

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
Wether or not they can handle it, we still handin' it out
Real niggas down south papered up without a doubt

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

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-

I raise my hand to the Lord
I raise my right hand to the Lord
I pray I never fall off
Prayin' 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
We won't argue over no broads
I'm in this Maybach sparklin'
I'm sittin' in my Maybach sparklin'
I'm here talkin' to God
I'm in here rappin' to God

Alright
Alright