

# Fall From Paradise

## Classified

I know that everything that goes up, must come down  
That everybody with luck, must run out  
Ya, so now I'm contemplating, like 'what's up now'  
The music thing is all gone, but I'll suck it up proud  
I did more than I imagined, tours I couldn't fathom  
Broke down doors for sure, I let 'em have it  
If any opportunity came, I had to grab it  
Any goals set, I rose, then ran past it  
Not a superstar and never wanted that  
But I did sign some autographs on some groupies' ass  
Smoked a lot of free weed from St. John's to BC  
They came out the wood work, to see me speak  
That was paradise[Chorus][Verse 2:]  
I went thru all types of bullshit, the story go way back  
And I'm proud of myself now, though it's corny to say that  
Hip hop in Enfield was really non existence  
Parents thought I was a fad, Dad I gone the distance  
I tried to make a difference, I kept workin off persistence  
Noone paid attention, now I talk and they listen  
Emcees are often dissin, like I'm the man to beat  
Ya I met a lot of rap stars that still a fan of me  
I rock shows wit Busta, had songs in his movie  
A chicken wit Luda, conversated wit some doobie  
I drank wit Buck Shot, and Dj Evil D  
I did songs wit Maestro, and smoked hash wit Keith Moby  
I love hip hop, cause it made me who I am  
It gave me confidence, and it made a honest man  
This is paradise, and I found a promise land  
So now I'm chillin and enjoyin my accomplishments  
It's paradise[Chorus]

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

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