

## Phonte

# "Everything Is Falling Down"

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[Intro: Phonte]

Yo...

New Tigallo New Tigallo New Tigallo

4: 30...7...7-7: 30...2.2: 15

[Phonte]

Aiyyo, don't need a new style, bein dope is always in fashion

Peace to the West Coast montage fash-ion

Everything's in house, don't need a mans-ion

Doper than the last one, pussy niggas soundin like

Meow Mix

I spit that foul shit, And 1

Everybody's swingin, holla at me if you land one

Don't need perfection, just pass-ion

and don't need to be signed, I ain't got a fuckin cast on!

Lot of opportunity, easy bread I passed on

It just felt troublin, now class is in session

and we got them testers bubblin/bubble-in like

Scantron

Fresh out the kitchen, signed with a stamp on

I'm on some greatness, y'all on some lateness

with no foundation so it could never last long

I display patience, I done played Jason

It's Saturday the 14th, FUCK you got a mask on, nigga?

C'mon

[Chorus: Phonte] (Jeanne Jolly)

Pushin me to the brink

A stagger in my footsteps and I don't even drink

It's so much on my mind, dog, and I can't even think

(It feels like everything is fall-ing doooown)

Pushin me to the brink

A stagger in my footsteps and I don't even drink

It's so much on my mind, dog, and I can't even think

(It feels like everything is fall-ing doooown)

[Phonte]

They say the 336 is what raised 'em, but the 919 made 'em

Stark, raving rhyme like he ain't got the good sense

God gave 'em

Anybody on his bad side, God save 'em

Late night by the bedside, God, praise Him

He's the captain that told me to kneel  
And when I was surrounded by them monkey-ass  
niggas  
He told me to peel, broke free of my deal  
and left shackles, racin like Petty in the stock  
Now he heavy on the block like guards and left tackles  
See where I come from and, you and yours are up in  
arms  
like gunrunners, and you are confronted  
with, 99 problems and can't keep it 100  
Then at the day's end you ain't really done nothin  
I made a new lane for myself and said, "Fuck it"  
Why +Rage Against the Machine+ when you can just  
unplug it?  
F'real  
[Chorus]  
[Phonte]  
Eastside, Bingham St. repper  
Tay rock the spot like I'm half-leopard  
And pray for you lames like I'm half-leper  
If it don't fill the coffers, mother-FUCK the offers  
Ah-choo at yu niggas like I'm black pepper  
With wine and some fima beans, I'm half-Lector  
King, shit Kane, shit +No Half-Stepper+  
They say, "Why would he?" They say, "How could he?"  
That's how they push me to the brink  
Stagger in my footsteps and I don't even drink  
It's so much on my mind, dog, and I can't even think  
(It feels like everything is fall-ing doooown)  
Yo. listen  
[Chorus 1/2]  
[Outro: Phonte]  
Aiiyyo, 919, 910, 252, 704  
336 (It feels like everything is fall-ing doooown)  
I'm on my Carolina shit.  
New Tigallo New Tigallo New Tigallo New Tigallo  
Young Khrysis. (It feels like everything is fall-ing  
doooown)

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