

## Faith Evans

### "Fake Homeyz"

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[ PMD ]

(Yo, nobody invited me to the party?)

Word em up

(Ya man)

Check it out

(Comin through)

[ VERSE 1: PMD ]

Well goddamn, another grand slam from the Zone

Black Benz with chrome, no time to phone home

Niggas try to push up, get that head flown like frisbee

Dick thee, flip the script like Bill Bixby

I ain't tryin to hear niggas, that's on the real, c-

d is in the store

So while you're steppin through, nigga, steppin through  
hardcore

(What) P holds his own on this here microphone

You better check your clip for blinds, all them shots,

kid, still missed the dome

Fakin moves, put down the future of the funk, punk

Can't even sample, nigga, claimin to make trunks rump

You get jumped, yeah nigga, chill, I know my shit

thumps

Back from the Boondox wildin, peep the slam dunk

Lumps on your headpiece, back in 3-d

I let the brothers decide just like sweepee

But for now I lay low, act like you know me, homey

( \*inhales\* ) here's a pull for my fake homeyz

[ VERSE 2: Top Quality ]

I be the Op-T Lity-Qua, the one you leaped

You gotta see the tricky techniques, creep but don't  
sleep

Got the chunky dunky styles I like to drop

Makes heads bop across mad blocks because I got

That shit that knock, a-shippity-bop-bop the spot, still  
hot

Ooh-ah-ooh-ah, no need to cock-block, equipped with  
no glocks

I rather wreck you with my decker

And damage ya, I'm no janitor but I swept ya

I kept a record of the things you messed up  
Niggas thought that he musta rushed  
Cause I touched these ducks fuckin with yuk  
So if you do not know by now you never knew  
I'm straight like 0852  
I welcome you but you still refuse to swing your dukes  
You gotta do what you do  
Get the boot if you can't troop for shit  
We're gettin still get a lick with a bit  
I won't switch cause P is not havin it  
I catch you when the sun goes down on the night tip  
I'm standin with my mic grip  
Hardcore rugged, walkin down the aisles, make you  
buckwild  
Go check my files, you know my style  
Here's a pull for my fake homeyz

[ VERSE 3: 3rd Eye ]

On the strenght, on the strenght  
3rd Eye comin through..  
Yeeeahhh, now let me kick a verse, gee  
I'm thirsty, Lord have mercy on those who curse me  
Peek-a-boo! thought I couldn't see through that gas up  
Quick, I flicked a Bic and burned that wicked ass up  
Who sent me, tempt me, gee, I flow till my dome's  
empty  
Test me, baggin brothers up like ???, yes gee  
Bring it on, we play for keeps, creep  
Can't read my mind, I got the antidote sleep, peep it  
And I get funky ???? like a junkie I'm dope  
When I quote shit I wrote I go for broke no joke  
I choke rappers like a toke of smoke  
Ooh, pass the buddah brick I need to take a hit  
I think I wanna flare (is that right?)  
Who want a bite, just to kiss that ass goodnight  
Cause word is bond we gon' fight  
It's from the heart, brothers getting papers, they ain't  
paid no dues  
I got some bad news, here comes the Hit Squad  
And my shit's hard and it gets harder than that  
Even ???? my shit's fat start believin that  
You ain't even that fly enough to try and bluff  
3rd Eye's rough enough to make you wanna bust that  
rough stuff  
So here's a puff for my fake homeyz  
(\*inhales\*) you don't know me

[ DJ Scratch scratches ]

[ 3rd Eye ]

Here's a puff for my fake homeyz

You don't know me  
Here's a puff for my fake homeyz  
Fuck all the backstabbers  
[ PMD ]  
Hit Squad is in the house, kid  
[ 3rd Eye ]  
3rd Eye, 3rd Eye  
[ PMD ]  
Yeah kid  
Shit is on

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