

## Vakill "Fallen"

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[Vakill]

I was the nicest for at least the last six months  
Single went dope, got heavy rotation from Funk Flex  
and didnt have to ask Stick once  
Penned flows that was most quoted  
Kept the toast loaded for magazine critics incase the  
alleged niggaz ghostwrote it  
Spit with the armored fist  
And for a list had no escape route from the slums so  
round it became an orifice  
Now I'm eating good and pushing whips  
Problem is, I'm pussy whipped by a bitch that dropped  
me same time the label did  
Album sells wasn't well, no reach quota  
So my foundation which was once mentally and  
financially stable slid  
Traumas all, was on alchohol plus I done acid  
Put every egg into one basket  
Now my mind rages cause imposters of label reps  
getting gun blasted  
Won passed it  
Fuck it, one life, one love, one casket  
Wound up at the CEO office and blow his flesh of his  
chest  
And left that nigga slumped on his office desk

[Chorus]

My mouth wasn't built to handle rejection  
(I'm Fallen)  
You only fucking with, answer the question  
(I'm Fallen)  
Fuck trying to reason with logic  
Reason with this sixteen shot cartridge holding a  
label hostage

[Slug]

How many are dead?  
How many gain pieces does he have now?  
(two, one woman and one man)  
Now here we go again  
Another day trying to defend a belief

Time to make friends with the beast  
How many guns he got?  
Only one's been shot  
Let me see his demands  
And a copy of the foreplans  
Whats the odds of suicidal?  
Let's try to get him on the horn  
And inform him of my arrival  
N-n-n-n-n-no no vest  
I'm going in soft  
If he's gonna take my head off then he's gotta take my  
head off  
Now what's his name?  
Does he have a family?  
What's his background?  
Did he pick the place randomly?  
Get his girl on the phone  
Locate his mom  
(Move, move, move people now, now)  
We're dealing with a time bomb  
And I'mma take it through the front door  
Look him in the eyes  
See if we can make this grown man cry

[Chorus]

V: Lets sway my options, and put in perspective my  
postition  
Stop the mission  
It's a straight shot to prison without a pot to piss in  
Fuck the negotiating, I don't expect for you cops to  
listen  
You probably setting me up to get shot by a  
sharpshooter from the SWAT devision  
Tell them bitches I won't be that easily overthrown  
I know they're listening in on your mobile phone  
You don't know my pain, you're probably living like a  
king on some noble throne  
In the suburbs with a fucking Camero and a mobile  
home  
All I want is my deal back  
But the A&R stays put, in turn, I'll give you the intern  
S: What's the catch  
V: I want an even bigger deal  
No funny shit cause I'm holding the trigger's steel  
and I'll drop this bitch faster than Jigga did to Mil  
S: Alright I hear you  
But still it's my responsibility  
To guarentee these hostages are walking out of here  
with me  
Your everything is on their safety

V: Yo Fuck, that  
S: Yo, no way around that  
We've got the place surrounded  
So what's your call kid  
Your move, whatchya gonna do?  
You've gotta face the truth  
(Wait I've gotta face the truth)  
Cause the more I toss it all around my head  
The more I feel  
Everything that you said  
Alright so here's the fucking deal  
Gimme the intern  
Let the A&R burn  
And as far as I'm concerned this meeting is adjourned  
The woman and I, we're about to walk out that door  
Here's a handshake soldier cause we both won the war

A&R: Wait, Wait, what are you leaving for its your job  
Come back here

V: Naw, fuck that

A&R: Wait, wait we can think this up now cause-

V: Naw, fuck that, fuck you

[Vakill]

How can you reason with the brain savagely ripped  
from it's humane frame  
Gave sweat, tears, and slit a main vein  
Now I aim flame and squeeze out a vengeance for  
every  
career the industry ruined 4,080 in this fucked up  
game playing  
Open ya mouth foul bitch  
Cause now I got this 40-cal-inch \*gunshot\* for you to  
tussle  
I keep bullets for every artist that signed a loud pitch  
Funny sometimes  
I fast fake and take a tumultuous twist in life's style  
switch  
I don't know what world beyond this lies  
But I can see my future, not just career through  
Ganda's eyes  
Once I let this slug out, I struck out  
Nevermind my side of the playing field till I was  
underneath the dugout  
No matters, what could possibly be worse  
Unless that somehow the tables was reversed  
I know the Jakes is coming and I can't wait to let this  
heat burst  
I'ma kill everybody  
And just to prove that I ain't bullshitting  
I'ma start with me first \*gunshot\*

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