

# Falling Down

The Streets

Can't fake the fizzle 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

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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  
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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

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