

Fallin' (feat. Gavin "Young Gavin" Marchand)

Foxy Brown

[Young Gavin]

Through this hard times, the negativity, the jealousy[Foxy]

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

You got a money fetish

You wanna see me where your bed is?

Playboy y'all got to give me five letters

Like Prada, Jacob, Fendi boots

C. Dior, clothing, suits

Range Rover, Gucci shoes

First class, flat class, Paris

[Young Gavin]

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?

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?[Foxy]

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'mma 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 me I'm balling, the streets keep calling
Lord take my soul I feel like I'm falling
[Young Gavin]
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?
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?[Foxy Brown]
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 Proda loafers
Couple dollars and with that I bought my Range
Pretty adn Reg got a lot of ass off my name now
Yeah I'm balling the streets keep calling
Lord take my soul... I feel like I'm falling
(Don't hate us)[CHORUS (2X)]

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>