F.A.M.E.

Jeezy

[Verse 1: Young Jeezy]F-ck these haters, I'd kill 'em all if I could
Ain't scared of none of y'all, so you know my aim good
Blowin bin Ladie in my Porsche 911
Just left Ground Zero, on my way to kush heaven
Can't slow down, too much evil in my rear view
Sometimes you wanna scream to God, but he can't hear you
And even if you did, this'll probably be his answer
F-ck you complaining about? It ain't like you got cancer
Do it for my niggas on the block that got it worse
First the love, then the hate, that just a trap nigga's curse
I betcha feel like the whole world hatin' on you
But what's the holdup? The whole world waitin' on you
(The fame?)
I wake up and feel empty
Shit make you wanna squeeze your Glock 'til it's empty
I'm already standin' on the edge, so don't tempt me
Fake motherf-ckers envy
(The fame?)
I wake up and feel empty
Shit make you wanna squeeze your Glock 'til it's empty
I'm already standin' on the edge, so don't tempt me
Fake motherfuckers envy
[Verse 2: Young Jeezy]You mean to tell me from runnin' my big mouth
That I could chill here in this big penthouse
All elevator'd up, black hardwood floors
Just to sit around and feel like it ain't yours
Your conscience gotcha feelin' like you done somethin' wrong
But the flatscreen say motherf-cker, we on
Pardon me, nigga, do you see this view?
See Ruth's Chris from here, what the f-ck's wrong wit' you
Lookin' at my Rollie, yeah, it's almost seven
Bill Gates state of mind wit' a automatic weapon
You might 'member me from puttin' on for the city
Or back when it was on two, goin' for the fitty
Opened up a few squares, opened up a few tours
Just to show niggas keys open up doors
"Oh, we don't f-ck wit' Young no mo'" Why not?
The only thing I can figure, 'cause he on top
(The fame?)

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[Verse 3: T.I.]What up, world? Long time, huh?
Hey, look
Lately, I been off and out of sight, seldom out of mind
Ay, getcha bidne' right, and stay the hell up out of mind
I'm out my mind, tryin' to fix it 'fore I'm out of time
Don't worry 'bout me, God got me, bruh, I'm doin' fine
Another year in prison, promise this is it for me
Tryna make it through the storm, should be makin' history
No feelin' sorry for me, keep ya pity and ya sympathy
Good or bad, take it like a man, whatever meant for me
How I did it make 'em hate my spirit, they wish they could kill it
And they'll take it however they can get it
Wanna see me fulla misery, walkin' wit' my head down
"Let's decapitate 'im, then we'll see if he can wear his crown!"
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