

Tarralyn Ramsey**"Fallin On"**

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[tash]

Let's dive right in they ass quick fast and in a hurry
Tell em what, tell em what
While you was fallin off, catashtraphe was fallin on
Ask the niggas in the streets, I hold it down for californ'
Born to be the livest nigga so you know it's soul survivin'
On the mic I move the crowd like big pun stage divin'
I been, around the world, pullin girls
I pull em three at once that's why I said it wit a plural
I'm like earl the pearl, straight pimp referral
Y'all niggas can't win, it's like you sword-fightin zorro
Y'all bummy muthafuckers can't pull my card
I smack the fuck out y'all niggas while you try to be
hard
But like my nigga at the grammy's, catash is for the
children (hey!)
My style be standin out like gang writin on a building
I build and destroy ya, destroy your employer
If y'all niggas ain't on loud, they wasn't doin nuttin for
ya
Pot lit the wick, to the dynamite stick
So when it blow up in your grill, watch how ugly it get

[chorus]

We got l-dot-a-dot rock that spot
We here to take it all fool, what the fuck you got
You can't stop the plot, 'cause this is how it's goin
While you was fallin off, catashtraphe was fallin on
'cause this the hip-hop that crips rock
The hip-hop the bloods rock
The hip-hop the thugs rock
The hip-hop the clubs rock
Don't hate on it, don't hate on it, don't hate on it

[tash]

So while you waitin and debatin, concentratin on hatin
That nigga tash be up the street on this deep dish
dance
Blowin indo out the window, clownin niggas wit my ices
In a black ss, california on the license
My name is hella-famous but it's time you learned

about me
Even though I'm rockin solo, i'ma always be a alki
J, tash, and swift, we work the night shift
I'll be fucked up when I rap, so sometimes my eyes
drift
I could push you off a cliff and catch you right before
you land
I'm the million dollar man, you better get this while you
can
I been in this fo' a minute, catash be winnin pennants
Everytime I grab the mic it's like I'm speakin to the
senate
But I'm not a politician, more like a rap magician
Presto chango, bermuda triangle
Pull a album outta hat, catashtraphe'll fire circuit
My style be comin off too hard to interpret

Chorus

[tash]
So while I smack you wit the force to knock your ship off
course
If this funk don't move your wife, you better file for
divorce
'cause that bitch you treat to eat got two left feet
I seen y'all dancin 'cross the street and y'all was both
off beat
So i'ma end it wit a blaaa! and jet immediately after
Can't kick wit y'all niggas, y'all might be the gay rapper
Catash the lion trapper, number one for big
consumptions
In the funtion in conjunction wit my nigga on production
(you better recognize nigga!) we on the same boat
We be both be gettin loc'd when we off that smokey
smoke
Hit you wit the okey-doke, you better do the hokey poke
And turn yourself around before I gotta choke some
folks
I never go for broke, I break it down for major wage
I be rappin wit a gauge, likwit crew'll flip your page
Confusin as amazed, comin at you like a storm
While you was fallin off, catashtraphe was fallin on
And on....*echoes*

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