

# De La Soul

## "Fallin"

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Intro

Travellinnnnnnnnnnnnnn' at the speeeeeeed...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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