

Falling Down

Professor Green

Yogi man, I'm sick of this shit bruv, swear down. Just as things start looking up, it all goes to shit again story of my fucking life.

I don't wanna live my life this way.. No!

Picture me behind a desk, picture that a nine to five I aint into that, I'm into rap and I don't see me getting an office job with these tat's.

So what choice do I have man? Do I sign on or do I bag grams? Long signing for dole, I wanna get signed for my flow and my rhymes.

I'm a pro and I'm nice I know, if I grind then I'll blow so why am I wasting time on the roads.

Now Mike's interested I should probably give it a rest before I get arrested, but then I got arrested whoops.

Why don't I learn from my mistakes? Why oh why oh why.. All I want's to change my ways Why oh why oh why Do I always end up back here, stuck on the wrong side of town.

With my head spinning I keep on falling down.

Never been arrested for so much as an eighth of weed and I get arrested for kidnap, blackmail, false imprisonment and possession with intent to supply.

Typical of my fuckin' luck really innit, just as I'm about to sign a deal with Mike I might be doing a fucking bird.

I don't wanna sell weed no more, hated the cycle but I kept peddling.

Nan just found food under my bed again, I'm a let down again, And she's screaming "get this shit out of my house" again.

There's no curving the truth, the bags too big to be for personal use, there's no excuses she knows what the truth is.

I do flip Keys of green to get me a few quid.

She's looking at me so disappointed, all I can say is I wont do it again, but she knows I will..

Why don't I learn from my mistakes? Why oh why oh why.. All I want's to change my ways Why oh why oh why Do I always end up back here, stuck on the wrong side of town.

Never learn man.. There's no plan B for me, I aint got shit to fall back on! I left school in year 8 I don't have an education , selling weed and writing lyrics is all I know.

I got arrested and raided then I got signed and I bust case so now everything's fine.

But now everything's not, not only did I get dropped the whole

label did, and I wasted my advance so I aint got shit.
I'm stuck at warners and them pricks wont push my album, but it
's cool; as soon as I'm free I'm gonna do it without them.
Eight months later I'm still stuck in my deal, in debt with my
lawyer time to get back on this ferris wheel.
I'm stuck on this carousel when will this ever end!?
This is hell for me I'm back at the beginning again! Somebody p
lease get me off this circus ride
The horse that I'm riding is hurting my thighs erm..

Why don't I learn from my mistakes? Why oh why oh why.. All I w
ant's to change my ways Why oh why oh why Do I always end up ba
ck here, stuck on the wrong side of town.

And before some funny guy tries to make a joke about me riding
a horse, it is a metaphor! What I mean is I am sick of hustling
, I am sick of the grind, I am sick of things going to shit, Ju
st when things are looking up! I don't know if this shit is eve
r gonna work for me. I swear down blud I am so fed up Yogi, I c
annot be dealing with it anymore.