

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"