## Eddie Murphy "Fake Your Way To The Top"

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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 around

But 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, baby

But it's always real, so real (Always so real) When you're comin' down

I 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 around

And 'round and around And 'round and around 'Round and around And 'round and around And 'round and around And 'round and around

I made it slowly Worked hard on the road He's away from his lover It's a heavy load

Time 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 ya

Jimmy, my bed Alright now, come on now Who wants to sit on daddy's lap? Break it down

I 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 did

Help me, Jesus (Help me, Jesus) Help, help, help (Help, help, help, help, help, help)

Help me, Jesus (Help me, Jesus) (Help, help, help, help, help, help)

(Help me, Jesus) You the Man (Help, help, help, help, help, help) Fake my way to the top

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