

## Intro To "Fake"

Alexander O'Neal

Excuse me  
Ah baby, you done spilled wine on my forty dollar shirt  
You oughta move out the way  
Uh, say what?  
You heard me (Ooh)  
You don't know me (Tough)  
Hey, I'll go get my friend Alex and he'll throw all you out  
Ah, right  
You old lowlife (You alright, Pop?)  
Nah, man, messed my shirt up, man  
Maybe if she took out them colored contacts, she could see where she was going  
Somebody need to talk about her. Why, you big chameleon-eyed, big wig, lowdown dirty sleazy fake  
You're nothin' but a fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake...