

Street Fame (Big Syke, Mopreme, Rated R)

Thug Life

(Macadoshis)

It was a dope spot from y'all
One on one strappin'
That's the way it was when the four of us was strappin'
I'm a f**kin' class from the Gs in the hood
Puttin' worth, did some dirt
Now a snitch never would
Blowin' fat jag blunts with my nigga P
Growin' up
Time comin' back sippin Hennessey
We said we seniors are old
And I felt like a god man bitch
And i had my pickup '85 bitch
And my family was known to be great
See Syke Moore representin' no matter who sets it on
Street power
Why you niggas flip and you thug shit
I be by my motherf**kin' grip
Numba nos
Cause we three million minds
Remember that
Damn its a shame
But still I'm in the game
I'm tryin to get street fame
(chorus)(Syke)
Don't blame my mama
Don't blame my daddy
I know they wish they never had me
In and out of jail by 12
Failing out of school
Cause I was livin' by the street rules
Hangin with hoes
Droppin dawgs as a little loot
I was gettin my respect but i was still rude
Into the game and slang
Into the cocaine
With 'em double ups
We slangin them whole things
Hey I just told my mail man

You hangin like a bail
And even with no proof they gonna put me in jail
Everybody says he's sold and I'm outta control
Motherf**kers gossip and I still roll
Bitches want my cash on my dash on my pac-vit
They wouldn't know a motherf**ker if he didn't have shit
So while I'm ballin and kickin up dust
Get your score fresh
Bitch made niggas know not to f**k with us
Cause I'm livin on the edge
I'm blastin lead
Wanted by the feds they got to take me dead
So f**k it try to work it in the inner city
In the land of no pity
I made it by the street fame(chorus)(Rated R)
Super storm made it by street fame
I had to make some people feel the pain
In this dirty game
I know I'm on my way to hell
Hey yo gather it up for all the niggas that have been smoked
The hood that took me under
A nigga gots the heart
Don't get it twisted cause I'm mad with my homey's score
I kill for my niggas, my niggas kill for me
That's the love you get from your drug for you pootie
It works, see?
I'm a G
Would a gang of niggas have to reach and appeal me
Cause I smoked their homey
Well don't feel proud
Cause around here thats what makes it worse
I smoke blunts all day to keep my mind off them
They don't stop
Through my casket drop-top let me ride
All i want is Shatmo
He's a god
And it don't matter if a rapper plays
Cause I cought the back of some minds
F**k the fame(chorus)...(fade out)
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