

MF GRIMM**"Fame"**

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[Sample from "Trespass"]

"You don't know nothing do you?

That's the beauty of gold

It never tarnishes

Lasts forever, too

You can melt it down, pound it, twist it, piss on it

But it's always the same gold

It was here long before we were and it'll be here a long
time after we're gone

I bet you a lot of men have died for the gold that's just
in this one piece"

[Verse 1]

If you cry under fire then you wasn't built for war

If a pimp take you girl then your girl was never yours

Mental kickboxer, still test jaws

I'm Grandmaster, Grimm Reaper

Feds snooping at door like Mr. Roper

Monitored cause talented like Mr. Ripley

State frustrated, hated, can't get me

The Gingerbread Man but for short call me Gingy

Suicidal, jump right in a glass of milk

I'm made of dough so watch a nigga swell

I could never fall apart cause mad is the flow

You could never ever take my crown, I'll kill you at a
show

Hit stars with guns, make 'em see stars

Hit cops with dum-dums, trying to be smart

Gotta lay him down, didn't know he was a narc

Gingerbread man but I have a stone heart

Payback extortion from fraternal order

Informant sent letter to D.A. with tracing paper

With invisible ink, trapped in magic library

I wanna scream but it's a secret indictment

Judge whistle Dixie from excitement

The law is a lefty, so where the rights went?

Pain on display for world like David Blaine

True crime stories but they think I entertain

A man with a dream with plans to make cream, cream,
cream

I want the money fuck the fame
A man with a dream with plans to make cream, cream,
cream
I want the money fuck the fame
A man with a dream with plans to make cream, cream,
cream
I want the money fuck the fame
A man with a dream with plans to make cream, cream,
cream
I want the money, I want the money, I want the money

[Verse 2]

Are you down with so and so?
What's your gimmick?
Nothing, my life is lyrics so I spit it
When murder is something that you become
accustomed to
Taking a life just don't fuck with you
House niggas faceless, buried in field of potters
Field niggas found shelter, now squatters
If eyes are the window to soul, then why am I
squinting?
My face is on the money that I'm printing, strike a pose
Wanna take life, strike my foes
I rolled through Hell and it froze
My halo got burnt but it still glows
I'm not on my feet but I stay on my toes
If we ain't cool then that's the way it goes
Forget all the kid shit fucking with a grown man
Niggas running around fantasizing like they're Peter
Pan
Your life's a scam and I'ma fuck it up like Neverland

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I want the money fuck the fame
A man with a dream with plans to make cream, cream,
cream
I want the money, I want the money, I want the money

All that other shit is overrated
I want the money
Cash

[Sample from "Trespass"]

"I don't know what this stuff is anymore
God's gold, our gold, fool's gold
What we can do is take as many of them as we can and
hope for the best"
"What about trading the gold to 'em for our safety?"
"They'd kill us anyway
I would if I was them
Truth is Vince I don't see any way we're gonna get out
of here quiet"

A man with a dream with plans to make cream, cream,
cream, cream cream

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