Fall back

Mt. Sims

Yeah, check this shit out
Kool 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
Nautical 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?
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 guerrilla fams kid we takin' the crown, ya heard?
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Yo Kool G. Rap
Holdin' it down with the hazardous Big L
Know what I mean?

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