

## 2 Pac "Fame"

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And my niggas say  
We want the FAME  
C'mon c'mon

[Chorus]

One thing we all adore  
Something worth dying for  
Nothing but pain  
Stuck in this game  
Searching for fortune and fame

The one thing we all adore  
Something worth dying for  
It's been nothing but pain  
Stuck in this game  
Searching for fortune and fame

[Verse 1: Tupac]

Though we exist and breathe  
Some believe currency comes to g's  
Stresses half the ghetto  
With success comes greed [echo]  
They got me hot  
When they shot me  
Plotted  
My revenge  
To increase my ends  
Enemies gettin dropped  
Win or lose  
Red or blue  
We must all stay true  
Play the game nigga  
Never let the game play you  
And for the fame [echo]  
Niggas change fast [echo]  
That's a shame [echo]  
What's the game  
Lost souls  
Who controls our brain?  
Who can I blame? [echo]

The world seems strange at times  
Somewhat insane [echo]  
I'm hoping we can change with time  
I'm living blinded [echo]  
Searching for a ?? curse  
I know death follows me  
But I murder him first  
And worse yet  
With each breathe  
Steps I take  
Breathless  
Is there a cure for a hustler with a death wish?  
Cigar ashes  
Coaster  
Crystal glasses  
We mash on them jealous bastards  
With a ski mask  
I'm the first one to warn them  
Blast it  
Wrapped in plastic  
Bullshitting got his ass hit (outlaws)  
Ain't nothing left now  
Treated like a stepchild  
Was not for me  
Nothing but busters and bitches (fuck em all)  
Be rocking beats  
Fake in fame

[Verse 2:]

Block run and shoot slugs  
We throw them back like hardballs  
Without the gloves  
No love for these fake desperados  
And thugs I bleed to envy  
Smoke and blow out they blunts  
Sipping Henney  
Drunk nights  
And hot days  
Cocking my heat  
Shooting it sideways  
A wife on the run  
Full of common blunts  
Unconditionally married  
To my gun  
Fulfillin' my destiny  
On knees  
And ones desires  
Be pulling all my cabbage  
Like priors  
Stuck in the trance

Searching for something higher  
Fortune and fame

[Chorus]

One thing we all adore  
Something worth dying for  
Nothing but pain  
Stuck in this game  
Searching for fortune and fame (FAME)

The one thing we all adore  
Something worth dying for  
It's been nothing but pain  
Stuck in this game  
Searching for fortune and fame

[Verse 3:]

Searching for fortune and fame  
Lost in the rain  
A lose of the game  
With life the cost of the game  
We forcing the change  
Mother fuck flossing the chain [echo]  
All the blame  
Belongs to the part of the brain [echo]  
That we never use nigga  
Plus my heart is in pain [echo]  
And if I ever lose homey  
Bet I'm at it again [echo]  
Outlaws don't die  
So united we stand [echo]  
And if family 'come a foe  
All the fortune and fame [echo]

[Verse 4: Napoleon]

As I walk up in the crib  
Laid to rest me head  
Say some rhymes to angels  
Hope they bless my bed  
Hope they bless me the righteous way  
Got a homie locked down  
Outta town  
I sent him a kite today  
Man that hate in your heart  
Your gotta cleanse it dog  
Praying for my downfall  
And I can sense it dog  
I was passed down the street fame

Like glocks clocked  
And keep aim  
Was raised up with a clock box  
And I ran with the local street gang  
They say the light is faded  
But still shine in the dark  
You can easy been a man  
But you is a boy in your heart  
And that's some game that I got  
From generation of game  
In the road of life dog  
We need to switch up lanes  
Think about it

[Chorus]

One thing we all adore  
Something worth dying for  
Nothing but pain  
Stuck in this game  
Searching for fortune and fame (FAME)

The one thing we all adore  
Something worth dying for  
It's been nothing but pain  
Stuck in this game  
Searching for fortune and fame

[Verse 5:]

I can't complain  
I've seen my fair share of the fame  
It wont change me  
Now I've got this piece of change  
I feel strange  
I got so use to the hood  
That when I finally got out  
At first it ain't feel good  
I was just a baby  
Still retarded from slavery  
When we struggle to shovel shit  
Ain't nobody saved me  
Ghetto ain't made me  
I made myself  
Poverty raised me  
Thinking ain't no help  
I pray for my health  
My mind  
And my family too  
State of myself  
My grind

And my family crew  
Where one hand watches the other  
No we ain't blood  
But we still real brothers  
The struggle is real  
Nothing can steal  
What we build  
And that remains the same  
'Till that day we killed  
And that's real  
Life that I was aimed to be  
Love by my family tree  
That's fame to me  
How about it

[Chorus]

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