

# Fame

## Vanilla Ice

Now everybody wants to have fame  
But you'll pay the price if you're not plain' it by the game  
'cause this game is made up of a bunch of crazy rules,  
And fools get took if they're not plaing by the rules.  
Now, the Ice is kickin' it, kickin' it kickin' it like a champ,  
But don't try to play me like some wet food stamp.  
They say that it was a fluke,  
'cause I used a fat loop,  
But here's the sccop, troop  
The Ice is back to make it hoop.  
An' since it's 94, and now I'm back on the scene,  
Escapin from the hell of takin' it to the extreme.  
It's kind of strange, 'cause people say you've changed...  
But I never changed,  
Even though I got Fame,  
Yo, I'm still the same...Ugh!  
Fame, I'm still the same person,  
I never ever switch, an' even if I'm rich.  
But now it's like an itch,  
'cause I love the music.  
They say I do it for the money,  
And it's funny, clockin' all the honeys;  
The ones that used to dis - now they wanna kiss.  
Lookin' at what my troops got,  
Now they're getting their boots knocked.  
Damn it's a shame - do I love 'em  
No I don't "G".

A couple of yeas ago, they didn't want me  
Now I got these so called friends,  
It's down with the Ice,  
'cause they know I'm makin' ends.  
But my real friends have been friends through the fame.  
An' since I have fame ain't a damn thing changed,  
Yo I'm still the same...Ugh!  
And let me tell you about the pros and the cons,  
Fame only lasts if you keep droppin' them bombs.  
Now in the public eye - you know I'm havin' to admit it,  
You become a target for a whole lot of critics.

Reporters stickin' to ya like white on rice.  
Now everywhere I go they wanna interview the Ice.  
Before every show it's like I'm steadily surrounded  
By all of my fans and the media's houndin'  
This is not a dis 'cause I love all my fans,  
But the media doesn't really understand.  
They take what ya say, twist it around into lies,  
And the next thing ya know,  
A bunch of rumors start to fly.  
Then they try to make you out to be a straight liar,  
And next you'll be the front page of the National Enquirer.  
Oh what a price to pay to play this crazy game,  
You betta' be prepared if you ever reach fame.  
Yo, I'm still the same...Ugh!

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