Everything Is Falling Down (feat. Jeanne Jolly)

Phonte

[Intro: Phonte]
Yo...
New Tigallo New Tigallo New Tigallo
4: 30...7...7-7: 30...2.2: 15
[Phonte]
Aiyyo, don't need a new style, bein dope is always in fashion
Peace to the West Coast montage fash-ion
Everything's in house, don't need a mans-ion
Doper than the last one, pussy niggas soundin like Meow Mix
I spit that foul shit, And 1
Everybody's swingin, holla at me if you land one
Don't need perfection, just pass-ion
and don't need to be signed, I ain't got a fuckin cast on!
Lot of opportunity, easy bread I passed on
It just felt troublin, now class is in session
and we got them testers bubblin/bubble-in like Scantron
Fresh out the kitchen, signed with a stamp on
I'm on some greatness, y'all on some lateness
with no foundation so it could never last long
I display patience, I done played Jason
It's Saturday the 14th, FUCK you got a mask on, nigga?
C'mon
[Chorus: Phonte] (Jeanne Jolly)
Pushin me to the brink
A stagger in my footsteps and I don't even drink
It's so much on my mind, dog, and I can't even think
(It feels like everything is fall-ing doooown)
Pushin me to the brink
A stagger in my footsteps and I don't even drink
It's so much on my mind, dog, and I can't even think
(It feels like everything is fall-ing doooown)
[Phonte]
They say the 336 is what raised 'em, but the 919 made 'em
Stark, raving rhyme like he ain't got the good sense God gave 'em
Anybody on his bad side, God save 'em
Late night by the bedside, God, praise Him
He's the captain that told me to kneel
And when I was surrounded by them monkey-ass niggas
He told me to peel, broke free of my deal
and left shackles, racin like Petty in the stock
Now he heavy on the block like guards and left tackles
See where I come from and, you and yours are up in arms

like gunrunners, and you are confronted
with, 99 problems and can't keep it 100
Then at the day's end you ain't really done nothin
I made a new lane for myself and said, "Fuck it"
Why +Rage Against the Machine+ when you can just unplug it?
F'real
[Chorus]
[Phonte]
Eastside, Bingham St. repper
Tay rock the spot like I'm half-leopard
And pray for you lames like I'm half-leper
If it don't fill the coffers, mother-FUCK the offers
Ah-choo at yu niggas like I'm black pepper
With wine and some fima beans, I'm half-Lector
King, shit Kane, shit +No Half-Stepper+
They say, "Why would he?" THey say, "How could he?"
That's how they push me to the brink
Stagger in my footsteps and I don't even drink
It's so much on my mind, dog, and I can't even think
(It feels like everything is fall-ing doooown)
Yo. listen
[Chorus 1/2]
[Outro: Phonte]
Aiyyo, 919, 910, 252, 704
336 (It feels like everything is fall-ing doooown)
I'm on my Carolina shit.
New Tigallo New Tigallo New Tigallo New Tigallo
Young Khrysis. (It feels like everything is fall-ing doooown)

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