

# Big L, Fall Back

(feat. Kool G Rap)

[L] Yeah, check this shit out

[K] Kool G. Rap and my dog Big L

[K] Holdin it di-down, ya heard?

[Big L]

Aiiyo; 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 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?

[Chorus: Kool G. Rap]

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

[Kool G. Rap]

Yo, from the spot to the cellblocks

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 homebase like Babe Ruth

Have you holdin holes in your body like you play flute

Lay you down til 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?

[Chorus x2]

[Kool G. Rap]

Yo Kool G. Rap, holdin it down with the hazardous Big L  
Knahmean? [echoes]