

I'm Real, You Fake (feat. Bun B)

Paul Wall

[Chorus]

I get no sleep (no sleep), but I get paid (I get paid)
I play no games (no games), no I dont play (I dont play)
Work all night (all night), work all day (all day)
And thats why Im real (Im real) and you fake (you fake)
Im real, you fake (fake)
Im real, you fake (fake)
Im real, you fake (fake)
Im real and you fake (yes!)
Im real, you fake (fake)
Im real, you fake (you fake)
Im real, you fake (fake)
Im gettin this pay (yes!)

[Verse 1]

Im fities and hundreds, you fives and tens (tens)
Im swingin on Cadillacs and AMG, Humm, Benz (Benz)
You broked down on hood gaps, catch around with your friends
While Im f*****g these h**s, having treesomes with twins (twins)
My ice is crazy (crazy), your s**t for daisy (faded)
Youre tricking for p***y, my b***h has paid me
My team is official, squall for the boss trip
Your team is suspect, yall making mouses (racks)
My two cups are money, you stretchin the ace
You whisper in silence, I see it to your face
You call her your girl, I call her my hight
Than I call her a cab, she dont never spend the night

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[Verse 2]

Im in here, Ive been here, I dont plan on leaving (leaving)
My crews deep so dont sleep, we robbin that deavin (deavin)
We play hard and stay hard so there be no slackin (slackin)
I go luff in that 4-5 you know Ill be back in (back in)
Im stacking that bread up (hard), hold s**t, Im fed up (yeah Im)
Im all about the big dogs you best get your bread up (come on!)
From night time, the sun up, hustle hard, stay warned up
My head down and my gun up, you want your issue than run up
Im thrilled in, youre not real, so we cant be equal (equal)
With one shot, you go drop and there be no sequel (sequel)
I ball, ask my people (people), better yet, ask my fam (fam)
Say you disrespect who it is (is), than you disrespect who I am
B***h!

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[Verse 3]

Big bucks Im pappered up with that taper cut in the A tub (tub)
Haters mad they the cup while Im sippin purple out the liquid cup (drunk)
Big bro got big doe and killer dro Im toed (toed)
You story tellin and talking diamond, lieing to these h**s (stop lieing!)
Im out there on flos and Im down for all my bros (bros)
Im bout as real as they come till the day my gats get closed (closed)
I dominate like Dom Cruz and country fresh is my clothes (my clothes)
These haters hate but I cant lose, Im thrilled down to my toes (Im thrilled)
Hate the money, dont hate the man, got 50 grand on my person (ballin)
Born deep with two clips, Im just as real in person (Im thrilled)
Gettin twisted up like cursive, you mad over that cursin
Im with Bun B and a Beamer and we grindin out the workin baby

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