

# Fakin' (feat. Thi'sl)

Lecrae

I'm ridin' round and I'm getting' it;  
they riding round pretendin'  
I been had it, I been done,  
I promise that it's all empty  
They say they ridin' Bugatti's, man, put some babies through college  
Quit tryna' act like the trap is cool, 'cause we tired hearin' 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 fakin', ain't shootin', ain't killin', ain't doin'  
Half them thangs you say you doin', but 116 we stay true an'  
Ain't dope dealin', ain't Po pimpin', talkin' 'bout my own folk killin'  
We on that Jesus soul healin', so serious, gorillas  
Wild ain't we, can't tame us, been changed, can't change us  
1: 16 - You can't shame us.  
Live that truth; you can't blame us  
I heard him say he bought the block (Fakin!)  
In his song he say he gansta' but he not (Fakin!)  
Say he makin' money, cashin' big checks (Fakin!)  
While his chain leavin' green on his neck (Fakin!)  
I'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  
'Til 'dem boys caught him, hit him with them two shots  
Now, he in the station singin' like he T-Pain  
The bullets made him lean, now I guess he's 2 Chains  
He bought that big-league cannon, wrapped it 'round a 300  
Now matter how you put it, boy, that's still a 300  
Stop that fakin' and the flatchin' cut it off  
Frontin' like your paper longer than the Power Ball  
He think he Scarface, guess he ain't seen the movie  
Keep on fakin' '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  
I heard him say he bought the block (Fakin!)  
In his song he say he gansta' but he not (Fakin!)  
Say he makin' money, cashin' big checks (Fakin!)  
While his chain leavin' green on his neck (Fakin!)  
I'm not impressed So I guess that make you, yes that make you  
That make you a faker! 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', "Lord 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 itI heard him say he bought the  
block (Fakin!)  
In his song he say he gansta' but he not (Fakin!)  
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While his chain leavin' green on his neck (Fakin!)  
I'm not impressedSo I guess that make you, yes that make you  
That make you a faker!

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

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