Celebrity

Christy Carlson Romano

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, I'm ballin' all out, B You rappers don't know me Nah, I ain't your homie If your name ain't M, 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 ain't work, I'll be pimpin' on some hoe Still eating lobster and shrimp in the Bungalow I'm back like crack over the drum roll You know, wherever I go the gun go We on the grind all the time 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 Ain't nothing changed nigger The media will test ya, popularity is pressure Porsche 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's closing in, 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 ain't here Two tone, two door, gray top, roof floor Green guap galore in and out of new hall That bright light you saw was a paparazzi flash I'm trying to snap a picture through your Maserati glass We on the grind all the time 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 Ain't nothing changed nigger Ain't nothing changed nigger Ain't nothing changed nigger Ain't nothing changed nigger Ain't nothing changed nigger

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