

Price of Fame

Big K.R.I.T.

Paparazzi after my shows asking me questions
God fed up with my soul so ain't no blessings
Happiness can't be bought or sold, I learned my lesson
Now I see what fame will really get you
Bottle by the nightstand, that ease the stress
Dealing with depression, pills on the dresser
Fiending for affection so I'm buying out the section
Now I see what fame will really gets you

Lifestyles of the rich and famous
That lifestyle left a lot of rich folk brainless
To the temple, yeah we were broke but that life was simple
Besides, food is food, water is water, air is air, the rest is mental
I did without until I did within
I said on beat what I wrote in pen
I gave my all without giving in
But it's a thin line between heavenly divine and a living a life of sin
Speak in codes to my worthy friends
Greenroom full, I pray we ain't let the devil in
A lot of faces I don't know, a lot of "where you been's?"
Like you was really looking for me when I was in the wind
Life is just a game now, I really got my aim down to shoot for stars
I ain't been to church in years and it ain't even far
This ain't even half of the battle, I ain't even start
All I do is record, I see what fame will really get you

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah yeah (this ain't even half of the battle, I ain't even start)
All I do is record, I see what fame really will get you
Now I see what fame really get you
Yeah, yeah

Paparazzi after my shows asking me questions
God fed up with my soul so ain't no blessing
Happiness can't be bought or sold, I learned my lesson
Now I see what fame will really get you
Bottle by the nightstand, that ease the stress
Dealing with depression, pills on the dresser
Fiending for affection so I'm buying out the section
Now I see what fame will really gets you

I bought a bottle just to sooth my soul
Still crying over granny, that was some years ago
I'm a man now, I came up to hold my fam down
Can't tell them about my depression cause most them fans now
Got to protect myself at all times
I know some partners that been sued by their bloodline
Lord forbid I let my blood down
The first time I say no, guess we ain't blood now
Scared, me as a businessman is like all they see
Justin Scott trapped as Big K.R.I.T. screaming, "It's really me"
When it was only us it was only love, how could this be?
When falling out for some is not getting the V.I.P
And a simple conversation means we talking work
To play a song that's almost perfect but it need my verse
You got an artist, but I'm family, but you need a purse
You hit the city but don't call me first, that's what fame gets you

Paparazzi after my shows asking me questions
God fed up with my soul so ain't no blessing
Happiness can't be bought or sold, I learned my lesson
Now I see what fame will really get you
Bottle by the nightstand, that ease the stress
Dealing with depression, pills on the dresser
Fiending for affection so I'm buying out the section
Now I see what fame will really get you