

# InI

## "Fakin Jax"

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f/ Pete Rock

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: Inl

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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