

Roots Manuva "The Falling"

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Guns, bitches, hoes, crack
Death and disease, and a baseball bat
S T D's that have no name
Down at the clinic with a face full'a shame

Russian Roulette with a naked flame
Dangerously slow but in the fast lane
A big nose bleed and a bag of cocaine
Just got the news about the tumor in my brain

Just don't care so we sniff it all the same
Caught my best friend sleepin' with my girlfriend, Jane
Now I'm thinkin' of a way to get them slain
Assassins for hire, they shall get paid

Two-G, Three-G, whatever it costs
None of those fools shoulda got me crossed
I'm just about ready for some treacherous thing
Hand grenade on the plane looks another dunblane

Mass murderin', brains on the floor
You're dead 'cause I said you shouldn't live no more
You done and made me lose my cool
Where's my tool? Who's the bigger fool?

Road rage, pavement rage, all kind of rage
You'll be lucky if you get to see some old age
Every other day's a good day to die
Best be careful, if you's love your life

You don't know nothin', you don't see nothin'
You don't be nothin', you don't do nothin'
But we all got to be something and somebody
But everybody here can't be that rich

You know the sayin', 'Life's A Bitch'
I got my finger on the trigger with a nervous twitch
Keep your mouth shut, help me dig this ditch
Don't you be a stupid bitch

I took a blunt knife and cut a piece of my heart
That's my sacrifice, my wayward device

It sound mad though, my self-mutilation like
Doctor Fosters and his very first patient

The God's ain't happy 'cause man is praisin' himself
Plannin' to get to Heaven with that earthly wealth
Blood money, grudge money, nobody budge money
Mass futility, souls on the guillotine

Meantime I unravel, callin' Jimmy Saville
Come fix my epitomy I'm bitterly the bitterness

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