Fallin'

De La Soul

Intro
Travellinnnnnnnnnnnnnn' at the speeeeeeeed...of thought...
Verse 1
Hey, yo kids! (what's up!)
Remember when I used to be dope? (yeah...)
I owned a pocketful of fame...
(but look what you're doin' now!)
I know, well I know
I lost touch with reality, now my personality
Is an unwanted commodity (believe it!)
Can't believe I used to be mr steve austin on the mic
Six million ways I used to run it
I guess oscar goldman got mad
Cos I got loose circuits (so loose, sigga-sigga so loose...)
I be the mother goose with the eggs
That seem to be...
[fallin'...]Chorus

You played yourself x4
Verse 2
A-yo, pack my bags cos I'm outta here
Mama don't love me and my mama don't care
Read the papers the headlines say
"washed up rapper got some [buck-kawk!]"
Lingo's busted while the guitar sways
B-side copy for the radio plays for somethin'
I knew I blew the whole fandango
When the drum programmer wore a kangol
Never could be light, great fish won't bite
Fake, realise that I'm over like clover
No good luckin' so mase beep the f(hey!)ckin' beat
While the teenage fan the heat
I bring it to the glues, paid all my dues
So what's gone's dead, let me use my forehead
Easy, pack it up, man, let me stop stallin'
Cos everything I do is like fallin'
[fallin'...]Repeat chorus (many times)

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