

# Paul Wall, Falsifying

[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  
Chamillionaire & [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 erupt  
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

[Chamillionaire & 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..