

# Fakin Jax

## Pete Rock & InI

Check it out  
As I commence lyrical content now bust the grammar  
Niggas tryin to make me 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'mma 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  
Ain't no time for fakin jax  
Stop fakin jax  
Brothers that fake jax get laid on they back Yeah, check it  
You'll never succeed or progress  
Searchin for peace through material objects  
You go to extremes in the process  
Accuse 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  
Yo blood  
Your 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 masterCheck 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 maths 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 niggas keep on fakin the jax  
It's like that

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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