

Fame

Ab-Soul

The fame
The fortune
The need to be important
Will exist as long as the Earth is in orbit

Far from a Frankie Lymon but I'm feelin' the scrutiny
The fame
The bitches in they visions is screwin' me
Cause they don't see Soul
They see commerce
{Boy you finna be the biggest}
Get her a pre-sale ticket
I used to sit and stare at my phone and wait for rings
Like professional athletes or any wife to be
Now it's ringin' off the hook cause I wrote a tight hook
The list goes on man
I could write a book
But you know the popular sayin'
"Be careful what you wish for"
I just wanted to move people
I didn't know it'd come with this whore
Got me steppin' outside like menthols
Well sellin' your soul's the end all be all
I'm just tellin' the truth people
But you could prolly only feel me if you're involved
Just know what you in for

Some people wonder why I wear shades at night
I say "Cause in the dark, they're still that bright."
I see my enemies
They see me too
You wish you was me like something's wrong with you
They say I'm becomin' such a household name
That everywhere I go I'm sure to feel the
{Fame}
Some people wonder why I wear shades at night

Tell me how you supposed to feel when you walk in a room
Everybody swellin' your head 'til it's as big as the room
You still ain't made it
But it appears to be comin' true
At a time you tryna find what the world is comin' to
And don't forget about your family
You would think it was all love
They waitin' for you to fuck up to blame it on your moms
Like "She did a horrible job
He don't look too good in the eyes of God."
But you know the popular sayin' "Be careful what you wish for."
It just might happen
I never thought I'd make it this far
When I was young I used to wanna ball like Chris Paul
Hoop dreams converted to writin' hit songs
To some of y'all it's just rappin'
And I wrote this over the toilet cause I was pissed off
No shit...

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Michael Jackson died just a few days ago
Some people say "Malpractice"
But just imagine
Sellin' a hundred million plus copies off of one project
Grown men fallin' out just to touch your fashion
You become an object
With or without an objective of your very own
That type of attention can drive a man mad
So be careful what you wish for
This music is what I do
'Til I die it's what I live for
So if you do it for the jewels
Or the new tennis shoes
And not to be mentioned with Pac, Biggie, and Nas
Then you do it to pollute
I'm Captain Planet with my pants saggin'
Tell the truth
Rewrite it, define it, and spell it too
Make sure you shake every hand
And take a picture with every fan
And do whatever you can do

The fame'll consume you
The fame'll confuse you
Make it look like everything is an optical illusion
The fame will haunt you
Listen what I taught you
Even on your day off
The fame is on you
The fame ain't expensive
But the fame will cost you
The fame is your friend
But the fame will cross you
Take what I say as a warning
Precaution
From the captain blockin' moonlight with my sunglasses
Bastards...

Yeah
Yeah
Be careful what you wish for
It just might happen...

They say I'm becomin' such a household name
I'm tryna feel the...

Some people wonder why I wear shades at night...