

# Fame (feat. Roc Marciano & Prodigy)

## Evidence

I came in the game, one shot away from fame ("Fame!")  
Uh, and never changed my lane  
I came in the game, one shot away from fame  
Fame, fame, fame, fame, fame I pop up in my lane  
Watch how I do the same to the same knock  
So whatchu sayin? It ain't a game  
Big Ben tell the same time that the watch tell on my frame  
...Went from doin what it's doin  
To movin units like an ancient ruin who's influenced  
...The note was sent to me  
(Castles Made of Sand) fall in the sea eventually  
I'm on some hard to kick the winner route  
Everytime that I'm late, there's more to pen about  
I mean write about, thinkin 'bout movin out  
You ain't caught the kid live, then you losin out  
One thing I learn, you can't rule 'em out  
Keep the fame, I take the subduer route  
Or Slick Rick the Ruler route  
Politics and bullshit, somethin I can do without  
I came in the game, one shot away from fame ("Fame!")  
Uh, and never changed my lane  
I came in the game, one shot away from fame  
Fame, fame, fame...  
I came in the game, one shot away from fame ("Fame!")  
Uh, and never changed my lane  
I came in the game, one shot away from fame  
Fame, fame, fame, fame...Fame, flush 'caine down the drain  
Laid down game, stayed out the cage  
Trey pounds that bang, Greyhounds are taken out of state  
Feds are stakin out at my estate  
Steakhouse we eat, couches is suede  
Hounds is house-trained, ounces is shaved  
Base trials is hanged, thousands are made  
Praise is downplayed, the powder is weighed (c'mon)  
Cowards is slayed, pals bought flowers to graves  
Pigs searches for houses to raid (whoa!)  
Clouded days, power's just hours away  
I'm so close, why now would I wait? (why?)  
The time is now and it's ours to waste  
Victory sweet, devour the taste  
Full-length minks is down by the waist  
Jewels niggas receive is crowns for the ways

Marc'  
Ye-yeah, uh, yo.  
Enter the game, I was 14  
Little-ass nigga with a dream to be seen on the screen  
40s' and mad weed, meth tabs and acid  
I carried my guns in school and skipped classes  
Fuckin girls backstage in the auditorium  
While you was hittin the books, I was hittin shorty up  
Lost in my own world, young-minded hoodlum  
Plottin on the fame, yeah I'mma make a name for myself  
And my team, Mobb Deep is the gang  
Fit'ta bang on ya head if you blockin the way  
To the light at the end of this black-ass tunnel  
Man I'm addicted to trouble, man I'm a whole 'nother level with drama  
Check the doppler, it's gon' rain shanks  
Dark clouds follow me everyday.  
Man I could NEVER get enough of this celebrity power  
I could NEVER get enough for the fame

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