

E-Town Concrete "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 put the barrel in his mouth, bit down and just
bucked

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