Falling Down

Professor Green

Yogi man,
I'm sicka this shit bruv, swear down,
just as things start looking up,
it all goes to shit again,
story of my fucking life!
I don't wanna live my life this way,
picture me behind a desk...
Picture that,
a 9-to-5 I ain't into that,
I'm into rap an I don't see me gettin' an office job with these tats,
So what choice do I have man?
Do I sign on or do I bag grams?
Long signing for dole,
I wanna get signed for my flow an my rhymes,
I'm a pro when I'm nice I know,
If I grind then I'll blow so why,
am I wasting time on the roads,
now Mike's interested,
I should probably give it a rest before I get arrested.
(chorus)
Why don't I learn from my mistakes?
Why oh why, oh why...
All I want's to change my ways!
Why oh why, oh why...
Do I always end up back h-h-h-h-h-h-h (here)
Stuck on the wrong side of town,
With my head spinning,
I keep on falling down!
(chorus background)
But then I got arrested, whoops
never been arrested, for so much as an eighth of weed
and i get arrested for kidnap, blackmail
false imprisonment, and possession with intent to supply
urghh, typical of my fuckin' luck really innit
just as I'm about to sign a deal with Mike
I might be doin' a fuckin' bird
I don't wanna sell weed no more,
hated the cycle but I kept pedalling,
Nan just found poon under my bed again,

I'm a let down again,
And she screaming "get this shit out the house!" again,
There's no curving the truth
The bags too big to be for personal use
There's no excuses,
She knows what the truth is!
I do flip, keys of green, to get me a few quid,
She's looking at me so dissapointed,
All I can say is "I won't do it again"
But she knows I will...

(chorus)
Why don't I learn from my mistakes?
Why oh why, oh why...
All I want's to change my ways!
Why oh why, oh why...
Do I always end up back h-h-h-h-h-h-h (here)
Stuck on the wrong side of town,
With my head spinning,
I keep on falling down!
(chorus background)
Never learn man
There's no plan B for me!
I ain't got shit to fall back on!
I left school at year 8
I don't own, an education
Sellin' weed an writing lyrics is all I know
Fuck man
(falling down x16)
I got arrested and raided,
then I got signed,
and I bust case,
So now everythings fine,
but now everythings not, (not)
Not did only I get dropped the whole label did,
and I wasted my advance so I ain't got shit!
I'm stuck at Warner's and them pricks won't push my album,
but it's cool as soon as I'm free I'm gonna do it without them,
8 months later I'm still stuck in my deal,
In debt with my lawyer, time to get back on this Ferris Wheel,
I'm stuck on this Carousel,
when will this ever end?
This is hell for me I'm back at the beginning again,
Someone please get me offa this circus ride,
the horse that I'm riding's hurtin' my thighs... erm,

(chorus)
Why don't I learn from my mistakes?
Why oh why, oh why...
All I want's to change my ways!
Why oh why, oh why...
Do I always end up back h-h-h-h-h-h-h (here)
Stuck on the wrong side of town,
With my head spinning,
I keep on falling down!
(chorus background)
An before some funny guy tries to make a joke about me riding a horse
It IS a metaphor!
What I mean is I'm sick of hustlin', I'm sick of the grime
I am SICK of things going to shit
JUST when they're lookin' up
I don't know if this shit is ever gonna work for me
I swear down blud I'm so fed up yo
Urghh, I cannot be dealing with it, anymore

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