

Don't Let Me Fall

B.o.B

Well it was just a dream
Just a moment ago
I was up so high
Lookin' down at the sky
Don't let me fall
I was shooting for stars
On a Saturday night
They say what goes up
Must come down
But don't let me fall
Don't let me fall
Don't let me fall
They say what goes up
Must come down
But don't let me fall
Don't let me fall 'Cause I'm glidin' up there
Oh so very high that if the
Clouds were to drop me
Than I'd fall out the sky
I don't really, know why I'm here
I guess I'm, just here for the ride
I swear it, feels like I'm dreamin'
This vividly, defined, yeah
So call me whenever you want
Call me whenever you'd like
But lets get one thing straight
You know my name, so I run this town
When I'm on this mic, yeah
So here I go B.O.B, Bobby Ray
I don't know, need I know
But I know that I flow
Rack 'em up, knock 'em down
Dominos, then I go
Where's my story goes
I don' been done down here before
Come into my eastern Decatur home
'Cause I was in the cold
Tryin' to keep my toes unfroze
Now I'm in your house

Now I'm in your soul
Now I'm everywhere that your Ipod goes
Everything I seen was a dream
Just a moment ago But it was just a dream
Just a moment ago
I was up so high
Lookin' down at the sky
Don't let me fall
I was shootin' for stars
On a Saturday night
They say what goes up
Must come down
But don't let me fall
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They say what comes up
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But don't let me fall
Don't let me fall
Don't let me fall
Don't let me fall
They say what goes up
Must come down
But don't let me fall
Don't let me fallYeah, not far much lower
From where that pavement is
'Cause there ain't no parachute
That they can make for this
'Cause I put my pain my heart
My soul my faith in this
Does anyone feel like how I feel
Then you can relate to this
Just a blaze of this
Maybe roll one up and take a hit
Toast to the good life
Then take a sip
Vaca' everyday yea take a trip
It was easy to see I was made for this
From the whom all the way
To the grave I spit
Just to show all you niggas
What greatness is, yeah
I'm talkin' very lucid
Like makin' movies
To picture my life, boy

You need a higher resolution
I used to cut class in the day
Then run away at night
But now I'm ruler of the upper class
And I don't even write

Songwriters

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