

# Fall Back (f. Kool G Rap)

## Big L

Yeah, check this shit out  
Cool G. Rap and my dog Big L  
Holdin it di-down, ya heard? Aiyyo, 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 honeys you felt the dick in her tummy  
On the le-low I see dough from here to Rio  
Flamboyant Records, see to the E-O - what? 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 Yo, from the spot to the cell blocks  
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 home base like Babe Ruth  
Have you holdin' holes in your body like you play flute  
Lay you down till 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?

Songwriters

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