

I don't like your
Don't like your stage
The you made me play
Of the, no, I don't like you
I don't like your
How you laugh when you
You said the was mine
Isn't, no, I don't like you (oh!)

CHORUS

But I got, I got harder in the
Honey, I rose up from the dead, I do it all the time
I've got a list of names and yours is in red,
I check it, then I check it, oh!

Ooh, look what you made me do
Look what you made me do
Look what you just made me do
Look what you just made me X2

I don't like your keys
They once belonged to me
You ask me for a to sleep
Locked me out and threw a (what!?)
The world moves on, another day, another drama, drama
But not for me, not for me, all I think about is
And then the world, but one thing's for sure (sure)
Maybe I got mine, but you'll all get yours

CHORUS

I don't trust and nobody me
I'll be the starring in your bad dreams X3

(Ooh, look what you made me do)
(Look what you made me do)
(Look what you just made me do)
"I'm sorry, the old Taylor to the phone right now" (Ooh, look what
you made me do)
"Why?" (Look what you made me do)
"Oh, 'cause she's!" (oh!)

Ooh, look what you made me do
Look what you made me do
Look what you just made me do
Look what you just made me

REPEAT