

Pearl Copper

"Street Fame"

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Turn it up in my head phones
(Coming to a ghetto near you, street fame)

More

Haha, coming to a ghetto near you

[Verse One]

I wasn't mad until these tricks shot me
It's time to sanitize my posse
Look how paranoid these niggas 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 being held down
Cross my heart hope to die
Blinded in some pussy
Millionaire
Living 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 having 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

[Chorus]

(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 a eye
Bustin on my enemies bad boy killing
(Street fame)
Straight dissing you

Fuck Lil' Kim you Nasty Bitch

[Verse Two]

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
Waging war for years
The crack game wasn't big enough
Ready to rush
You bitch made motherfuckers get murdered and
touched
I go to jail niggaz screamin
FREE ME
Speakin freely
Conversatin with my comrades
Kicking 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

[Chorus]
(Bust nigga bust)
Comin to a ghetto near you
(hell yeah)
Street fame it's true
(Only Makaveli the Don can put it down like this, hey
Nas...)
Comin to a ghetto near you
With street fame

[Verse Three]
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
Hoping that none of the spies find me
That's why we bye bye daily
Knowin cops trail me
But why cry
Floatin while we token on this potent branch
Flossing in the thug stance, flipping 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 dying to change
But still I bang wanting 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 living
Got you taking more fucking shorts
Than getting props
Then that lifestyle need to stop
Best to recognize some Outlaw shit
Cause 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 hitting
switches
Shit
To me that shit sound delicious
Street Fame

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