

Sammy Kershaw F/ Lorrie Morgan

"Scapegoat"

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Verse One: SLug

It's the caffeine, the nicotine, the miligrams of tar
It's my habitat, it needs to be cleaned, it's my car
It's the fast talk they use to abuse and feed my brain
It's the cat box it needs to be changed, it's the pain
It's women, it's the plight for power it's government
It's the way you're giving knowledge
slow with thought control and subtle hints
It's rubbing it, It's itching it, It's applying cream
It's the foreigners sight seeing with high beams, It's in
my dreams
It's the monsters that I conjure, It's the marijuana
It's embarrassment, displacement, it's where I wander
It's my genre, It's Madonna's videos
It's game shows, cheap liquor, blunts,
and bumper stickers with rainbows
It's angels, demons, gods, it's the white devils
It's the monitors, the soundman, it's the fucking mic
levels
It's gas fumes, fast food, Tommy Hil' and mommy's pill
Columbia House music club, designer drugs and
rhyming thugs
It's bloods, crips, fives, six
It's stick up kids,
It's christian conservative terrorists, it's porno flicks
It's the east coast, no it's the west coast
It's public schools, it's asbestos
It's mentholated, It's techno
It's sleep, life, and death
It's speed, coke, and meth
It's hay fever, pain relievers, oral sex, and smokers
breath
It stretches for as far as the eye can see
It's reality, fuck it , it's everything but me

On and on and on and on
The list goes on and on and on and on
"it's all according that life on a whole..."

It's in the water, it's in the air, it's in the meat

It's indirect, indiscrete, inconsistent, incomplete
It's in the streets, every city and everywhere you go
In every man it's the insanity, the fantasy, the
casualties
It's the health care system, it's welfare victims
It's assault weapons, it's television religion, and it's
false lessons
It's cops, police, pigs with badges guns and sticks
It's harassment and a complex you carry when you're
running shit
It's wondering if you get to eat, it's the heat
It's the winter , the weather
It's herpes, and it's forever
It's the virus that takes the lives of the weak and the
strong
It's the drama that keeps on between me and my
seed's mom
It's that need to speak long, it's that hunger for
attention
It's the wack , who attack songs of redemption
It's prevention, It's the first solution
It's loose, it's out for retribution,
it's mental pollution...and public execution
It's the nails that keep my hands and feet to these
boards
It's the part time job that governs what you can afford
It's the fear, It's the fake
It's clear it can make time stop
and leave you stranded in the year of the snake
It's the dollar, yen, pound, it's all denomination
It's hourly wages for your professional observations
It's on your face and it's in your eyes
It's everything you be
Cause it ain't me, motherfucker, cause it ain't me, uh

On and on and on and on
The list goes on and on and on and on (3x)
"It's all according that life on a whole..."

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