

# 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 Hugonots  
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 fabrication 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  
Paparazzi want to drag me into the muck, what the? I don't think so, I'll sing so you get the picture  
I solemnly 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 one's that came before me  
I checked it, it was wrecked when I arrived here  
But you give them an inch they'll take a light year

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