

F.A.M.E. (Fake Ass Motherfuckers Envy)

Young Jeezy

Fuck these haters, I'd kill them all if I could
Ain't scared of none of y'all, so you know my aim good
Blowing bin Laden 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
"Fuck you 'plaining 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 bet you feel like the whole world hating on you
But what's the hold up? The whole world waiting on you[Chorus: x2]
(The fame)

I wake up and feel empty
Shit make you want to squeeze your Glock until it's empty
I'm already standing on the edge, so don't tempt me
Fake motherfuckers envy You mean to tell me from running my big mouth
That I could chill here in this big penthouse?
All elevator-ed up, black hardwood floors
Just to sit around and feel like it ain't yours
Your conscience got you feeling like you done something wrong
But the flat screen saying motherfucker, we on
Pardon me, nigga, do you see this view?
See Ruth's Chris from here, what the fuck's wrong with you?
Looking at my Rollie, yeah, it's almost seven
Bill Gates state of mind with an automatic weapon
You might remember from putting on for the city
Or back when it was on two, going for the fifty
Opened up a few squares, opened up a few tours
Just to show niggas keys open up doors
"Oh, we don't fuck with Young no more" Why not?

The only thing I can figure, because he on top[Chorus: x2] Lately, I been often out of sight, seldom out of mind
Ay, getcha bidne' right, and stay the hell up out of mine
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!"[Chorus: x4]

Songwriters

Jenkins, Jay / Harris, Clifford / Beardmore, Andrew / Grant, Jonathan / McGuinness, Anthony / Siljamaeki,
Paavo / Ortiz, Erik Reyes / Crowe, Kevin Dean / Bartolomei, KennyPublished by
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group,
DOWNTOWN MUSIC PUBLISHING LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>