

Paul Wall "Falsifying"

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[Chamillionaire]

Hold up these bois frontin like they movin blocks
Like big dope slangaz on swangaz cruising drops
I can't stand niggaz rappin like they use them glocks
You ain't a ball hog nigga you ain't shootin them shots
Niggaz claim to have strikes like a referee
But you ain't callin no shots nigga technically
This ain't a game its life the only techs you'll see
Is not fouls justt guns that'll reset your T
I am me some niggaz fake it till the make it
They tell lies and wish that they could erase it
Face it there ain't no facts in none of ya statements
You ain't wearing gunz like its a fashion statement
I know you gon hate this talkin to you mista
Smile when they with ya and when they leave they diss
ya
See niggaz gon wish ya don't get no richer
I'll snap with no kodak and hope that you get the
picture
Now lets keep it real are you really a vulture
That'll make a nigga as stiff as a picture on a poster
Tell The Truth if a hater gets up and approach ya
Would you make wish he stayed seated like a sofa
Most of- well let me say a large percent
Of these keepin it real niggaz is fruadulent
You Thought You had ya boi convinced but you fake
you phony
You know the rest
Chamillonaire & [Paul Wall]

If You Ever Said You Been Behind Bars But Neva Did
Time
You Fake You Phony You Faulsifying
If You Ain't Neva Killed Nobody But In Your Songs They
Dyin
You Fake You Phony You Faulsifying
You Ain't A Hustla On The Grind Yet You Claim To Move
Pounds
You Fake You Phony You Faulsifying
Neva Had Never Did Never Will Be Real
No You Lying You Faulsifying

[Paul Wall]

Calling your bluff

Alot of rappers claiming their tough

You bout as tough as toilet tissue full of that brown
stuff

Your commode is about to errupt

You think you're hot doggin but ya ketchup is catchin
up

Tomorrow ya stuck

Ya rims cost more than ya truck

You a balla but you always wanna borrow a buck

My worst rap is better than ya best song

Ya'll boi's faker than Li press ons

Rappin hard but the streets know lie ya drama

When ya dog died you went home and cried to ya
mama

You get devoured in this game like a wilderbeast

With your white gold chain and your silver piece

Please don't make me laugh! you slab when you rap
but in real life you catchin a cab

I saw you at the club with that fine chick you was huggin

Tellin me it was ya gal but its really ya cousin

You fake you phony you exaggeratin

If you a mack then why you always home masturbating

You ain't gotta lie to me about the cash you making

Quit acting and faking

Fa Real

[Chamillonaire & Paul Wall]

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[Chamillionaire]

If I took a look into your mind

Facts or fiction tell me which one would I find

If I took a look into your mind

Would A Lie Detector Tell me that you are lying

All them fellaz that you're hangin around

If It really went down would ya guerillaz be cryin

Some of ya'll need to correct ya mind

I know you lyin, you faulsifying

So True.... Stacking money is what I do

Always been real I'ma stay true
Nigga what about you....
And I know I know I will because
Real is pulsing through my blood
Some niggaz claim to be real thugs is it really the truth
and I know just let me know..

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