

Travelling at the speed of love  
Hey kids, whats up  
Remember when I used to be dope, yeah  
I owned a pocket full of fame  
But look what you're doing now, Well I know, I know  
I lost touch with reality, now my personality  
Is an unwanted commodity (ooh yeah)  
Can't believe I used to be Mr Steve Austin on the mike  
(Six million ways) I used to run it  
I guess Oscar Goldman got mad  
Cause I got loose circuit's (so loose)  
I seen the mother goose with the eggs that seemed to be  
Fallin Fallin Fallin

You played yourself  
Yo pack my bags cause im out of here  
My momma don't love me and my momma don't care  
Read the papers the headlines say  
Washed up rapper got a song (Rock on)  
Lingo's busting while the guitar swings  
B-Side copies for the radio plays (or something)  
I knew I blew the whole fandango  
When the drum crew never wore a Kangol  
Never could be like fake, fish won't bite bait  
Realise that im over like clover  
No good lucking so Maze hit the fucking beat  
While the teenage fans are here  
I bring it to the blues, I pay all my dues  
So what's gone dead, let me use my forehead  
Easy pack it up man, let me stop stalling  
Cause everything I do is like falling

Falling Falling  
You played yourself