

Street Fame (Briss Remix)

2Pac

Turn it up in my head phones
Coming to a ghetto near you, street fame
More, coming 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 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'm a 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 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
(Comin' to a ghetto near you, street fame)
Straight dissing 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 an' 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 outlaws, street fame
Bust nigga bust, comin' to a ghetto near you, street fame it's true
(Hell yeah)

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
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 tokin' 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 worryin' 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 outlaws
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'm a 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

Songwriters

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