

E-Rotic

"4 The Fame"

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It gave me chills the first time that I saw that nigga since he shot LaGhram. They had him locked down. he got his weight up, and now he swears he's the fuckin' man. No remorse, that niggas cold, he's runnin' shit now or so I'm told, word up the devil done stole his soul in fact, I heard he sold it long ago, no doubt to break out, from the ghetto that be making fiends out of moms, car alarms, packin' heat when the beef is on. Word is bond, son, in this triteness it's all the same, watch your back it's a god damn shame, who's fakin' jax, your best friend will sell you out and no doubt, he's makin' a name, he'd die for the fame, I don't want much I just want everything. Die for the fame. "Some get a little, and some get none, some catch a bad one" yo, that was my anthem. 17 long hard years of blood tears, nigga you were never there, nigga you would never care, fuck the word cause the world fucked me, you could take me outta' hard times, but you can't hard times outta' me. Run your shit, bitch ... we was tight but now I look out for myself, only for myself. I'm a changed man with a changed game plan, hung out together, grew up, you was my main man. But shit's just not the same; I'm in it for the fame. Childhood nightmare scenes that souped his head up, his broken heart and broken dreams got him mad fed up, the pain done got his eyes, he cried for the first time since his mother died when he was 5, sinkin' his sorrows in Jack D and Old E, just then he wasn't glad he reminded himself of his daddy who made the pipe his wife and hit it every night, his tears were thick, his thoughts were mad hectic he's not pretending, he's thinking of ending the reminiscing over hard times and hard luck, nobody gave a fuck again the agony struck, he the barrel in his mouth, bit down, and just bucked.

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