

Foxy Brown "Fallin' - Featuring Young Gavin"

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Through this hard times
The negativity
The jealousy
God, please God

Yo, Carolina blue six, hottest bitch on the block
Used to willie Ducatti, Saco, Prada kick
High school, got signed wrote them platti hits
Tito was the same shit, got a platti wrist

They say, I'm stoosh 'cause I cover my bush
In that Dolce & Gabbana, I'm a hot little mama
The number one stunna, Slim, skin copper
Like bare bra, I'd eat that gravy proper

You got a money fetish
You wanna see me where your bed is?
Playboy, y'all got to give me five letters
Like Prada, Jacob, Fendi boots
C. Dior, clothing, suits
Range rover, Gucci shoes
First class, flat class, Paris

Don't hate me 'cause I'm ballin'
Lord, take me if I'm fallin'
I think I hear them callin' me
Why they keep on callin' me?

Don't hate me 'cause I'm ballin'
Lord, take me if I'm fallin'
I think I hear them callin' me
Why they keep on callin' me?

If I was to die, it be too many cowards alive
Fox brown, bonnie minus the Clyde
And today, I'mma make this one promise to God
Even if I go wood, I'mma keep it so hood

And I got chills when I signed my deal
And I shed tears when Biggie and Pac got killed
It's only one other broad that really got skills
She's alright, but she's not real

Brown, I'm hot with no rehearsal time
And I stays on tour like the circle line
Ain't a bitch that could emulate my classic delivery
I rap New York like the Statue of Liberty

Mentally, I'm in my own zone holding my spot
Fox, basically I'm the female Pac
And it's like my life is a thesis
Sometimes I feel like I'm talking Swedish

Y'all niggas, don't get it
And me I'm balling, the streets keep calling
Lord, take my soul I feel like I'm falling

Don't hate me 'cause I'm ballin'
Lord, take me if h'm fallin'
I think I hear them callin' me
Why they keep on callin' me?

Don't hate me 'cause I'm ballin'
Lord, take me if I'm fallin'
I think I hear them callin' me
Why they keep on callin' me?

Before me there was many, but none so hot
They had no other choice but to run they spot
Rock since 15, I was bound to ball
Think it's time to run my resume down to y'all

See, touch me, platinum ain't no gold
Total 500,000 sold, ill nana 2.8
The firm, another mil
Then China doll came, it's pretty much the same

And anything we rap about you see us do
Now we stay in demand like PS2
Lot of planes, lot of cars, a lot of chauffeurs
Lot of Gucci, lot of Louis, lot of Proda loafers

Couple dollars and with that I bought my range
Pretty and reg got a lot of ass off my name, man
Yeah, I'm balling the streets keep calling
Lord, take my soul, I feel like I'm falling

Don't hate us

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