing up, you say you never ignore me  
She found a rubber in the crib  
She got the evidence on me, damn  
And that's my fault, I made mistakes, G  
I knew you was crazy, but not this crazy  
And still I opened the door, I shoulda known better  
But who'd've ever thought you'd be the wifey and a homewrecker  
She flipped the kitchen table  
and broke a water glass  
Screamed, "Bitch, come out here, I'm coming for yo ass"  
I screamed back like, "Please stay in the bathroom  
Whatever you do, do not leave the bathroom"  
She in the room, ass out like a baboon  
Looking extra hot like a vacay in Cancun  
My girl tryna swing on a nigga with a damn broom  
Now look at the mess we made, baby  
And that's my fault, I made mistakes, G  
I knew you was crazy, but not this crazy  
And I opened the door, I shoulda known better  
But who'd've ever thought you'd be the wifey and a homewrecker  
Damn, the wifey and a homewrecker  
Who'd've ever thought you'd be the wifey and a homewrecker  
Shit I knew you was crazy, I knew you was crazy, but goddamn  
Who'd've ever thought we'd take it this far  
We like to get drunk and get pissed off, but this, dog?  
My chick start ringing every buzzer on the wall  
Fienin' on a nigga like an addict in withdrawals  
My other chick hiding in the bathroom in her drawers  
And me, I'm the middle just like Malcolm in the hallway  
Like, "Please, don't pull a fuckin' stove out the wall, babe  
I knew you was crazy, I knew you was crazy"  
She said, "You don't know what you do to me, baby"

I say, "I do," she say, "You don't," I say, "Let go," she say, "I won't"  
Now we wrestlin' in the kitchen, "How the hell you get so strong?"  
She pull the dressers out the cabinet, all the knives fell on the floor, whoa  
I drive you crazy, but you love that shit  
I'm looking down at the knives, "Please, don't cut that bitch  
I mean, she ain't know I was yo nigga"  
(\*pounding on door\* Open up!)  
She like, "It's time to go, nigga, peace"  
And then police come in the crib, looking all out the window  
And shorty come out the bathroom, mad as a schitzo  
I wanna speak to her, but as a minority  
I had to hide the weed first, that's a priority  
It feels like Love & Hip-Hop should be recording me  
10 minutes later and we acting so cordially  
I got shorty a car, you came back to the door  
I knew we hit rock bottom as we laid on the floor  
And that's my fault, I made mistakes, G  
I knew you was crazy, but not this crazy  
And I made it happen, I shoulda known better  
But who'd've ever thought you'd be the wifey and a homewrecker  
Damn, the wifey and a homewrecker  
Who'd've ever thought you'd be the wifey and a homewrecker  
I knew you was crazy, but not this crazy  
A homewrecker, a homewrecker  
I wanna go back  
A homewrecker, a homewrecker  
A homewrecker, I wanna go back  
A homewrecker

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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