

Thug Life "Street Fame"

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Turn it up in my head phones
Comin' to a ghetto near you, Street fame, more
Haha, comin' to a ghetto near you

I wasn't mad until these tricks shot me
It's time to sanitize my posse look how paranoid these
niggaz got me
Cellular calls are being traced since surveillance
silently
Momma chill, thug livin' pay the bills and die violently

Closed caskets, expose bastards I leave 'em bloody
Deloris Tucker don't let your kids hear a nigga speak
On gettin' money ain't nothin' funny, green, got a nigga
seein' things
Why, hit the lye hope to God I can fly

Lethal weapon I'ma savage, still a method to my
madness
Blast niggaz laugh call 'em care cabbage
Read 'em and weep, put 'em to sleep they hell bound
Lyrics will leave 'em spell bound, clown now tired of
bein' held down

Cross my heart hope to die, blinded in some pussy
millionaire
Livin' care free, sucka free, playa haters miss me
Hope in hard times never catch me slippin'
Fuck authorities they wonder why minorities be trippin'

We ain't havin' it
Time to tear this shit back, ghetto children kick back
Once I hit the mat, niggaz will never get this shit back
Spit it so eloquently, my pistols represent me
Bust until my rounds empty, back for the street fame

One love to my true thugs
Comin' to a ghetto near you, Street fame, bust
Comin' to a ghetto near you, Street fame
All out warfare, eye for an eye
Bustin' on my enemies bad boy killin', straight dissin'
you

Fuck Lil' Kim you Nasty Bitch

Temperatures rises, niggaz blinded by my lyrical
disguise

No time to plot retreats, niggaz shiver and die
Multiple rounds found laced in his body and face
Wrapped in plastic the acid, erased all traces

Criminal tactics the rap game became so drastic
Military mind mashed all the walls they blasted
If we bleed then they suffocate, chokin' in terror
So we strive singularize we reflect in the mirrors

The prophecy is clear niggaz lock 'n load disappear
Strategize with no fear, wagin' war for years
The crack game wasn't big enough, ready to rush
Bitch made motherfuckers get murdered and touched

I go to jail niggaz screamin', 'Free me', speakin' freely
Conversation with my comrades kickin' Swahili
Indeed nature feel my first seed, it gets worse
Plans are cursed to be a G on the first to breathe

Currency in stacks artillery in the back
Strapped armies, we camouflaged in all black
When we attack, holla out my set
Nigga tighten your jaw, givin' birth to outlawz
Ha, ha, Street fame

Bust, nigga, bust
Comin' to a ghetto near you, hell, yeah, it's true
Street fame
Only Makaveli the Don can put it down like this, hey Nas
Comin' to a ghetto near you with Street fame

Positive identification got me rushed to the station
Stuck in this line up tryin' hard to hide my face
They placed the name but can't recall description
I ain't did shit officer that bitch trippin'

Promise retaliation they plan busted, no man to be
trusted
Everything corrupted once man touched it
Kamikaze, hopin' that none of the spies find me
That's why we bye, bye daily knowin' cops trail me, but
why cry?

Floatin' while we tokin' on this potent branch
Flossin' in the thug stance, flippin' pockets out inside
my pants
Never underestimate me, playa hate me, see me and

hide
Sure as hollow points shatter, enemies die

Spread love dead thugs, gettin' buried in riches
Take a chance to advance fuck them worrin' bitches
Penitentiary's a possibility, bust and pray
Wear a rubber so I live to fuck another day, hey
Ain't nothin' strange, I'm 25 dyin' to change
But still I bang wantin' street fame, that's the end of
that

Thugged out, Makaveli the Don
Representin' the Outlawz, Street fame
One love to my true niggaz
Comin' to a ghetto near you, Street fame

Makaveli the Don, Killuminati
Comin' to a ghetto near you, Street fame
Yo, check this out, I'ma tell you like this
Street Fame

If the lifestyle that you livin'
Got you takin' more fuckin' shorts than gettin' props
Then that lifestyle need to stop, best to recognize
some Outlaw shit
'Cuz only in this Outlaw lifestyle can you truly come to
To see what this life's supposed to be like
Nigga you'll start to see riches, fine bitches and hittin'
switches
Shit, to me that shit
To me that shit sound delicious

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