

Fame (feat. Roc Marciano & Prodigy)

Evidence

I came in the game, one shot away from fame ("Fame!")
Uh, and never changed my lane
I came in the game, one shot away from fame
Fame, fame, fame, fame, fame I pop up in my lane
Watch how I do the same to the same knock
So whatchu sayin? It ain't a game
Big Ben tell the same time that the watch tell on my frame
...Went from doin what it's doin
To movin units like an ancient ruin who's influenced
...The note was sent to me
(Castles Made of Sand) fall in the sea eventually
I'm on some hard to kick the winner route
Everytime that I'm late, there's more to pen about
I mean write about, thinkin 'bout movin out
You ain't caught the kid live, then you losin out
One thing I learn, you can't rule 'em out
Keep the fame, I take the subduer route
Or Slick Rick the Ruler route
Politics and bullshit, somethin I can do without
I came in the game, one shot away from fame ("Fame!")
Uh, and never changed my lane
I came in the game, one shot away from fame
Fame, fame, fame...
I came in the game, one shot away from fame ("Fame!")
Uh, and never changed my lane
I came in the game, one shot away from fame
Fame, fame, fame, fame...Fame, flush 'caine down the drain
Laid down game, stayed out the cage
Trey pounds that bang, Greyhounds are taken out of state
Feds are stakin out at my estate
Steakhouse we eat, couches is suede
Hounds is house-trained, ounces is shaved
Base trials is hanged, thousands are made
Praise is downplayed, the powder is weighed (c'mon)
Cowards is slayed, pals bought flowers to graves
Pigs searches for houses to raid (whoa!)
Clouded days, power's just hours away
I'm so close, why now would I wait? (why?)
The time is now and it's ours to waste

Victory sweet, devour the taste
Full-length minks is down by the waist
Jewels niggas receive is crowns for the ways
Marc'
Ye-yeah, uh, yo.
Enter the game, I was 14
Little-ass nigga with a dream to be seen on the screen
40s' and mad weed, meth tabs and acid
I carried my guns in school and skipped classes
Fuckin girls backstage in the auditorium
While you was hittin the books, I was hittin shorty up
Lost in my own world, young-minded hoodlum
Plottin on the fame, yeah I'mma make a name for myself
And my team, Mobb Deep is the gang
Fit'ta bang on ya head if you blockin the way
To the light at the end of this black-ass tunnel
Man I'm addicted to trouble, man I'm a whole 'nother level with drama
Check the doppler, it's gon' rain shanks
Dark clouds follow me everyday.
Man I could NEVER get enough of this celebrity power
I could NEVER get enough for the fame
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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