

2Pac, Fame

And my niggas say
We want the FAME
C'mon c'mon

[Chorus]

One thing we all adore
Something worth dying for
Nothing but pain
Stuck in this game
Searching for fortune and fame

The one thing we all adore
Something worth dying for
It's been nothing but pain
Stuck in this game
Searching for fortune and fame

[Verse 1: Tupac]

Though we exist and breathe
Some believe currency comes to g's
Stresses half the ghetto
With success comes greed [echo]
They got me hot
When they shot me
Plotted
My revenge
To increase my ends
Enemies gettin dropped
Win or lose
Red or blue
We must all stay true
Play the game nigga
Never let the game play you
And for the fame [echo]
Niggas change fast [echo]
That's a shame [echo]
What's the game
Lost souls
Who controls our brain?
Who can I blame? [echo]
The world seems strange at times
Somewhat insane [echo]
I'm hoping we can change with time
I'm living blinded [echo]
Searching for a ?? curse
I know death follows me
But I murder him first
And worse yet
With each breathe
Steps I take
Breathless
Is there a cure for a hustler with a death wish?
Cigar ashes
Coaster
Crystal glasses
We mash on them jealous bastards
With a ski mask
I'm the first one to warn them
Blast it
Wrapped in plastic
Bullshitting got his ass hit (outlaws)
Ain't nothing left now

Treated like a stepchild
Was not for me
Nothing but busters and bitches (fuck em all)
Be rocking beats
Fake in fame

[Verse 2:]

Block run and shoot slugs
We throw them back like hardballs
Without the gloves
No love for these fake desperados
And thugs I bleed to envy
Smoke and blow out they blunts
Sipping Henney
Drunk nights
And hot days
Cocking my heat
Shooting it sideways
A wife on the run
Full of common blunts
Unconditionally married
To my gun
Fulfillin' my destiny
On knees
And ones desires
Be pulling all my cabbage
Like priors
Stuck in the trance
Searching for something higher
Fortune and fame

[Chorus]

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Stuck in this game
Searching for fortune and fame (FAME)

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[Verse 3:]

Searching for fortune and fame
Lost in the rain
A lose of the game
With life the cost of the game
We forcing the change
Mother fuck flossing the chain [echo]
All the blame
Belongs to the part of the brain [echo]
That we never use nigga
Plus my heart is in pain [echo]
And if I ever lose homey
Bet I'm at it again [echo]
Outlaws don't die
So united we stand [echo]
And if family 'come a foe
All the fortune and fame [echo]

[Verse 4: Napoleon]

As I walk up in the crib
Laid to rest me head
Say some rhymes to angels
Hope they bless my bed
Hope they bless me the righteous way
Got a homie locked down
Outta town
I sent him a kite today
Man that hate in your heart
Your gotta cleanse it dog
Praying for my downfall
And I can sense it dog
I was passed down the street fame
Like glocks clocked
And keep aim
Was raised up with a clock box
And I ran with the local street gang
They say the light is faded
But still shine in the dark
You can easy been a man
But you is a boy in your heart
And that's some game that I got
From generation of game
In the road of life dog
We need to switch up lanes
Think about it

[Chorus]

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[Verse 5:]

I can't complain
I've seen my fair share of the fame
It wont change me
Now I've got this piece of change
I feel strange
I got so use to the hood
That when I finally got out
At first it ain't feel good
I was just a baby
Still retarded from slavery
When we struggle to shovel shit
Ain't nobody saved me
Ghetto ain't made me
I made myself
Poverty raised me
Thinking ain't no help
I pray for my health
My mind
And my family too
State of myself

My grind
And my family crew
Where one hand watches the other
No we ain't blood
But we still real brothers
The struggle is real
Nothing can steal
What we build
And that remains the same
'Till that day we killed
And that's real
Life that I was aimed to be
Love by my family tree
That's fame to me
How about it

[Chorus]

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