

Fame

2Pac

And my niggas say
"We want the fame"
C'monOne thing we all adore, something worth dyin' for
 Nothin' but pain, stuck in this game
 Searching for fortune and fame
The one thing we all adore, something worth dyin' for
 It's been nothin' but pain, stuck in this game
Searching for fortune and fameThough we exist and breathe, some believe, currency comes to g's
 Stresses half the ghetto, with success comes greed
 They got me hot, when they shot me, plotted
 My revenge to increase my ends, enemies gettin' dropped
Win or lose, red or blue, we must all stay truePlay the game, nigga, never let the game play you
 And for the fame, niggas, change fast, that's a shame
 What's the game, lost souls
Who controls our brain? Who can I blame?The world seems strange at times, somewhat insane
 I'm hopin' we can change with time
 I'm livin' blinded searching for a [Incomprehensible] curse
And I know death follows me, but I murder him firstAnd worse yet, with each breathe, steps I take, breathless
 Is there a cure for a hustler with a death wish?
 Cigar ashes, coaster, crystal glasses
We mash on them jealous bastards with a ski maskI'm the first one to warn them, blast it, wrap them plastic
 Bullshittin' got his ass hit, ain't nothing left now
 Treated like a stepchild was not for me
Nothin' but busters and bitches be rockin' beats, fake in fameBlock run and shoot slugs, we throw back like
 hardballs
 Without the gloves, no love for these fake desperadoes
 And thugs, I bleed to envy, smoke and blow out their blunts
 Sipping Henney, drunk nights and hot days
Cocking my heat, shootin' it sidewaysA wife on the run, full of common blunts
 Unconditionally married to my gun, fulfillin' my destiny
 On knees and one's desires, be pulling all my cabbage
 Like priors, stuck in the trance
Searching for some higher, the fortune and fameOne thing we all adore, something worth dyin' for
 Nothin' but pain, stuck in this game
 Searchin' for fortune and fame
 One thing we all adore, something worth dyin' for
 It's been nothin' but pain, stuck in this game
Searchin' for fortune and fameSearching for fortune and fame, lost in the rain
 A loss of the game with life, with the cost of the game

We're forcing the change, mother fuck, flossing the chain

All of the blame belongs to the part of this brainThat we never use, nigga, plus my heart is in pain

And if I ever lose, homey, bet I'm at it again

Outlaws don't die, so united we stand

And if family 'come a foe, all the fortune and fameAs I walk up in the crib, laid to rest my head

Say some rhymes to the angels, hope they bless my bed

Hope they bless me in a righteous way

Got a homie locked down, outta town, I sent him a kite todayMan, that hate in your heart, you need to cleanse it, dog

Prayin' for my downfall, and I can sense it, dog

I was passed down the street, fame like glocks clocked

And keep aim, was raised up with a clock box

And I ran with the local street gangThey say the light is faded, but still shine in the dark

You can easy been a man, but you's a boy in your heart

And that's some game that I got from generation of game

In the road of life, dog, we need to switch up lanes, think about itOne thing we all adore, something worth dyin' for

Nothing but pain, stuck in this game

Searching for fortune and fame

One thing we all adore, something worth dying for

It's been nothing but pain, stuck in this game

Searching for fortune and fameI can't complain, I've seen my fair share of fame

It won't change me, then I've got this piece of change

I feel strange, I got so used to the hood

That when I finally got out

At first it ain't feel good, I was just a babyStill retarded from slavery, when we struggle to shovel shit

Ain't nobody saved me, ghetto ain't made me

I made myself, the poverty raised me, thinkin' ain't no help

I pray for my health, my mind, and my family too

State of myself, my grind and my family crewWhere one hand watches the other, no we ain't blood

We still real brothers, the struggle is real

Nothing can steal what we build and that remains the same

'Till the day that we killed and that's real life, I was aimed to be

Love by my family tree, that's fame to me, how about itOne thing we all adore, something worth dyin' for

Nothin' but pain, stuck in this game

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Nothin' but pain, stuck in this game

Searching for fortune and fame

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