

**Roberta Flack F/ Donny Hathaway****"Fame"**

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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)

Chorus: RC

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?

[King Tee]

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

Outro: RC

Is it any wonder, I'll reject ya first  
Fame Fame Fame Fame  
Is it any wonder, your heart's too cold to fool  
Fame Fame Fame Fame

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