

# Street Fame

## Thug Life

(Macadoshis)

It was a dope spot from y'all  
One on one strappin'  
That's the way it was when the four of us was strappin'  
I'm a f\*\*kin' class from the Gs in the hood  
Puttin' worth, did some dirt  
Now a snitch never would  
Blowin' fat jag blunts with my nigga P  
Growin' up  
Time comin' back sippin Hennessey  
We said we seniors are old  
And I felt like a god man bitch  
And i had my pickup '85 bitch  
And my family was known to be great  
See Syke Moore representin' no matter who sets it on  
Street power  
Why you niggas flip and you thug shit  
I be by my motherf\*\*kin' grip  
Numba nos  
Cause we three million minds  
Remember that  
Damn its a shame  
But still I'm in the game  
I'm tryin to get street fame  
(chorus)(Syke)  
Don't blame my mama  
Don't blame my daddy  
I know they wish they never had me  
In and out of jail by 12  
Failing out of school  
Cause I was livin' by the street rules  
Hangin with hoes  
Droppin dawgs as a little loot  
I was gettin my respect but i was still rude  
Into the game and slang  
Into the cocaine  
With 'em double ups  
We slangin them whole things  
Hey I just told my mail man  
You hangin like a bail  
And even with no proof they gonna put me in jail  
Everbody says he's sold and I'm outta control

Motherf\*\*kers gossip and I still roll  
Bitches want my cash on my dash on my pac-vit  
They wouldn't know a motherf\*\*ker if he didn't have shit  
So while I'm ballin and kickin up dust  
Get your score fresh  
Bitch made niggas know not to f\*\*k with us  
Cause I'm livin on the edge  
I'm blastin lead  
Wanted by the feds they got to take me dead  
So f\*\*k it try to work it in the inner city  
In the land of no pity  
I made it by the street fame(chorus)(Rated R)  
Super storm made it by street fame  
I had to make some people feel the pain  
In this dirty game  
I know I'm on my way to hell  
Hey yo gather it up for all the niggas that have been smoked  
The hood that took me under  
A nigga gots the heart  
Don't get it twisted cause I'm mad with my homey's score  
I kill for my niggas, my niggas kill for me  
That's the love you get from your drug for you pootie  
It works, see?  
I'm a G  
Would a gang of niggas have to reach and appeal me  
Cause I smoked their homey  
Well don't feel proud  
Cause around here thats what makes it worse  
I smoke blunts all day to keep my mind off them  
They don't stop  
Through my casket drop-top let me ride  
All i want is Shatmo  
He's a god  
And it don't matter if a rapper plays  
Cause I cought the back of some minds  
F\*\*k the fame(chorus)...(fade out)

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>