

## **Fifty Cent**

### **"Pastime Glories"**

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Pastime glories

Now that our world has grown stone cold  
I can feel your hate through them  
Swallowed all of our pride  
Not to be famous : it will be another failed play

Don?t fake a smile, can depend on you I?m sure  
I?ll hear from you

Deep inside, it leaves a scar  
Wasn?t a sense of growing up  
Wasn?t a part of our work  
Will be a part of our future

Took your words for granted  
What?s your latest confession ?  
I?m sure they?ll hear about it  
I Know it will be from you

I?m so sick of chasing it  
Am I in it, where do we stand  
I?m so sick of chasing it  
The kind of life you?ll never know?

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