

# Fake Your Way to the Top

## Dreamgirls In Concert

Thirteen years of solid gold platters

Rising cost and cocktail chatter

Fat DJ's, stereophonic sound, oh baby

The game of hits goes 'round and aroundBut you can fake your way to the top

'Round and around

Try that part right there, baby

('Round and around)Fake your way to the top

('Round and around)

Now you fell right in there

Didn't you, sweetheart?You can fake your way to the top

('Round and around)

Shit, I knew you'd have it, babyBut it's always real, so real

(Always so real)

When you're comin' downI know what's happenin', I've been around

Makin' my way through every town

I make my livin' off of my sound

And the game of hits goes 'round and around

And around and aroundAnd 'round and around

And 'round and around

'Round and around

And 'round and around

And 'round and around

And 'round and aroundI made it slowly

Worked hard on the road

He's away from his lover

It's a heavy loadTime to bring up the lights, yeah

Now let's see which one of these girls

Goin' home with Jimmy tonight, yeah

I got a nice, warm bed waitin' on yaJimmy, my bed

Alright now, come on now

Who wants to sit on daddy's lap?

Break it downI faked my way to the top

('Round and around)

Oh, yeah, yes, I did

('Round and around)I said, I faked my way to the top

('Round and around)

('Round and around)You know I faked my way to the top

('Round and around)

Yeah, yeah, oh yes, I did

('Round and around)And it's always real, so real  
(Oh, it's so real)  
Baby, when you're comin' down  
I faked my way, yes, I didHelp me, Jesus  
(Help me, Jesus)  
Help, help, help  
(Help, help, help, help, help, help, help)Help me, Jesus  
(Help me, Jesus)  
(Help, help, help, help, help, help, help)(Help me, Jesus)  
You the Man  
(Help, help, help, help, help, help, help)  
Fake my way to the top

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