

Fake Your Way To The Top

Jennifer Hudson

Thirteen years of solid gold platters
Rising cost and cocktail chatter
Fat deejays, stereophonic sound
The game of hits goes 'round and around
But you can fake your way to the top

'Round and around,
Try that part baby

'Round and around!

Fake your way to the top

'Round and around!

You fit right in there sweetheart!

You can fake your way to the top

'Round and around!

I knew you'd have it baby!

And it's always real, so real

Always so real

Yeah, when you're comin' down!

Ladies and Gentleman, the wildest man in show business, James "Thunder" Earl
y!

Oh, Help me Jesus

Help me, Jesus!

Help me, help me Jesus

Help me, Jesus!

Help me, help me Jesus

Help me, Jesus!

Help me Jesus

Up, back up, back up

All the way up...

Yeah, number one

I know what's happenin'

Doo, doot, doo doo

I been around
Workin' my way

Doo, doot, doo doo

Through every town
I make my livin'

Doo, doot, doo doo

Off of my sound

Doo, doot, doo doo

And the game of hits
Here we go
Goes 'round, and around, and a

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

You can fake your way to the top

'Round and around!

Blow your horn!
(Sung) Fake your way to the top
Don'tcha know I made my way to the top
Yes I did
And it's always real, so real

Always so real... Ooh!

OH!

Help me, Jesus!

Help me, help me Jesus

Help me, Jesus!

Help me, help me Jesus

Help me, Jesus!

Fake my way to the top!