

Manhattan Transfer F/ James Taylor

"Fall Back"

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[L] Yeah, check this shit out
[K] Kool G. Rap and my dog Big L
[K] Holdin it di-down, ya heard?

[Big L]
Aiiyyo; I heard your single, you better make a whole
new song
If they said that shit is hot then they told you wrong
Clown niggaz, you ain't got a chance at all
Big L Corleone too advanced for y'all
I make moves and boss all across the world
so don't be upset if I toss your girl
I got cheddar to blow, pockets never get low
Bitches sweat me wherever I go
I cruise in a GS Lex', Cartier specs
Nautica sweats with the fresh Gortex
Jewels with baguettes, swingin like the Mets
Throwin the dice and takin all size bets
Never bummy; sip rummy, get money
When I hit honies you felt the dick in her tummy
On the le-low I see dough from here to Rio
Flamboyant Records, C to the E-O - what?

Chorus: Kool G. Rap

Yo - all of y'all weak people fall back
G. Rap and Big L, we all that
Goin back to back where they brawl at
Swing and walk with tall bats
Leavin big holes with small gats
Have 'em all fallin where the wall at
All of y'all weak people fall back
G. Rap and Big L, we all that
Goin back to back where they brawl at
Swing and walk with tall bats
Leavin big holes with small gats
Have 'em all fallin where the wall at

[Kool G. Rap]
Yo, from the spot to the cellblocks
Hot as hell blocks where shells pop

Where they sell rock to cop the SL drop
Hood bitches in nail shops; no good snitches that tell
cops
People find bodies in lobbies, you can smell shots
Niggaz turn stale on the Rock until they bail drop
New York livin, got a nigga four-fifth limpin
Send you as a gift to the mortician
if you forfeit livin - my fortune is forbidden
I say it one time before spittin
then I leave your forehead drippin
I laid low then came back for more bread grippin
More thread flippin
More head from chickens, it's time to turn the ape
loose
Bust out the cage and let the gauge loose
Blow the feathers out of your Nordface goose
It's G. Rap comin back with a click of brave troops
Have y'all niggaz runnin for homebase like Babe Ruth
Have you holdin holes in your body like you play flute
Lay you down til you get found up in the sprayed Coupe
Prepare for the takeover - give you the face makeover
the seedier row and sheet draped over
Be found on the block with the street taped over
or comin out of deep coma, your speech made slower
Corona Queens shakedown; I'm comin with the nickel-
plate pound
to trade rounds with all you fake clowns get down in the
unsafe town
Lacin it down, black guerilla fams kid we takin the
crown
ya heard?

Chorus 2X

[Kool G. Rap]

Yo Kool G. Rap, holdin it down with the hazardous Big L
Knahmean? {*echoes*}

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