

Falling Down

The Streets

Can't fake the fizzler be it is in your skin
3 Rizla sheets to the wind
When you fail they rejoice
When you fail they rejoice
Falling down is an accident
Staying down is a choice

Took a little trip, slip, miss
Geezer this is it, misfits
See all the lip, check this
Geezer please me with all of it
Tequila at the bar last night
Reason why I look like flippin' shit
Reason why I'm questioning all of it
Cause cor blimey she was fit
Took a little trip last year
What a brittle trip, rasp gear
Met about a baker's dozen of cynical little pricks
Geezer this is me mate, and what you see mate
Is what you get, yep, no fantasy
I got my East End gang with me
A bunch of cunts in all honesty
The Monday will be solemn
Could do with a little trip to Holland or Tulum
But see me cash flow's a travesty
And reason why I'm nickin' these bag of peas
Oi oi oi

Can't fake the fizzler be it is in your skin
3 Rizla sheets to the wind
When you fail they rejoice
When you fail they rejoice
Falling down is an accident
Staying down is a choice

She walked with me to the place
But she won't let me try and act up
She talked shit to my face
But compliments me behind my back
Text messaging like I
Shoot from the hip in a western movie
Everyone who comes into your life
Is a blessing or a schooling
Fall in love with the girl who makes you love the guy that...

Under a little blem of weed
Just learning the ropes of it
Come to see the film, please
But don't turn off your phone in it
When you fail they rejoice
When you fail they rejoice
Falling down is an accident
Staying down is a choice

Yo when we all fall we'll be dead
Brown bread discomposed in the depths
Yo, falling down is an accident

But see staying down is for plebs
C'mon

Can't fake the fizzles be it is in your skin
3 Rizla sheets to the wind
When you fail they rejoice
When you fail they rejoice
Falling down is an accident
Staying down is a choice