

Got Work

Reflection Eternal

I love you baby, I'll treat you right
I love you baby, I'll treat you right
I got work for you (Give it to me girl)
I got work for you (Give it, huh)
I got work for you (Give it to me girl)
I got work for you

Ignore the amateurs, you're rolling with the glamorous
See all the clamor for the lights and the cameras?
They get scared when the glances turn amorous
Exposed to the heat, they go yellow like an amethyst
Used to be purple like the cannabis from welts and the bruises
Used to scream, "Help!" It was useless
Escaped into the night with her life intact
A betrayal she described as a knife in the back
Stone cold killer, you'd probably shudder
At the amount of blood flowing through the Hollywood gutter
All because of the appetite for dreams that will eat you up inside
She on your mind probably keep you up at night
15 minutes, that's all she really need
Director yell, "Cut!" And we see how you really bleed
Stay in the game, stay in the frame, say her name: Fame, Fame

I love you baby (Skip the foreplay)
I'll treat you right (That's what they all say)
I love you baby (Skip the foreplay)
I'll treat you right (Yeah)
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She's so fleeting, she's so deceiving, she's so misleading
She cut 'em open and bleeding, she got 'em overeating
She's so hot, soda pop, she's overheating
Her gun American, her favorite rum Puertorican
She's like a monkey on your back, 'til you start to crack
She'll make you famous like the Stars and Straps
The heart of the fact, to swallow that, she got a target on your back
Follow you until you drown in the sea of your sorrow
You overdose, she got you over, she got the potion
It's not a joke, how she got 'em hoping, she tried the coke
And everything designer from the kind of drugs she do
To the attitude when she get tired of loving you
I hear them swear they don't need her and throw dirt on her name
I'm out for the fortune, fuck Fame!
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The mother cried, the butterfly was a caterpillar
Before he fell in love with Fame, cause he had to feel her
The model hot, she swallowed shots, straight Tequila
The bottles pop, she love you, but can't wait to kill ya
She lurking in the bushes, she the paparazzi
Her sex drive way faster than a Mazarati
Every relationship is work, this is not a hobby
She make you famous like Beyonce, then she got your body
How she grimy like a project lobby
But still snooty, pack Louis Vuitton and act bourgey
She like a ghost cause I shudder when she pass through me
She yell, "Cut!" And you stop acting, it's your last movie
She got you in the gym, she got you in the spa
Staring at the man in the mirror wondering who you are
You're a superstar, 'til she pass on ya
Take a picture, it will last longer, word

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