

Fall Out

Burt,Johnny

This, this is brought to you
By the K-1, Emergency Broadcasting System
In the, in the event of an actual emergency
 You will be told to fall out
 S.I. rockin' it, N.Y. rockin' it
 S*** we stay poppin' it, 4-5 rockin' it
 Game stay on top of it, lame, just the opposite
It's no thang, when I "bring the pain" ain't no stopping it
 Who the f*** is this? About to bring the ruckus
This just ya boy, I'm some on other s***, my n****, take a puff of this
 Piff man, I'm loving this, is Staten Island up in this?
 B****, like we running it, and somebody wanna public
 Turn it up a bit, so my thugs can thug a bit
 If I got my brother get, K, we got another hit
 L***** please, where y'all puffin' them trees?
I'm damaging M.C.'s, oxygen, you can't breathe, fall
 Fall out, yeah, I'm going all out
 Hold on, man, what's really going on
And when I'm coming, a hundred miles and running
 Keep back, y'all ain't got it like that
 Fall out, yeah, I'm going all out
 Hold on, man, what's really going on
And when I'm coming, a hundred miles and running
 Keep back, y'all ain't got it like that
Here we go again, h***-smoke, blowing in the wind
 Cops chasing, wanna throw him in the pen
And the day he leave the game, yo, he going in the Benz
 On them 24's looking like he rolling on the rims
All daying, know what I'm sayin', I'm staying up to par, parleyin'
 While y'all hating, I'm splitting this cigar
Man, it's nathan, all y'all do is aim and start spraying
'Cause tonight's the night, and me and my n***z ain't playing
 Y'all done did it now, another critic kicked Tical
 Alotta n***z mad 'cause I ain't fold like they figure now
 Let me put my fitted down, spit around
Listen when this hit the ground, y'all gon' hear the difference now

 Here I got that miracle, sickest individual
 Flow that's so original, see this is what they meant to do

It's not an act, it's all actual fact
The kid is back, making tracks, catch panic attacks, and fall
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 Aww s***, ain't this about a b****
 Give a f*** about a b****, I'm more about a grip
 And I'm all that a n**** got, the more he gotta get
 Feeling like a million dollars, buyin' million dollar s***
 What y'all dealing with, one shot killing it?
 Stop changing my style, when y'all stop stealing it
 Meth is chillin' like milk top killing
 If it ain't got no real in it, I'm probably not feeling it
 I'm deadin' ya kids and burn another blizz
 What it is, what it is, Wu-Tang is for the kids?
 So n****z please, why y'all puffin' them trees
 I'm damaging M.C.'s, oxygen, they can't breathe, fall
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 Keep back, y'all ain't got it like that
 Rest in peace Ol' Dirty B***** a.k.a Dirt McGirt

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