

Fame

Killah Priest

(Hook) 2x

All I wanted was the fame and the money
All I wanted was the cars and the honeys
Till I die, till I rise
Till I die, till I rise

[Killah Priest]

Don't stop till you get a million dollars
Nope! Don't stop till you get a zillion dollars
Then what? Enemies at ya door
Hidin' ya money under floor
Don't trust ya whore, screenin' ya cause
Niggas used to be cool, but ain't cool no more
Now you gon' to war, just made a deal as a business man
Lawyers jerkin' you, you can't trust ya fam
Got cancer from all the cigars
Neva picture ya self on the I.V. because of liquor
Dreamin' of ya funeral, some niggas wanna shoot at you
Now you being fed thru a tube, the suspect's unusual
Kings die, thrones rust, skeleton bones turn to dust
This money you trust - hard luck

Now you get stuck, your family is f*cked
That's what happens when guns buss

(Hook) 2x

[Killah Priest]

Game recognize game, G's recognize G's
Shootouts in the rain cuz of M O N E Y
Why my nephew had to die? Eye for an eye
Tooth for tooth, my fam for ya fam
Niggas just shoot
While we talkin' their lives are coffin
If he go they put his riches in the auction (Damn!!)
Luck, teardrops and pain, hug, fears, stops the rain
The bullets and a kiss
A buncha Brooklyn kids cried that day
When the hearse roll thru wit BIG
Listen to the vision Martin had
Shots in the flag, David rocks in his bag
We love money, buss slugs for money
Would you sell ya moms for money?
Soon, all in tuned
That's what will be required from this country, doom!