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
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Rest in peace Ol' Dirty B****** a.k.a Dirt McGirt

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