

Fallin' (DJ Platurm Remix)

De La Soul

Travelling at the speed of love
Hey kids, what's up
Remember when I used to be dope, yeah
I owned a pocket full of fame But look what you're doing now, Well I know, I know
I lost touch with reality, now my personality
Is an unwanted commodity (ooh yeah)
Can't believe I used to be Mr Steve Austin on the mike (Six million ways) I used to run it
I guess Oscar Goldman got mad
'Cause I got loose circuits (so loose)
I seen the mother goose with the eggs that seemed to be Fallin Fallin Fallin
You played yourself [Repeat: x 4] Yo pack my bags cause I'm out of here
My momma don't love me and my momma don't care
Read the papers the headlines say
Washed up rapper got a song (Rock on) I knew I blew the whole fandango
When the drum crew never wore a Kangol
Never could be like fake, fish won't bite bait
Realize that I'm over like clover No good lucking so Maze hit the fucking beat
While the teenage fans are here
I bring it to the blues, I pay all my dues
So what's gone dead, let me use my forehead Easy pack it up man, let me stop stalling
'Cause everything I do is like falling Falling Falling
You played yourself

Songwriters

LYNNE, JEFF/PETTY, TOM/BLAKE, NORMAN GEORGE/HOUSTON, PAT Published by
Lyrics © EMI Music Publishing, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent
9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>