

Too Fake (feat. Chiddy Bang) | 5STARHIPHOP.COM

Big Sean

[Verse 1: Big Sean]

They say I'm too fake, fuck it I'm paid
I can't even find it, empty spot inside my safe
I got carnies on my eyes, Louis on my case
Lobster, shrimp, and calimari right here chilling on my plate
They tell me I'm on time, even when I'm late
Even if it's a lie they say everything is great
I'm grabbin' the fattest asses, just to see 'em shake
I swear I'm too real to be, I'm too real to be livin' so fake [Chorus: hockey sample]

Look out!

Cause I'm just too fake for the world
I know it's just a game to me
I'm just too fake you see
I wish I didn't have to be but watch out
I got too much soul for the world
It's breaking my heart in two
I got too much soul for you
I don't like it but it's true [Verse 2: Big Sean]
Yeah I know Sean, I swear that nigga ain't shit
Known him for forever and he ain't on the same shit
It breaks my heart when all the kids be yelling "You the mayne, Big"
He ain't no hometown hero, he on that LeBron James shit
Man I tell him suck my dick then choke on a nut
Cause when they see me it's oh Big was on
Man for the team, man, fam, or regime
Might knock down any door, open it up
Got old and now you startin' actin' different huh?
No really I wasn't fuckin' with you from the beginnin' bruh
Here we are, here we go, my circle tighter than a Cheerio
People want a handle like silver spoons
People want a handle like here you go
Man, the realest nigga I know is inside the mirror bro
And these fools be trippin' like a suitcase, a shoelace
They too fake, and I'm too real, yeah, boy [Chorus: hockey sample]

Look out!

Cause I'm just too fake for the world
I know it's just a game to me
I'm just too fake you see
I wish I didn't have to be but watch out

I got too much soul for the world
It's breaking my heart in two
I got too much soul for you
I don't like it but it's true Uh, I got too much soul for you, yeah [Verse 3: Chiddy]
Fake it til you make it
What happens when you do?
Friends turn to strangers, so I'm a stranger, too
They want this or that
Boy gotta hustle like a flip or pack
Yeah go a nigga like get a scratch
When I hit the booth I came up with a sick attack
Oh yes, feelin' so strong we about to take the game like Conquest
Wish we fail, but they check pre-sales, and a hater gets proven wrong, yes
They just bantering, cause I'm not answering
Married to the music so I never give a hand a ring
But Chiddy jigga with these girls we be on the necks
And they get mad cause we really don't respond to text
Yeah, they say I, may be just on the shady side
Maybe I, grow so much and I smoke so much got a lazy eye
Yeah I'm too gone, this the new shit to get loose on
The boy Chiddy and Sean on a new song
If you ain't with it, tell me what the fuck you on
I said I in heads, made it off of Big chance
Yeah and still the game can make you fake like implant
I quit [Chorus: hockey sample]
Look out!
Cause I'm just too fake for the world
I know it's just a game to me
I'm just too fake you see
I wish I didn't have to be but watch out
I got too much soul for the world
It's breaking my heart in two
I got too much soul for you
I don't like it but it's true

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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