Fakin' (feat. Thi'sl)

Thi'sl

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 trynaâ€™ 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 donâ€™t make noise and ainâ€™t plastic but they real guns

[Chorus]

Real recognize real; introduce yaâ€™ self
Careful with that cannon boy; you might just shoot yaâ€™ self
Somebody wake emâ€™, tell emâ€™ to stop fakinâ€™
Before they end up lyinâ€™ in the woods buck naked
These killas fullaâ€™ them demons, while you pretendinâ€™ you Scarface
You ain't really no ghetto boy, why you fakinâ€™ 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 prayinâ€™, â€œLord forgive emâ€™ â€˜cause they lyinâ€™ like Mufasa
They got these eightâ€™ graders with they eyes on a choppa
I pray the Lord save â€˜em â€˜fo He drop â€˜em and make â€˜em stop it

[Chorus]

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