

Fallin'

Foxy Brown

Through this hard times, the negativity, the jealousy
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
Got a money fetish, wanna see me where your bed is?
Playboy y'all got to give me five letters
Like Prada, Jacob, Fendi boots, C. Dior, Chloe, suits
Range Rover, Gucci shoes, first class, flatt 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 the 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'm ma 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 rep' 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, yeah I'm ballin', the streets keep callin'
Lord, take my soul, I feel like I'm falling
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 the 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 Chyna 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 Prada loafers
Couple dollars and with that I bought my Range
Pretty and Red 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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