

# 4 The Fame

## E-Town Concrete

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

It gave me chills the first time  
That I saw that nigga since he shot LaGhram  
They had him locked down, he got his weight up  
And now he swears he's the fuckin' man No remorse, that niggas cold  
He's runnin' shit now or so I'm told  
Word up the devil done stole his soul in fact  
I heard he sold it long ago No doubt to break out, from the ghetto  
That be making fiends out of moms  
Car alarms, packin' heat when the beef is on  
Word is bond, son, in this triteness it's all the same Watch your back it's a god damn shame, who's fakin' jax  
Your best friend will sell you out and no doubt  
He's makin' a name, he'd die for the fame  
I don't want much I just want everything, die for the fame. 'Some get a little, and some get none  
Some catch a bad one' yo, that was my anthem  
17 long hard years of blood tears  
Nigga you were never there, nigga you would never care Fuck the word 'cause the world fucked me  
You could take me outta' hard times  
But you can't hard times outta' me Run your shit, bitch, we was tight  
But now I look out for myself, only for myself  
I'm a changed man with a changed game plan  
Hung out together, grew up, you was my main man  
But shit's just not the same, I'm in it for the fame Childhood nightmare scenes that souped his head up  
His broken heart and broken dreams got him mad fed up  
The pain done got his eyes, he cried for the first time  
Since his mother died when he was 5 Sinkin' his sorrows in Jack D and Old E  
Just then he wasn't glad he reminded himself of his daddy  
Who made the pipe his wife and hit it every night His tears were thick, his thoughts were mad hectic  
He's not pretending, he's thinking of ending  
The reminiscing over hard times and hard luck  
Nobody gave a fuck again the agony struck  
He put the barrel in his mouth, bit down and just bucked

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