

Fame "Pride"

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Say boy done changed
That's all I hear when I come around
Cause it's source magazine and the bt
I...walk around like it's that nigga
At least tell me where you been
Pitching all your friend call 100 ties
What you hollywood again
Gone off soft boy you used to be the man
Ain't try heads on, but you're heart broken again
Think you're feeling yourself, boy you're filling
yourself
Tattered up your body, what you did to yourself?
Come a time in your life when you get tired of the cards
you've been dealt
So you dealing yourself
Hoe you got some opinions, ain't nobody got time for
that
Main reason why I duck your I...could be phone call
Fuck you all niggas this is brooklyn gun shot

Say boy done changed
That's all I hear when I come around
Cause it's source magazine and that double xl
Got me nominated, shit is complicated
I'm intoxicated, cause I was concentrated with that
henny
Balling on these niggas like I'm tryina win an emi
Yeah I got plenty these lord need demi
And I need like 30 millies before I leave my 20's
Hold up, let me slow that, south side nigga, I'ma hold
that
Her ass crazy, need prozac,
White diamonds on but I'm pro black
I've been balling, they know that
My jesus piece is a proback
My bracer flicking like Kodak
My color blue like a toll past nigga
I work my ass out, yeah you niggas hate it
I ran through them red lights, all you niggas waited
Oh you got an opinion
Ain't nobody got time for that

That's why I leave my condo top low,
Capo, my minds on nigga, yo chicago, what

Let me diss you on a hand out
Want me to have your mens out
Said a nigga got flow, said that the young go
Oh yeah, but you got it all planned out
So you hitting up me for the first
Yeah I do it just to put em in the hearse
Hit them with the 16, put em all front screen
Now the whole world witness I getting this work
You ain't come where I come from
So you can't do what I did
You can't speak on none of that real shit
Cause that real shit you ain't live
Niggas claim rich when they pockets on lean
Working 9 to 5 talking bout they got bricks
Where your facts at, boy you like that
Go put away your imaginary stacks
Bucnh of chief keefs in the street with the banger
And I'm always good in my hood
Cause I just stood the same and ain't change up
I'm paid in full, my shit on 1000
Tryina put you on man fuck em cowards
Man fly high!

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