

Scapegoat

Atmosphere

It's the caffeine, the nicotine, the milligrams 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 givin' knowledge
Slow with thought control and subtle hints
It's rubbin' it, itchin' it, it's applyin' cream
It's the foreigners sight seein' with high beams, it's in my dreams
It's the monsters that I conjure, it's the
marijuana
It's the embarrassment, displacement, it's where I wander
It's my genre, it's Madonna's videos
It's game shows, it's cheap liquor, blunts
It's bumper stickers with rainbows
It's angels, demons, gods, it's the white devils
It's the monitors, the soundman, it's the motherfucking 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 everythin' but me
On and on and on and on
The list goes on and on and on and on
The list goes 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 all according that life on a whole
It's all according that life on a whole
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, indiscreet, it's inconsistent, incomplete
It's in the streets, every city, 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 runnin' shit
It's wonderin' 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 whack 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, everything you be
'Cause it ain't me, motherfucker, 'cause it ain't me On and on and on and on
The list goes on and on and on and on
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The list goes on and on and on and on It's all according that life on a whole
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