

2Pac "Street Fame"

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Turn it up in my head phones
Coming to a ghetto near you, street fame
More, coming to a ghetto near you

I wasn't mad until these tricks shot me, it's time to
sanitize my posse
Look how paranoid these niggas got me
Cellular calls are being traced, since surveillance
silently
Momma chill thug livin' pay the bills and die violently

Closed caskets expose bastards I leave 'em bloody
Deloris tucker don't let your kids hear a nigga speak on
gettin' money
Ain't nothin' funny, green, got a nigga seein' things
Why, hit the lye hope to God I can fly

Lethal weapon I'm a savage, still a method to my
madness
Blast niggaz laugh call 'em care cabbage
Read 'em and weep, put 'em to sleep they hell bound
Lyrics will leave 'em spell bound, clown now tired of
being held down

Cross my heart hope to die blinded in some pussy
millionaire
Living care free, sucka free, playa haters miss me
Hope in hard times never catch me slippin'
Fuck authorities they wonder why minorities be trippin'
we ain't having it

Time to tear this shit back, ghetto children kick back
Once I hit the mat niggaz will never get this shit back
Spit it so eloquently, my pistols represent me
Bust until my rounds empty, back for the street fame

One love to my true thugs comin' to a ghetto near you,
street fame
Bust, comin' to a ghetto near you, street fame
All out warfare, eye for a eye bustin' on my enemies
bad boy killing
(Comin' to a ghetto near you, street fame)

Straight dissing you, fuck Lil' Kim you nasty bitch

Temperatures rises niggaz blinded by my lyrical
disguise

No time to plot retreats, niggaz shiver and die
Multiple rounds found laced in his body and face
Wrapped in plastic, the acid erased all traces

Criminal tactics the rap game became so drastic
Military mind mashed all the walls they blasted
If we bleed then they suffocate chokin' in terror
So we strive singularize we reflect in the mirrors

The prophecy is clear niggaz lock an' load disappear
Strategize with no fear, waging war for years
The crack game wasn't big enough, ready to rush
You bitch made motherfuckers get murdered and
touched

I go to jail niggaz screamin' free me, speakin' freely
Conversatin' with my comrades kicking Swahili
Indeed nature feel my first seed it gets worse
Plans are cursed to be a G on the first to breathe

Currency in stacks, artillery in the back strapped
Armies, we camouflaged in all black
When we attack, holla out my set, nigga tighten your
jaw
Givin' birth to outlaws, street fame

Bust nigga bust, comin' to a ghetto near you, street
fame it's true
(Hell yeah)
Only Makaveli the don can put it down like this, hey Nas
(Comin' to a ghetto near you with street fame)

Positive identification, got me rushed to the station
Stuck in this line up tryin' hard to hide my face
They placed the name but can't recall description
I ain't did shit officer, that bitch trippin'

Promise retaliation they plan busted, no man to be
trusted
Everything corrupted once man touched it, Kamikaze
Hoping that none of the spies find me
That's why we bye bye daily, knowin' cops trail me

But why cry floatin' while we tokin' on this potent branch
Flossing in the thug stance, flipping pockets out inside
my pants
Never underestimate me, playa hate me, see me and

hide
Sure as hollow points shatter, enemies die

Spread love dead thugs gettin' buried in riches
Take a chance to advance fuck them worryin' bitches
Penitentiary's a possibility, bust and pray
Wear a rubber so I live to fuck another day

Hey ain't nothin' strange, I'm 25 dying to change
But still I bang wanting street fame
That's the end of that, thugged out, Makaveli the don
Representin' the outlaws

Street fame, one love to my true niggaz
Comin' to a ghetto near you, street fame
Makaveli the don, Killuminati
Comin' to a ghetto near you, street fame
Yo check this out, I'm a tell you like this, street fame

If the lifestyle that you living
Got you taking more fucking shorts than getting props
Then that lifestyle need to stop, best to recognize
some outlaw shit
'Cause only in this outlaw lifestyle can you truly come to
To see what this life's supposed to be like
Nigga you'll start to see riches, fine bitches and hitting
switches
Shit, to me that shit sound delicious

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