

BLAMED

Uh-oh, ive been blamed again
fifty chain on my neck, but i feel the same
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Don't really know why, but i hear my name

I got used to dishonesty, but i prefer honesty
Honestly, this shit got too far from me
Laughable like comedy
Words of many quality
Story being shifted like its about some policy
Like its congenital anomaly, shaping its own self
Like you cant do it yourself, damaging ourselves
By avoiding consequences of our actions, in such a little fractions
Causing individuals all sorts of reactions now
Lemme tell yall about lil game, its bein blamed
Passing baton on someone to avoid getting framed
Self-proclaimed innocence straying away further
Incidents and arguments now becoming burden
And saying some shit feels like pointing guns
To families, friends, nuns and even real ones
Feelin thick in lungs, their hearts beating like drums
But all of that wont even matter when the time comes
My life has values but yours don't, its such a shame
That we have to see people who we love to go fade away
Such catastrophe, its really insane
All my heart, all my pain, imma keep it this way, now
Would you be a man to avoid the judgement
By being a lil bitch, playing safe in your own movement
And saying dumb shit making you look demented
They'd fear and hate you if they learn the man you represent

Trust wont fail me now
I wont ever vow
To lies, and fake eyes
I can see devil in disguise, i despise
If you gon' blame me, ill drag us both in my demise
Affecting franchise, of relationships and trust
Bitch might combust
To every piece of declaration of what is right and what is wrong
We should adjust, to better communication
Every person doing shit, failed civilization
Scrap that, we should get to know each other better
So that mirrors of acceptance never shatter
So can you do me a favor? Never pass a blame
If i must, ill be the one to play this game, no position to claim
What is right what is wrong,
Do we fight, are we strong,
To accept ourselves and our misconceptions so we don't feel perplexed
Read our movements like FedEx
You blame all that happened cause you broke up with yo ex
I know treasures are marked under x, but that'd be lie to comfort around
Not a shoulder to stick around and to drop to relax
Now it haunts both you and me
You broke a vase, and now passing a blame on me
But can you fix what is broken with only reversing the roles
Or are you gon' do something about it and fix path to your goals

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