

Be Somebody (Ft. ASAP Rocky & Lil B)

Clams Casino

Cause you are beautiful (beautiful)
Yes, it's true
Baby, yes it's true
Cause you are beautiful
Ooh, beautiful
AhWingman 'til I turn into the main man
I've been ballin' so long, need an Ace band
Calvin Klein on my waistband
In Adidas tracksuits like we breakdance
Say man, how it feel to be a made man?
Shit I be feelin' like I'm God, like I made man
Black man gettin' money through the made men
Paper chasin', let saber scrape
And get money, fuck a case
Did they ever tell you money has no race?
You still livin' like a caveman
No agenda, hunger, don't discriminate
I remember empty plates, was nothin' on it for the grace
But both prayin' hands, I need an amen
You talkin' Kirkin, I'm gettin' Franklins
You lookin' braindead, she lost her Ray Bans
She like the rain dance, I make it rain bands
Fuck that, Flacko talk that shitAh
Made my pop proud and my mother smile
Locked towns, rocked crowds in the hundred thousands
Make music, make moves, make movies
Make time to thank the Lord that was great to me
A real boss don't move for nobody
But my shooter, he got plenty bodies, he hit anybody
Each and everybody, somebody
Any, any, eenie meenie minie moebody, stiff
Nobody live
DamnIt's your boy Lil B
A\$AP what up
We just made history, you know that, right?
Let's goYeah, I make it rain by the corner store
She said I made it far but I wanted more
I got drivers with no cars
I had battles with no scars

If you wanna be Mufasa
You could die too, my bullets givin' Oscars
And my guns givin' Grammys
I know Clams got me, A\$AP my family
So how can I lose?
When I know that BasedGod, he made new rules
Gave me the juice, passed off diamonds
Hot in the winter, and cold when it's shinin'
Wanna be great, I just wanna be great
The BasedGod's perfect, but that's just the surface
So what we talkin' 'bout? Devil's steady lurkin'
Double edged sword, draw blood when you turnin'
In my condo that I designed
I would never buy it if it wasn't mine
I don't need a gun, I just need the bullets
Money not racist, my drugs caucasian
Guns from Russia, house in Sweden
No ones believes me, the world thinks I'm evil
But what if I'm poor? I guess I always wanted more
Yeah ahBe somebody
Be somebody

Songwriters

BRANDON MCCARTNEY, MICHAEL VOLPE, MIKKY EKKO, RAKIM MAYERS
Published by
Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>