

X Mia

"Don't Blame Me (Ft. C-Murder, Mr. Serv-On)"

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[Chorus: C-Murder]

Don't blame me for the pain the world has caused
Don't blame me for your own imperfectionate flaws
If every individual were to accept his own blame
I think the world would be a better change
A better change

Nigga don't blame me cause my lyrics hittin your chest
like gunshots
And my thoughts seepin into your brain like cooked
rocks
It's like a thick I have on a nigga mind is ??? yall
Sort of like ????????? of thugs
To break off from an overrated government full of
corruption and hypocrites
That try to immoralize yourself when they untouchable
by laws, that's bullshit
They say I'm overrated, but I'm highly educated
Incarcerated but reinstated and I know them faders
really hate it
Rest in peace Malcom and King, TRU soldiers of the
black folks
See while yall gone, I'm a be a mouthpiece for the
ghetto
I feel like it's my duty, I be elected through spirit
One of the chosen few soldiers from the infamous No
Limit
Records, a cooliation of highly respected ghetto
millionares and servents
Just some independant brothers that deserve it
Now don't point your finger partner, just pratice what
you preach
Cause it really ain't my fault playa, so don't blame me

[Chorus]

[Mr. Serv-On]

Believe me
If I had my wish I'd robbin every day nigga wake
Cause if you let the world tell em my lyrics are the
reason why
Lil niggas took the pains they can't take

Or the troubles he left behind
Why I gotta be the vision
I ain't even lookin at when your child choose music and
he choose mine
But if you was a better parent he wouldn't look up to my
kind
And time life taught me
The last minutes of your life is like bail, you either
make it or you don't
You either goin love me or you won't
But don't blame me when your child ain't got enough to
eat
And nigga I appreciate if you goin buy my CD's
But yall ain't got a decent pair of shoes on his feet
The streets taught me you gotta accept your blame and
don't blame it on others
I look at my mother and I watch her suffer
But we beat the bad times in uptown
And nobody gave a fuck, everybody came around
We made it on our own
And turned a fucked up life into a happy home

[Chorus: C-Murder]

[Mia X]

Don't blame me because my skin tone's like God's own
The oldest skeleton was chose to be an Africans born
I'm from a strong race of people who can never be
denied
Every tear we cry's like rain water and so our sea dries
Ghetto flowers shades of ebony in full bloom
Women of color got sentenced, blessings unto our
womb
They'd rather see us doomed, placin flowers on
tombstones
But BeBe's kids multiply while yall tryin to plum to save
your own
Label me wrong because I spit the raw real
Yall feel all my verses, even if I curse it's straight
through em
Screw em, I takes my blame, you hypocrites make me
sick
Tryin to sabotage my arches, thoughts stay on some
scandalous shit
Get a grip on the way you truely live
Entertainment can't raise your little kids
Run your households
You got to mold thier minds and tell them what to look
out for
Gangsta rap won't be a cop out no more

[Chorus] - 2X

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