

Less Fame

Bizzy Bone

I'm tryin to tell you that we got it (c'mon)
Yeah boy, stress game, less fame is a..
Yeah, this a blessing, stress game (hey!)
Less fame, it's a blessin, bosom buddy I'm arresting
(One time, one time)
Much pressure in the stress game (hey hey!)
Less fame, it's a blessin, bosom buddy I'm arresting
Much pressure in the stress game (hey!)
Less fame, it's a blessin, bosom buddy I'm arresting - much..

And I can see that you don't want me to love
And I'm damn sure that you don't want me to thug
And I'm damn sure that you don't want me to judge
And I'm damn sure that you don't want me
You better believe that time is tickin
I can hold no grudge, you can't haunt me
Callin up my player-ass partner while I'm sippin on wine
Only to soothe my little spirits, I think God can hear me cryin
When I wake up to the birds and then the herbs of the violins
But I think he rather have me disturbed, man I can't even sleep in si
lence

Much pressure in the stress game, less fame
It's a blessin, bosom buddy I'm arresting
Much..

Ain't no illusion less than God, for the realest of the writin
Love thy neighbor, it's way beyond the fightin and the lightnin
Benjamin Franklin, with a 50 dollar bill I'ma fly the kite
And Robyn Givens, she's still tryin to play me like I'm Tyson
Oh poor baby, maybe I'm just a little bit sentimental
When it comes to the death I've wept, still weepin with whips
As my brothers they got hung by trees, and beat with whips
The pain is so deep that they carry so many regrets
Here's a message

With the world in a daze and the homies smokin haze
And they slangin on the Ave to upper classmen, hey
Slay, with the A to the K
Without a weapon watchin and listenin and, where without livin
Hey, get on the level as we smoke real fast
You take a puff and that's enough and throw it away in the trash
At last, minus the visual, where would I be?
You tell Eve to get her ass out the tree, that's cheap

[Chorus]