

Fakin' (Feat. Thi'sl)

Lecrae

I'm riding round and Iâ€™m gettingâ€™ it; they riding round pretendinâ€™
I been had it, I been done, I promise that it's all empty
They say they ridinâ€™ Bugatti's, man, put some babies through college
Quit tryinâ€™ act like the trap is cool, â€™cause we tired hearinâ€™ that garbage
Hey, bags of white, pints of lean, I been on dope boys since a teen
But this ain't what we meant to be, and y'all don't make no sense to me
You pump fakinâ€™, ain't shootinâ€™, ain't killin, ain't doinâ€™
Half them thangs you say you doinâ€™, but 116 we stay true anâ€™
Ain't dope dealinâ€™, ain't Po pimpinâ€™, talkinâ€™ â€™bout my own folk killinâ€™
We on that Jesus soul healinâ€™, so serious, gorillas
Wild ainâ€™t we, can't tame us, been changed, canâ€™t change us
1:16 â€™ You canâ€™t shame us. Live that truth; you can't blame us

[Chorus]

I heard him say he bought the block

(Fakin!)

In his song he say he ganstaâ€™ but he not

(Fakin!)

Say he makinâ€™ money, cashinâ€™ big checks

(Fakin!)

While his chain leavinâ€™ green on his neck

(Fakin!)

Iâ€™m not impressed

So I guess that make you, yes that make you

That make you a faker!

He was all juiced up, thought he was Tupac

â€™Til â€™dem boys caught him, hit him with them two shots

Now, he in the station singinâ€™ like he T-Pain

The bullets made him lean, now I guess heâ€™s 2 Chains

He bought that big-league cannon, wrapped it â€™round a 300

Now matter how you put it, boy, thatâ€™s still a 300

Stop that fakinâ€™ and the flatchinâ€™ cut it off

Frontinâ€™ like your paper longer than the Power Ball

He think he Scarface, guess he ainâ€™t seen the movie

Keep on fakinâ€™ â€™til you face down in a Jacuzzi

With some killas in you room with some real guns

That don't make noise and ain't plastic but they real guns

[Chorus]

Real recognize real; introduce ya self
Careful with that cannon boy; you might just shoot ya self
Somebody wake em, tell em to stop fakin'
Before they end up lyin' in the woods buck naked
These killas fulla them demons, while you pretendin' you Scarface
You ain't really no ghetto boy, why you fakin' that hard face?
That just made him furious; somebody call Fishburne
Tell these boys in the hood 40 cal hits burn
And hell burns hotter, I turn to the Father
I prayin', 'œLord forgive em 'cause they lyin' like Mufasa
They got these eight graders with they eyes on a choppa
I pray the Lord save 'em fo He drop 'em and make 'em stop it

[Chorus]

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