

# Fall Apart

## Dels

A fool said I'm off white to saturate my blackness  
Got my features from my mother  
And my heart is where my Dad is  
As the world turns and spins on it's axis  
I'd be lying if I said I wasn't confused as a youth  
All of that madness  
Religion clashing with science as I feel to seek the truth  
Rasta said seek Zion, ride the iron lion too  
Towards a gold light, where the paradise looms  
Then he asked me for a lighter and started sparking up a zoot  
I'm tired got my third eye in a slumber  
It's blood shot red, it's like we're dead slipping under  
Feel the hunger, can't nothing stop these stomach pains  
It's growling louder than a neon bear on a Summers Day  
As it's prey escapes and evades with no trace  
Pick up the flow pace  
As I stream these words from the dome  
Eyes on the Throne because nobody's home  
I'm gonna camp here right below, repetition, writing the flows  
Underground, all on my own...  
If you don't believe me then bell my phone?!  
Man, I should've been a blizzard because I'm that cold  
Dusting of my mind these rhymes will put you in a choke hold  
Dragging both feet on the pavement  
I load up these thoughts take aim, start spraying... Time to let go!  
Man, I should've been a blizzard because I'm that cold  
Dusting off my mind these rhymes will put you in a choke hold  
Dragging both feet on the pavement  
I load up these thoughts take aim, start spraying...Time to let go! (And ain't holding back!)  
It's time to let go! (And I ain't coming back!)  
All of these verbs that I'm leaking, that I'm aiming for your heart  
These words will penetrate it, let's all watch it fall apartTime to let go! (And ain't holding back!)  
It's time to let go! (And I ain't coming back!)  
All of these verbs that I'm leaking, that I'm aiming for your heart  
These words will penetrate it, let's all watch it fall apart  
Hmm  
I see dead people?!  
Dead to the world, soundbwoy got killed, that's evil!  
Punchline montage that is the blow I dealt (Tell 'em now!)

Look in the mirror, can't even see myself?!

Hmm

You see my Brothers think I've made it

But I can't pay my rent, and the landlord is complaining

I'm a cactus to her anus, now he's dreaming that it's raining

Money's falling from the sky, my palms are sweating trying to claim it...

But then it sinks straight through

Trying to keep my cool, in the grand scheme of things

Some say that I need a rinse in holy water, I prefer bourbon

Drowning my sorrows 'til I'm yawning on this recording

Writing my thoughts between the margin

Mumbling to myself, Skylarking in the garden

Trying not to tarnish all these colours dripping, dripping

Off my mind

But-But I lost my balance, slipping, slipping, every time...

Hold Up!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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