

# Celebrity (Freestyle) (Produced by Dirk Pate)

## Eminem

I just touched down, Ferrari to concrete  
I ain't even home and they 're talking about me  
fuck out my ear if you talking  
'bout freedom nigger Free don't pay the bills Im ballin' all out, b! You rappers  
don 't know me Nah I ain't your homie If your name aint Em, Ferrari or Tony  
I like my wheel chromey  
My Bentley my Rolly  
My Magnum my forty  
South Jamaica shawty  
these losses I took in the gut yo  
the work 's still here, I'm just cooking it up slow  
Clear my mind, you whippin ' the truck load  
my Pop dead, but he live through his son though  
if rap aint work, I'll be pimpin' on some hoe Still eating lobster and shrimp in  
the Bungalow  
I'm back like crack over the drumroll  
You know, wherever I go the gun go [Akon - Chorus]  
We on the grind (hey) all the time (hey)  
ain't bout to let a nigga come and snatch mine  
I keep a nine, you see the shine  
I might just let your ass slide this time  
While I get this paper, paper  
While I get this paper, paper  
Cause I'm a celebrity (I don 't need none of y 'all) Ghetto celebrity  
(Keep your punk-ass awards)  
I'm a celebrity (Take your fake smile off)  
Ghetto celebrity  
aint nothing changed nigger  
The media will test ya, popularity is pressure  
Porche Panamera  
platinum hammer through the  
metal  
wreck the booth up, I'm too tough  
that inner city grammer  
step your jewels up, they bruised up  
I'll sparkle for the camera harsh reality 's what (?) holding them back from opening verbal attack all over these  
niggas, push the herd to the back  
I'm the kind that they pray on, spending half of their day on  
lay on, niggas for days, just shots spray on my sound system knock and in pound Tupac

6-4 jumping like the ground too hot  
they spot me, they chase a nigga down two blocks  
two shots in the air for niggas that aint here  
two tone, two door, grey top, roof floor  
green guap galore, in and out of new hall  
that bright light you saw, was a paparazzi flash  
I'm tryna snap a picture through your Maserati glass  
...there are enough insults in my head  
to fill up a swear jar  
and have it overflowing so dont get me going, don't dare start  
you 'll never see me again, Amelia Earhart  
I'm poppin' a wheelie off to a really unfair start  
I'm past grinding for me, guess I just be grounded up  
like ground round or a pound of chuck  
tightly wound as fuck  
till the fire marshalls come shut  
Fire marshall ground 'em up I guess you should just shut the fuck up  
and stop fucking around and duck  
I aint playing this time, I told you I 'm not down for blunts to say I keep it 100  
would probably sound redundant  
like calling a bitch a hoe, or asking a gal to suck  
and blowing your dick cock  
is she up to scew and down to fuck  
it's a man's World and I'm trapped in a land of smut  
with a thousand sluts wrapped with muzzles  
running through a house of muts  
otherwords I'm shutting up everyone one of you bitches mouth 's up and I'm watching  
my language if I tell you to kiss my fucking butt  
and aint shit changed, my shit still dont stink player  
my farts may have become staler ever since I became a trailer park celebrity  
maybe my complexion became a little paler  
poster job for white trash, I'm a garbage pale kid sailor yeah, see me up all in  
your bitch means I 'ma rape her, all I got for these hoes is dick duck tape and a  
stapler so bitch you better look for table  
scraps to scrape her  
I don't subscribe to the news or the free press but homie I get the paper!  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>