

If I Fall

Blaze Ya Dead Homie

Ever since back when I was alive
I always thought to myself what it would be like to die
Today I'm more dead than a doornail
Whether I succeed or fail, only time will tell
And if I ever fall short of the gold
I'll fall back on a nickel-plated chrome and take everything you own
I'm a pure-bred hustler, gang-bang affiliated
I pack a heater bitch, this ain't entertainment

If I fall only time will tell,
And if I fall out of control
My pockets is bound to swell
If I keep reppin the cheese, will they feel me?
You know you know it my nigga
That's treal best believe me

The shadow, back up in you like a pap-smear
No I'm not a player, wearing sweaters made of cashmere
With matching boots
I came for the loot, I'm riding shotgun and bitch
I'm prepared to shoot
Duck low unless you want to get hit with the blast
I'll blow a motherfuckers hair in and out his baseball hat
And if I catch him hard grinding with some shit that's phat
I'm gonna lay him on his back, you bitches better believe that

If I fall only time will tell,
And if I fall out of control
My pockets is bound to swell
If I keep reppin the cheese, will they feel me?
You know you know it my nigga
That's treal best believe me

Fall down, if I fall, get back up again
I'm gonna get back up again, when will this ride be over
Did it begin, no more slipping
Yo' I had it up to here, cause I've had enough
This shit's all fucked up
When times get tough you need to pick yourself up, and brush off

I'm not afraid to fall, I fell, got up
Kept moving while my body repeatedly got shot up
I even tried to stand up
After taking a the clip and a half from a bitch-ass rocking a ski mask
In a dark alleyway, I was killed on a Sunday night
Body recovered on a Monday
News covered the gunplay
The same dude that killed me,
Dead body discovered in the subway

If I fall only time will tell,
And if I fall out of control
My pockets is bound to swell
If I keep reppin the cheese, will they feel me?
You know you know it my nigga
That's treal best believe me

Madrox and I'm round like the earth
I done fell so many times, I'm accustomed to all the hurt
No work, and no jobs, and people are unemployed
Most of the people just filling the void,
And I'm one of them
Just because I'm in front of them,
Mean I'm ahead of the game
And when you clear away the shit, we basically all the same
All going against the grain and hope for some better days
In the meantime, we all just trying to mantain

If I fall only time will tell,
And if I fall of out of control
My pockets is bound to swell
If I keep reppin the cheese, will they feel me?
You know you know it my nigga
That's treal best believe me