Fallin'

Raiden

I remember way back I mean way back ages
Eighth grade I think, feels like yesterday
Bowl cuts was the craze I was crazy long blond hair all over the place
And I'm pale as I ever was
Baby face, with a frame like a skeleton
Skinny kid, no friends loved by everyone
No shit I was cool, I had plenty fun
But one wish I would grow up big,
no not built
but they said
drink my milk
Didn't get nowhere switched up diet
Started having hip hop, Pops didn't buy it
Wanted more Springsteen, Earth, Wind, Fire
Felt that was fine but to rhyme, had to try it
Couldn't hide the fact that I wanted to rap
Bought Jay Z CD with my own cash man
And that was back in 98 with the Annie sample and, Money ain't a thing
And even though I couldn't relate, I kept studying, and listening and stuffing my face and now
(Chorus)
And then came High School
Started picking up a mic thought I was cool
My friend said homie, you know that your white dude?
I said What, for real? Yo its all good.
Cause like this, when I tried it,

Liked it
Flipped it
Hyped it
Insisted the mic be positioned just right
Just like that 9th grade footy heard, straight from the Philly burbs, feel me? Pretty sure.
Suburban Threat was the name, we would really work
Steady ways the day spitting silly versus
No curses, writing bout our girlfriends, ball point pen, mind spinning like a whirlwind
Getting on the mic, I'm a wizard like Merlin
Breaking barriers, tearing walls like its Berlin
(Chorus)
And I think it was the summer of 12th grade
When Uncle C passed away leaving us empty

And it hurt
Real bad
Disturbed
Real sad
But we had, to move on, so in fact real fast, we wrote this song About fallen ones, and miscues, and misuse, and the misuse of words used to diss dudes
So true.
In a serious face I'm convinced God works in mysterious ways, like everything happens for a reason, I had to believe it, cause that would explain why the leave us
As for people that mean everything, I got love for them all, they'll be their if I fall, but
(Chorus)

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