

Pass The Buck

2 Skinnee J's

Rumor has it that there's been a job botched
That the ball's been dropped by hands made of blocks
Blame bounces back and forth like a shuttlecock
But give it back to me and it gets ill got
Oh no, you must be mistaken
I abhor your tortures, but there will be no confessions from me
My lips are locked like vaults
Well you can call me San Andreas but it's not my fault
I heard the rumor had a rendezvous
Well, yes, it came on by my place but it passed right through
I've made mistake before, yes I must be fair
I saw YOU drop the ball like at New Year's, Times Square
Where did the buck stop, it took a walk
Sailed like Argonauts, fled like Huegonots
Across the sea to Canada thrown like potato hot
And it lands in the hands of the nappy head

I rise to my defense, counsel approach the bench
Relaxed in the past but I'm in the present tense
Acquitted by my diction my conviction appeals to the fabricatio
n of the fiction
Never tell a lie, well maybe just a little one
But if you want to point the finger, here's the middle one
I pass the puck like Lindros pass the puck
Papparazzi want to drag me into the muck, what the?
I don't think so I'll sing so you get the picture
I solely swear on a stack a scriptures
Script was written and I'm just an actor
Try to pull through all the bull like a tractor
Attractive as a scapegoat, but I'm sorry
Have to find fault with the ones that came before me
I checked it, it was wrecked when I arrived here
But give them an inch they'll take a light year