

# The Falling

Roots Manuva

Guns, bitches, hoes, crack  
Death and disease, and a baseball bat  
S-T-Ds 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 tumour in my brain  
But we 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, what-ever it costs  
None of those fools shoulda got me crossed  
I'm just about ready for some treachorous fame  
Ten grenades on the plane, whoops, another Dunblane

Mass murderin', brains on the floor  
You're dead 'cause I said you shouldn't live no more  
You done made me, lose my cool  
Where's my tool? Who's the bigger fool?  
Road rage, pavement rage, all kinds of rage  
You're 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 Foster and his very first patients  
God's unhappy 'cause we man's praisin' himself  
Plannin' to get to heaven with that earthly wealth  
Blood money, grudge money, no-body budge money  
Mass futility, souls on the guillotine  
Meantime I unravel, callin' Jimmy Saville  
"Come fix my epitome, I bid to leave this bitterness"