

## Killah Priest

### "Fame"

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(Hook) 2x All I wanted was the fame and the money All I wanted was the cars and the honeys Till I die, till I rise Till I die, till I rise [Killah Priest] Don't stop till you get a million dollars Nope! Don't stop till you get a zillion dollars Then what? Enemies at ya door Hidin' ya money under floor Don't trust ya whore, screenin' ya cause Niggas used to be cool, but ain't cool no more Now you gon' to war, just made a deal as a business man Lawyers jerkin' you, you can't trust ya fam Got cancer from all the cigars Neva picture ya self on the I.V. because of liquor Dreamin' of ya funeral, some niggas wanna shoot at you Now you being fed thru a tube, the suspect's unusual Kings die, thrones rust, skeleton bones turn to dust This money you trust - hard luck Now you get stuck, your family is fucked That's what happens when guns buss (Hook) 2x [Killah Priest] Game recognize game, G's recognize G's Shootouts in the rain cuz of M O N E Y Why my nephew had to die? Eye for an eye Tooth for tooth, my fam for ya fam Niggas just shoot While we talkin' their lives are coffin If he go they put his riches in the auction (Damn!!) Luck, teardrops and pain, hug, fears, stops the rain The bullets and a kiss A buncha Brooklyn kids cried that day When the hearse roll thru wit BIG Listen to the vision Martin had Shots in the flag, David rocks in his bag We love money, buss slugs for money Would you sell ya moms for money? Soon, all in tuned That's what will be required from this country, doom!

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