

Travellinnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn' at the speeeeeeeed...of thought...

Hey, yo kids! (What's up!)

Remember when I used to be dope? (Yeah...)

I owned a pocketful of fame...

(But look what you're doin' now!)

I know, well I know

I lost touch with reality, now my personality

Is an unwanted commodity (believe it!)

Can't believe I used to be Mr Steve Austin on the mic

Six million ways I used to run it

I guess Oscar Goldman got mad

Cos I got loose circuits (so loose, sigga-sigga so loose...)

I be the Mother Goose with the eggs

That seem to be...

Fallin'...

You played yourself (4x)

A-yo, pack my bags cos I'm outta here

Mama don't love me and my mama don't care

Read the papers the headlines say

"Washed up Rapper Got Some (Buck-kawk!)"

Lingo's busted while the guitar sways

B-side copy for the radio plays for somethin'

I knew I blew the whole fandango

When the drum programmer wore a Kangol

Never could be light, great fish won't bite

Fake, realise that I'm over like clover

No good luckin' so Mase beep the f(Hey!)ckin' beat

While the Teenage fan the heat

I bring it to the glues, paid all my dues

So what's gone's dead, let me use my forehead

Easy, pack it up, man, let me stop stallin'

Cos everything I do is like Fallin'

(Fallin'...)