

Doyle Lawson And Quicksilver

"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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