

F.a.m.e.

Young 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?)

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

(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

(The fame?)

[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!"

(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

(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

(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
(The fame?)

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>