

# Never Fall Off

Jermaine Dupri

Eastside just like every time  
Psalm 13 coming clean  
You know it's mine yeah

I raise my hand to the Lord  
I raise my right hand to the Lord  
I pray I never fall off  
I pray I never fall off  
I wish the same for my dawgs  
I wish the same for my dawgs  
Money won't break us apart  
Money won't break us apart  
Them hoes gon' fuck on us all  
Them hoes gon' fuck on us all  
We don't argue over no broads  
So we don't argue over no broads  
I'm in this Maybach sparklin'  
I'm in my Maybach sparklin'  
I'm here talkin' to God  
I'm sittin' in here talkin' to God

Alright, bought 'em in Autumn  
It was summertime before the streets saw 'em, I'm awesome  
Glass overflowin', keep pourin', nigga, we bosses  
Fools over there lookin' exhausted, boy, they lost it  
Ours should've known it's multiple garages, high performance  
Compound heavily guarded  
You gotta run the Gauntlet if you really want it, homie  
Bunch of Phantoms and Ghosts, bro  
Your road is haunted  
I put Forgiatos on my truck with some holy water  
When I walked in, temperature drop due to my watch  
The thermometer popped, they said jams we cookin' up was too hot  
Whether or not they can handle it, we still handin' it out  
Real niggas down south papered up without a doubt

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It's the King bitch  
Let's get this straight, I'ma get this cake  
Give a damn if a nigga have to flip this weight  
You know TIP bought gas, never hit-hit brakes

If he did, then it must have been a big mistake  
What a big disgrace, for goodness sake  
I decorate her pretty face  
Yeah, yo' bitch know how this dick taste  
I penetrate her pearly gates  
In a world of hate, I got love and respect in the bundles  
She try me, may peace be a problem  
Word to Muhammad  
Promise your head'll be hunted  
It won't even cost me a hunnid  
Came up in the 90s, was listenin' to Chronic  
Was smokin' with Dr. Dre, ain't that ironic?  
My life is iconic (Yup)  
Atlanta, I run it (Facts)  
I set the bar so high, my shit be so fye  
When I post it, don't notice you commentin' up under it  
These nigga be frontin' (Yeah)  
But they ain't on nothin' (Nah)  
They can say what they want, but they know I'm in touch with who steppin' on  
somethin' and I'm pushin' the button  
I'm a Atlanta G with a strategy  
Need far where the sight gotta be  
Sound like a fuck nigga fantasy  
Even then, nigga, bet they had to be  
Call ace and deuces, I support Boosie  
Don't call deuces, ain't no excuses  
My process is where my proof is  
Anybody get it, don't think you excluded  
I'm a cash getter, you an ass better  
We'll violate you then laugh after  
I'm a whole stepper, you a half stepper  
Go do my dirt, take a bath after  
Used to sell dope to the damn pastor  
Turn the wrong page, it be ya last chapter, my n-

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Alright  
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