

## Young Jaye

### "Fame"

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(J.U.S.T.I.C.E. League...)

[Verse 1: Young Jeezy]

F-ck these haters, I'd kill 'em all if I could  
Ain't scared of none of y'all, so you know my aim good  
Blowin bin Ladie in my Porsche 911  
Just left Ground Zero, on my way to kush heaven  
Can't slow down, too much evil in my rear view  
Sometimes you wanna scream to God, but he can't  
hear you  
And even if you did, this'll probably be disaster  
F-ck you 'plainin' 'bout? It ain't like you got cancer  
Do it for my niggas on the block that got it worse  
First the love, then the hate, that just a trap nigga's  
curse  
I betcha feel like the whole world hatin' on you  
But what's the holdup? The whole world waitin' on you

(The fame...)

I wake up and feel empty  
Shit make you wanna squeeze your Glock 'til it's empty  
I'm already standin' on the edge, so don't tempt me  
Fake motherf-ckers envy

(The fame...)

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[Verse 2: Young Jeezy]

You mean to tell me from runnin' my big mouth  
That I could chill here in this big penthouse  
All elevator'd up, black hardwood floors  
Just to sit around and feel like it ain't yours  
Your conscience gotcha feelin' like you done somethin'  
wrong  
But the flatscreen say motherf-cker, we on  
Pardon me, nigga, do you see this view?  
See Ruth's Chris from here, what the f-ck's wrong wit'  
you

Lookin' at my Rollie, yeah, it's almost seven  
Bill Gates state of mind wit' a automatic weapon  
You might 'member from puttin' on for the city  
Or back when it was on two, goin' for the fitty  
Opened up a few squares, opened up a few tours  
Just to show niggas keys open up doors  
"Oh, we don't f-ck wit' Young no mo'" Why not?  
The only thing I can figure, 'cause he on top

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[Verse 3: T.I.]

What up, world? Long time, huh?  
Hey, look

Lately, I been off and out of sight, seldom out of mind  
Ay, getcha bidne' right, and stay the hell up out of  
mind  
I'm out my mind, tryin' to fix it 'fore I'm out of time  
Don't worry 'bout me, God got me, bruh, I'm doin' fine  
Another year in prison, promise this is it for me  
Tryna make it through the storm, should be makin'  
history  
No feelin' sorry for me, keep ya pity and ya sympathy  
Good or bad, take it like a man, whatever meant for me  
How I did it make 'em hate my spirit, they wish they  
could kill it  
And they'll take it however they can get it  
Wanna see me fulla misery, walkin' wit' my head down  
"Let's decapitate 'I'm, then we'll see if he can wear his  
crown!"

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