

Orlando

"Fakin Jax"

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Verse One: Pete Rock

Check it out
As I commence lyrical content now bust the grammar
Niggaz tryin to make flip out like David Banner
Bustin out the garments slammin shit like Onyx
When I'm vex I flex and turn green like the chronic
When I bug out you bound to get snuffed out for frontin
Busy deceivin achievin nothin
If you can't walk the walk, don't talk the talk
It's Pete Rock and InI comin straight from New York
Now all the setups you thought you stepped up to get
your rep up
The joke's on you jack (true dat, word)
Cause when I came through the door my mind was
thinkin all out war
I'ma settle the score, once and for all
Ain't no time for fakin jax when it's time for makin
stacks
I'm droppin bombs like acts in the bible with my recital
So recline like a passenger seat Son, relax
As I take you to the max, homeboy you fakin ji-dax

Chorus

Verse Two: InI

Yeah, check it
You never success or progress
Searchin for peace through material objects
You go to extremes in the process
Acuse others, when it's you showin your true colors
Busy sellin your dreams, but all your cream
Contributes to your lack of self-esteem
So it would seem, cause every day of the week, you act
different
You see your peoples, you speak, your eyes shifted
Frontin what Son you love to perform
But when the crowd's gone, word is bond, you get your
merc on
Is this the real definition of what a snake is

Y'all should of been politicians, that's where the cake
is, but
It didn't work with the fake ass smirk
See the meek shall inherit the earth, for what it's worth,
uhh
Turn around yo you backwards, you know what the
facts is
You fakin jax kid

Chorus

Verse Three: Inl

Your blood
You're worth lead if you can't bring home the cake to
get the youths fed
We used to harvest now it's work instead
So, to get ahead to hit the nail on the head, it's hard
work
Cause America jerks, takin tax and perks out the check
So father sweats from workin for the next
Just to connect, so man listen
A comfortable position's what I'm after
So all the while, I'm preparin myself to meet the master

Check it, so we suggest you put a F on your chest
A wolf in sheep's clothing's what describes you best
Nevertheless, I roast your ass like chestnuts
I got guts plus cuts from Pete Rock
and it don't stop, the ghetto mass' in your grill
If you lack the will to step up then please chill
On the real, real brothers got each others backs
While all these phony niggaz keep on fakin the jax
It's like that

Chorus

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