

Fallin'

Foxy Brown

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Through this hard times, the negativity, the jealousyYo, 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 wristThey 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 properGot 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, ParisDon'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 hoodAnd 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 realBrown, 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 LibertyMentally, 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 SwedishY'all niggas don't get it
And, yeah I'm ballin', the streets keep callin'
Lord, take my soul, I feel like I'm fallingDon'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? 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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