Fame

Fame, I'm the man that takes things over Fame makes me loose, hard to swallow Fame puts me there where things are hollow Fame Fame It's not your brain, it's just the flame The bitch is gonna get your ends SLAIN! (You know I need the money, I will get the money Cos I need the cash, hey c'mon gotta get it) (You know I need the money, I will get the money Cos I need the cash, hey c'mon gotta get it) Fame, what you like is in the limo Fame, take it now there's no tomorrow Fame, what you need you'll have to borrow Fame Fame Nine is fine, it plays for time I'ma lemme hit you from be-hind Fame, Fame Fame A bullet for me, I bust it for you I love it when you grab my gun Fame Fame, what's your name? What's your name? What's your name? Say my name? Say my name? Say my name? The world's famous, rugged with the superstar persona Rough designer, the chubby alcoholic rhymer Big timer, I'm known in places I haven't even been Executed styles behind men Oh God, I preach that old Hudd City gospel My look's hostile, hittin Remy from the bottle The fame is like I'm possessed wit game And everywhere I go, hos screamin my name But I'm rollin, not that my bald head's swollen I'm towin, ya fixed up, they'd rather see ya broken I'm scopin often where the spotlights shine Me and my crew drinkin tryin ta have a good time But folks watchin, wearin khakis or Versace They try to mack me, caught up in the papparazzi I'ma look what the hogg had become A top notch nigga with the fame game Is it any wonder, I'll reject ya first Fame Fame Fame Fame Is it any wonder, your heart's too cold to fool

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