

## Less Fame

Bizzy Bone

I'm tryin to tell you that we got it (c'mon)  
Yeah boy, stress game, less fame is a..  
Yeah, this a blessing, stress game (hey!)  
Less fame, it's a blessin, bosom buddy I'm arresting  
(One time, one time)  
Much pressure in the stress game (hey hey!)  
Less fame, it's a blessin, bosom buddy I'm arresting  
Much pressure in the stress game (hey!)  
Less fame, it's a blessin, bosom buddy I'm arresting - much..

And I can see that you don't want me to love  
And I'm damn sure that you don't want me to thug  
And I'm damn sure that you don't want me to judge  
And I'm damn sure that you don't want me  
You better believe that time is tickin  
I can hold no grudge, you can't haunt me  
Callin up my player-ass partner while I'm sippin on wine  
Only to soothe my little spirits, I think God can hear me cryin  
When I wake up to the birds and then the herbs of the violins  
But I think he rather have me disturbed, man I can't even sleep in si  
lence

Much pressure in the stress game, less fame  
It's a blessin, bosom buddy I'm arresting  
Much..

Ain't no illusion less than God, for the realest of the writin  
Love thy neighbor, it's way beyond the fightin and the lightnin  
Benjamin Franklin, with a 50 dollar bill I'ma fly the kite  
And Robyn Givens, she's still tryin to play me like I'm Tyson  
Oh poor baby, maybe I'm just a little bit sentimental  
When it comes to the death I've wept, still weepin with whips  
As my brothers they got hung by trees, and beat with whips  
The pain is so deep that they carry so many regrets  
Here's a message

With the world in a daze and the homies smokin haze  
And they slangin on the Ave to upper classmen, hey  
Slay, with the A to the K  
Without a weapon watchin and listenin and, where without livin  
Hey, get on the level as we smoke real fast  
You take a puff and that's enough and throw it away in the trash  
At last, minus the visual, where would I be?  
You tell Eve to get her ass out the tree, that's cheap

[Chorus]