

Fakin

Hoodie Allen

Why you always fakin' on the net though?
Why you always flexing for the timeline?
Fakin' fakin' fakin'
Where your friends go?
Why you taking pictures of me all night?
But I'm not that nice of a dude
I might have to be rude
Why you always begging me for rent though?
Why you, why you, why, why you fakin' fakin'?

Why you always, why you always fucking on me?
Just let go of me
I'm with my homies, and you don't know me
We ain't that close, bitch we ain't that close
You should, you should already know
Already know
You came into my party, asking for a plus-three
I'm like "are your friends bad?"
She replied "just trust me"
Feeling kinda Irish, I'm always getting lucky
So many girls call me daddy, I should fight for custody
My life like The Oscars, critics say it's must see
All my haters love me, that's why they never bug me
Your girl is probably going home with me 'cause you ugly
I'mma take her phone so she don't try no pictures of me
Paparazzi

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I'm looking at the page right now
Hashtag new profile
New pic, you look so proud
With your big boobs and got both out
Why you crying on my timeline?
Talking 'bout your little problems
I ain't 'bout to follow you 'cause I ain't got mine
I'mma holla when the primetime
Why you, how you, call me when nobody by you?
Nobody want you, your mind a ocean, your body's a bayou
I buy you chips, no Ruth Chris, 'cause I do know this
The hungry O's can't do shit
since eighth grade
Snapchat, I got different names
That's the one the hoes sent me nudes
Just in case you wanna wear clothes today, woo!
You ain't insecure today
You deserve a today
My hoodie on, I call Hoodie up and book every white girl in the hood today
Wale

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Fakin' and bakin'
I'm done with the hand shaking
Dap it up on me we cool
Everything negative, you're way too late again
Girls in they get in my poo
Fuck what you saying, I might be Jamaican
They tell me I'm some kind of jerk
Drop the beat I go berzerk
Homie I'm puttin' in work
Got in my back again, still Billy Madison
Still eating lunch and dessert
People keep talking, their guns will be floppin'
I'm ignoring every word
Painting, I'm painting, I'm painting the picture
They tryin' to tell me what it's worth
I swear that I might be the dopest motherfucker off of this planet, on Earth
I did it since birth, I tell you my plans
It ain't no secret that I've been the man
I am just saying this shit's to be saying it
I am just saying it 'cause I c-can, 'cause I c-can
I'll even stutter
These bitches don't know you, they don't even bother
'Cause my bigget fan is also your mother
I swear they be playing this every summer, so

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