

Sammy Kershaw F/ Lorrie Morgan

"Blamegame"

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[Slug]

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

[Sample]

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

[Slug]

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 to 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(?while?) 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
talents
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(?)

[Chorus]

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

[Slug]

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
Bloke(?) 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 bigger tits and little fists
Repo man(?), 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

[Chorus]

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)

[x10]

[Sample]

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

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