

Atlas Sound

"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 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(?)

[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
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

[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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