Fame

Santigold

We ain't got no name. No, we ain't got no name.
We're rough I understand 'cause there's status here to claim.
Want it in my hand. Don't want it in my head.
Searching for a win and the battle's on the way.
Hustle make you high, high! Hustle make you low.
Say I want, say I want. What I want they'll never know.
Hustle make you high, high! Hustle make you low.
All or none. All or none. All I got will make you go.
Always still longing.
We don't want the fame. Oh, we want the fame.
All the same. We're all the same.
We don't want the fame. We don't want the fame.
We don't got no shame. No, we don't got no shame.
And look we got a plan, say we never play that game.
Keep our eyes in the sand so our hearts can't be mislead.

We're herd in through their lane, holding close to what we said.
Hustle make you high, high! Hustle get you low.
Here it come. Hold it tight. Somehow we still let it go.
Hustle make you high, high! Hustle get you low.
No, I don't want. No, I don't want. Maybe just a little blow.
Always still longing.
We don't want the fame. Oh, we want the fame.
All the same. We're all the same.
We don't want the fame. We don't want the fame.
Oh, we really want the same you and I down low. Oh, we really want the fame fame!
Oh, we really want the same you and I how low. Low, are we gon' go for fame fame!
Always still longing.
We don't want the fame. Oh, we want the fame.
All the same. We're all the same.
We don't want the fame. We don't want the fame.

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