

Megadeth

"Street Fame"

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[Mopreme]

It was a dope spot front yard, one on one strappin
That's the way it was way before all the scrappin
Earned my fuckin props from the G's in the hood
Put in work, did some dirt, never snitched, never would
Rollin the fat Jaguars with my nigga P blowin up
Time comin back sippin Hennessey
Seventeen years old and I felt like God mad rich
And I had my pick of any fine bitch
And my family was known to be great, seen slightly
more
Representin no matter who sets it on
Street power, why you niggaz flip and you thug shit
I be bout my motherfuckin grip, nothin else
gets between me and mine, just remember that
Damn it's a shame, but still I'm in the game
I'm tryin to get street fame

[Chorus]

"I'm a superstar..", "I'm a superstar.."
"I'm a superstar, made it by street fame"
"I'm a superstar..", "I'm a superstar.."
"I'm a superstar, made it by street fame"

[Big Syke]

Don't blame my mama, don't blame my daddy
I know they wish they never had me
In and out of jail by twelve, failin out of school
Cause I was livin by the street rules
Hangin with hogs, droppin dawgs as a little loc
I was gettin my respect but I was still broke
Into the game and expanded to the cocaine
Went from double-ups, to slangin them whole thangs
Focused on my mail name ringin like a bell
And even with no proof they gonna put me in jail
Everbody says he's sold and I'm outta control
Motherfuckers gossip but I still roll (nigga)
Bitches want my cash on my dash of my cockpit
They wouldn't know a motherfucker if he didn't have
shit
So while I'm ballin and kickin up dust, get yo' skull

crushed
Bitch-made niggaz know not to fuck with us
Cause I'm livin on the edge, I'm blastin lead
Wanted by the Feds, they got to take me dead
So fuck it drive a bucket in the inner city
In the land of no pity, I made it by the street fame

[Chorus] - 2X

[The Rated R]
I'm a super star, made it by street fame
I had to make some people feel the pain, in this dirty
game
I know I'm on my way to hellll
Ain't no yellow bricked road for all the niggas that I
done smoked
The hood done took me under, a nigga gots no heart
Don't get it twisted cause I'm there with my homey's car
I kill for my niggaz, my niggaz kill for me
That's the love you get, from the drunk one, you put in
work see
I'm a G with a gang of niggaz after
Tryin to peal me, cause I smoked they homey
What comes around goes around is what makes it
worse
I smoke blunts all day to keep my mind off a hearse
They don't stop stop til my casket drop drop
Let me ride, but all I want, thou shalt not beef or die
And it don't matter if I rap or plays
Cause I blow out back of some minds, fuck the fame

[Chorus]

".. made it by street fame"
{*repeat to the end*}

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