

Evidence

"Fame"

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[Intro: Evidence]

I came in the game, one shot away from fame
("Fame!")

Uh, and never changed my lane

I came in the game, one shot away from fame

fame, fame, fame, fame, fame

[Evidence]

I pop up in my lane

Watch how I do the same to the same knock

So whatchu sayin? It ain't a game

Big Ben tell the same time that the watch tell on my
frame

...Went from doin what it's doin

To movin units like an ancient ruin who's influenced

...The note was sent to me

(Castles Made of Sand) fall in the sea eventually

I'm on some hard to kick the winner route

Everytime that I'm late, there's more to pen about

I mean write about, thinkin 'bout movin out

You ain't caught the kid live, then you losin out

One thing I learn, you can't rule 'em out

Keep the fame, I take the subduer route

or Slick Rick the Ruler route

Politics and bullshit, somethin I can do without

[Chorus: Evidence]

I came in the game, one shot away from fame
("Fame!")

Uh, and never changed my lane

I came in the game, one shot away from fame
fame, fame, fame...

I came in the game, one shot away from fame
("Fame!")

Uh, and never changed my lane

I came in the game, one shot away from fame
fame, fame, fame, fame...

[Roc Marciano]

Fame, flush 'caine down the drain

Laid down game, stayed out the cage
Trey pounds that bang, Greyhounds are taken out of
state
Feds are stakin out at my estate
Steakhouse we eat, couches is suede
Hounds is house-trained, ounces is shaved
Base trials is hanged, thousands are made
Praise is downplayed, the powder is weighed (c'mon)
Cowards is slayed, pals bought flowers to graves
Pigs searches for houses to raid (whoa!)
Clouded days, power's just hours away
I'm so close, why now would I wait? (why?)
The time is now and it's ours to waste
Victory sweet, devour the taste
Full-length minks is down by the waist
Jewels niggaz receive is crowns for the ways
Marc'

[Chorus]

[Prodigy]

Ye-yeah, uh, yo..
Enter the game, I was 14
Little-ass nigga with a dream to be seen on the screen
40s' and mad weed, meth tabs and acid
I carried my guns in school and skipped classes
Fuckin girls backstage in the auditorium
While you was hittin the books, I was hittin shorty up
Lost in my own world, young-minded hoodlum
Plottin on the fame, yeah I'ma make a name for myself
and my team, Mobb Deep is the gang
Fit'ta bang on ya head if you blockin the way
to the light at the end of this black-ass tunnel
Man I'm addicted to trouble, man I'm a whole 'nother
level with drama
Check the doppler, it's gon' rain shanks
Dark clouds follow me everyday..
Man I could NEVER get enough of this celebrity power
I could NEVER get enough for the fame

[Chorus]

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