

## Awkword "The Dating Game"

Visit "[The Dating Game](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse 1]

First off, all I ever asked for was truth  
Second, practice what I preach, I was there for you  
Third, I gave you mad chances, I was scared to lose  
Now I tried to be fair, but what's fair 'bout to do  
I use this song as self-expression; pack the bong for a  
cleansing  
Ebonics, the chronic, I'm on it, I said it I meant it  
Defend it 'til deaded, defended the message, that hit  
ya  
Get the f\*ck off my back, yeah ya pussy was wack  
I thank myself when I f\*cked ya, AWK always came with  
a jack  
And I never came up in ya ass, yet ya wanted it bad  
I look back and get sad, and I try to shake it I hate it  
I hate the fact that we dated, I hate the fact there's still  
hatred  
Forget the times we fought, forget the times we  
laughed  
Forget the time in the car, getting gassed, we almost  
crashed  
When I think about it, it's like the whole thing was a  
dream  
So I drink about it, then recruit a new girl for the team.

[Hook]

They call dating a game, and every man's a player  
Oh god damn girl, looks like you f\*cked with a Laker  
I wish I Kobe'd ya ass, and dropped ya off at ya parents  
Surprise surprise, I blew it, you got the earrings with  
karats

Never again, never again, will I get stuck on the fence  
Enemies, friends, our enemies are ex-girlfriends  
They call dating a crapshoot, every move is a bet  
Oh god damn girl, looks like you f\*cked with the best

[Verse 2]

There's six billion people on this earth, this is your  
curse  
I guess that half is females, so this is the verse  
In which you die in my dome, so I can be happy alone

Don't stress this won't be sappy, I cut heads off with poems  
In my life it's like I'm blasting brains, or writing my pains down  
Either way it's hard as hell, tryna clear up these rain clouds  
First I'm oversensitive, then a standoffish prick  
Swallow down my medicines, close my eyes and drift  
That's why, I'm always seeking change, biting my lips  
Is the answer in a bottle or the hands of my therapist?  
Is it stress that breaks my back, or my broken back causin' stress  
Do I blame genetic makeup, how 'bout how I try to clean my mess  
You joked about f\*cking dudes, surprise, you f\*cked a dude  
I'm burnin' you outta my mind, destruction's what I choose  
Everybody listen up, this the number one rule  
Behind every wise crack is a hint at the truth.

[Hook]

They call dating a game, and every man's a player  
Oh god damn girl, looks like you f\*cked with a Laker  
I wish I Kobe'd ya ass, and dropped ya off at ya parents  
Surprise surprise, I blew it, you got the earrings with karats

Never again, never again, will I get stuck on the fence  
Enemies, friends, our enemies are ex-girlfriends  
They call dating a crapshoot, every move is a bet  
Oh god damn girl, looks like you f\*cked with the best.

Visit [Awkword](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.