

# Never Fallin'

## Living Legends

Down  
Never falling down, down, down  
Ever falling down  
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Even if I was blindsided by mack trucks  
In the side street, in the alley way, in a foreign city  
I'd still make it back home  
On a highway  
No bulletins no street signs, no other cars, no radio, no satellite  
I'd still make it back home  
Connected to the universe like a string of lights on the holiday  
If one's out doesn't mean demise of all who roam the stome  
Feel the earth char with the fire water and sky under his home under his toe  
s, under his flows, under his belt  
It's the Brian who sets the tones  
I never regret the way canals of birth shot me forth on my feet Not my fins,  
I am a man to finish it out  
Don't forget gravity laws  
Only thing keeping me from flight  
Wings of space, infinite night  
Downward spiral not in sight

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Great there is no father  
It's her and her offspring  
Nobodys offering help, skin ain't softening  
Acts chopped to the ankles, her babies coughing  
Maybe the check will come today, the wait's exhausting  
She's the pillar so, she can't be tilted  
Give her sons  
The feeling as though, they got a million to blow  
Need no stilts to reach the stars  
Teach the kids to reach with their heads  
And they each will be yours  
I give a piece of me for her to have a piece of mind  
Or a piece of your chicken 'cause it's ramen all the time  
She's thin and getting scared but she never let's on  
Many men will not fall cause their mama's head strong

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Pick your feet on up  
Why don't you get on up  
Lift your spirits up  
Damn I know this shit is tough  
I flunked in high school  
My pops he left me young  
I often lost my cool days, I feel my mama's gun  
I lost my only son  
When my girl she almost died

Had abortion haunted by a babies eyes  
And every reason lies  
Cause you know the truth inside  
You're feeling like a coward, like the wrong person died  
But still you gotta ride  
Let the years pass 'em by  
Never really knowing why  
The question's why I'm always high

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Look  
We slipping and sliding  
808 kick riding  
Serving rocks, balling, while they conquering and dividing  
Teeth glistening shining  
Listening to ourselves lying  
Believe in a bleeding ego, still trying  
Identifying with the why and the what's  
Self hating is the scars and the cuts that run deep down  
Not giving a fuck behind the sweet sound of the new blues  
Rattling the truck from the sun roof to new shoes  
Chrome  
Neglecting the home  
Disrespecting the zone  
That Sankofa should of shown us  
Looking back before the times that they owned us  
But never really owned a damn thing that spirit sounding like

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I'm hella irresponsible, I'm possibly the cause  
Of my subsequent downfall  
Now a take a pause and reflect on my karma and laws  
I've ignored all the signs that could cause  
A turn and redirect my preferred  
Course of action, before the curse of my actions  
The rehabilitation of the baddest on the planet  
Will set a mark, a mile stone of progress  
The life changing tones of why heart and soul mean the most  
Learning voices be the search and exume all my skeletons  
A room full of demons where the angel was a prisoner  
She's tortured for the visitors  
The listeners who read between the lines  
And stay inquisitive to dissect these sentences

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Last night I took a field trip  
Kind of bent, hopped a fence  
Cut across a playground and laid down in the cemetery  
Reflecting on my past, present, and current events  
Speech slurring venting to the moon I swear she was answering me  
Not literal, but in the spiritual sense  
We spoke me, myself, and I, but I wasn't alone

In fact it felt that picture of a beach with footprints and the sand  
You know the poem hanging in grandmama's home  
Where does love come from?  
Where does it go when it's gone?  
What takes its place?  
And why does that space turn hard as stone?  
Another year I am older today  
In many ways I've grown  
But in my head them questions still they roam  
Riding the bike she said it's like cycling in circles  
With your eyes closed  
No hands blind faith is what she called it man  
Said life's an ocean with a lot of commotion  
Once you dive in, yeah it's deep  
But if you could swim it ain't mattering

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