

Blame

Papoose

I came in the game with the fame on the brain
What a shame I was in and the changes are taming
All the lames of the game kept staying on my lane
But this train on the brain it was drained
No pain, no game, cocaine, dope game
We was raised by the things we were slinging
Shot us straight in the veins and I ain't been the same
So they staying that I was facing the rainman
Real cake is the same, you were wasting your chance by making it rain
I was raining!
To depend with the thing were you bang with your gang
If you bang with your gang better claim it!
And in fact I stayed it was never ever caded
So what I thought was caded related
We got the pitcher in our places soon as I lace it
Created pain and frame it!
I can send the races with snakes
Fakeness the hatred straight to the Matrix
Drop tune just so you can face it
Basic, embrace it, raise it, bass it appraise it,
Everybody wanna be boss when it's all good
When it goes to the left they complain it
The responsibilities for your own action
What did happen captain
Stop blaming!

Is this for your fault, my fault their fault, out fault
Stop blaming!
I was gonna play fingers to go to bad guy
He did it, she did it, stop blaming!
Sometimes she happens cause it happens when it happens
Gotta stop blaming!
Every time you put your fingers back at somebody else
You hold your finger point back at you!
Stop blaming!

I took my chance to my stance to enhance in events
You're the champ, I'm a take your belt
Sniff coke, shoot dope, take bats off
So you can swallow pills to disgrace your health
You'll be spending on the strippers
Checking on benches giving all your riches
You just waste your wealth
The song goes on, you're a poor old pal
When all goes wrong gotta blame yourself
I will be yarning some carrying still revolve
Was pop take a grudge to his grave,
These feelings he feel were hard
I will be honored to bury your filthy coffin
Build in all this filthy nuisance
Just to ease your guilty conscious
I never walk without a strap closer then a lag
Closer to my lap put the blaze the weapon
You pointing on the rap woke us out of sense
Pull a lot of racks, damn momma raised a legend!
We're tolling on the check tolling on a jet
Put the tool behind your back ain't paper toward us

We go to total getting names just to hate a lame
Never would have take the blame, but you take the credit!

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