

# Blamegame

## Atmosphere

Yo yo yo...

I wish that I had something to say  
That could wipe that smile right off of your face  
Here take my hand pretend you know my man  
Blame it all on the game, blame it all on the game

?? is a thing that we love  
So here's another one to get jealous of...do it Ja! (?)

So put your hand up if you remember the Juice Crew  
They don't make em' like they used to  
This supposed to be the new school?  
Your guns are aimless, songs are nameless  
How long you been famous?  
I claim this region 200 hundred-mile radius  
Twin Cities' flavors RhymeSayers got the tastiest  
And you can hate me, it's part of the territory  
As long as you know it's impossible to ignore me  
>From middle fingers to hugs, tofu to the drugs  
The fights fist(?), might as well just take pictures of Slug  
And live out your own life to the fullest  
Why you starin' at my feet when you're standin' in this bullshit?  
You could never learn how to ride a bike without balance  
So what's the point of trying to grab the mic without talent  
Go get your brakes looked at, you fuckin' fake hood rat  
Wanna be the basement's greatest? Too late, already took that!  
Father knows best, but Father knows stress  
But Father needs love, a back rub, and some rest  
Damn he could use a good home cooked meal  
Been burnin' both ends since he broke the seal  
Up, up and away, watch him take off  
Give himself a little hell and quit the day job  
And ignite the sunlight, tryin' to write about life  
About face(?), break the fear, and you're here till the plight(?)

And I wish that I had something to say  
That could wipe that smile right off of your face  
Here take my hand pretend you know my name  
And blame it all on the game, blame it all on the game

Cat's be walkin' into the spot like they own it  
Wearin' a face that they should save for they opponents  
With the shoelaces tied, you're(?yet?) too wasted to drive  
Either way I've arrived to bless this place with my vibe  
Yeah right, my vibe ain't even cool  
I sit in the corner and drink until I slur and drool  
The t-shirt says shoot pool, not people  
Kill time, not life, grab the mic and let the beat go  
(Beat go beat go beat go)  
But that's good for me,  
It's hard to hide a magic card when you wear a short sleeve  
Force feed what I've got when they not hungry  
Tryin' to replace everything that they ripped off from me  
Below the tummy, and choke the dummy theory  
Beat the point dead until these folks hear me clearly  
Keep it all simple, a simplistic intricate(?)  
Rebuild the robots with little hands and finger tips

Reprogram, a world full of slow jams  
Grab the prize and clutch it tight with both hands  
Why go ?? talk  
Anyone that calls this fall off(?) can suck my balls off  
I ain't goin' nowhere, I'm still here, right here  
Same spot that I stood when you first woke up  
The same guy that grabbed the mic and made your girl wanna fuck  
The same MC still runnin' on an empty tank of luck

And I wish that I had something to say  
That could wipe that smile right off of your face  
Here take my hand, pretend you know my name  
And blame it all on the game, blame it all on the game  
And I wish that I had something to say  
That could wipe that smile right off of your face  
Come here take my hand, pretend you know..know..know  
Blame it all on the game (Blame it all on the game)

Because of the beats other rhymes, when in fact it did (?whole line?)