

RC "Fame"

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Fame, I'm the man that takes things over
Fame makes me loose, hard to swallow
Fame puts me there where things are hollow
Fame, fame, it's not your brain, it's just the flame
The bitch is gonna get your ends, slain

You know I need the money, gotta get the money
'Cause I need the cash, hey c'mon, gotta get it
You know I need the money, gotta get the money
'Cause I need the cash, hey c'mon, gotta get it

Fame, what you like is in the limo
Fame, take it now, there's no tomorrow
Fame, what you need you'll have to borrow
Fame, fame, nine is fine, it plays for time
I'ma lemme hit you from behind, fame, fame, fame

Fame, a bullet for me, I bust it for you
I love it when you grab my gun, fame
Fame, what's your name? What's your name?
What's your name? Say my name? Say my name?
Say my name?

The world's famous, rugged with the superstar
persona
Rough designer, the chubby alcoholic rhymer, Big
Tymer
I'm known in places I haven't even been
Executed styles behind men

Oh God, I preach that old Hudd City gospel
My look's hostile, hittin' Remy from the bottle
The fame is like I'm possessed wit game
And everywhere I go, ho's screamin' my name

But I'm rollin', not that my bald head's swollen
I'm towin', ya fixed up, they'd rather see ya broken
I'm scopin' often where the spotlights shine
Me and my crew drinkin', tryin' to have a good time

But folks watchin', wearin' khakis or Versace
They try to mock me, caught up in the paparazzi

Mama, look what the hogg had became
A top notch nigga with the fame game

Is it any wonder? I'll reject ya first
Fame, fame, fame, fame
Is it any wonder? Your heart's too cold to fool
Fame, fame, fame, fame

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