

# Fake Your Way To The Top

Eddie Murphy

Thirteen years of solid gold platters  
Rising cost and cocktail chatter  
Fat DJ's, stereophonic sound, oh baby  
The game of hits goes 'round and around

But you can fake your way to the top  
'Round and around  
Try that part right there, baby  
( 'Round and around)

Fake your way to the top  
( 'Round and around)  
Now you fell right in there  
Didn't you, sweetheart?

You can fake your way to the top  
( 'Round and around)  
Shit, I knew you'd have it, baby

But it's always real, so real  
(Always so real)  
When you're comin' down

I know what's happenin', I've been around  
Makin' my way through every town  
I make my livin' off of my sound  
And the game of hits goes 'round and around  
And around and around

And 'round and around  
And 'round and around  
'Round and around  
And 'round and around  
And 'round and around  
And 'round and around

I made it slowly  
Worked hard on the road  
He's away from his lover  
It's a heavy load

Time to bring up the lights, yeah  
Now let's see which one of these girls  
Goin' home with Jimmy tonight, yeah  
I got a nice, warm bed waitin' on ya

Jimmy, my bed  
Alright now, come on now  
Who wants to sit on daddy's lap?  
Break it down

I faked my way to the top  
( 'Round and around)  
Oh, yeah, yes, I did  
( 'Round and around)

I said, I faked my way to the top

('Round and around)  
( 'Round and around)

You know I faked my way to the top  
( 'Round and around)  
Yeah, yeah, oh yes, I did  
( 'Round and around)

And it's always real, so real  
(Oh, it's so real)  
Baby, when you're comin' down  
I faked my way, yes, I did

Help me, Jesus  
(Help me, Jesus)  
Help, help, help  
(Help, help, help, help, help, help, help)

Help me, Jesus  
(Help me, Jesus)  
(Help, help, help, help, help, help, help)

(Help me, Jesus)  
You the Man  
(Help, help, help, help, help, help, help)  
Fake my way to the top