

Famous

Iamsu!

She just wanna fuck with me 'cause I'm famous
Closet full of fly shit, that's what them band did
Niggas hating on me, it don't even make sense
Put the Rollie on my wrist, so they know what time it is
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Put the Rollie on my wrist, so they know what time it is
She fucking with the kid 'cause she see I came up
And my yayo doze off the rangler
I'm really from the rich, no I'm not a stranger
Tell me why yo bitch always pull my name up
'Cause hoes ain't nothing
Tell me why their boyfriends always cuffing
She know we stay blunted
She took point seven grams and she stuffed it
And that's go time, send a text and I'm pulling up in no time
Oh, and I hit her with the clothes line
250 Store gowns for my clothes line
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He just wanna fuck with me 'cause I'm the one
He got all the drugs and I got all the guns
He know I'm from Detroit, he know I get the job done
I pull up with them bitches them niggas go crazy for
Dej Loaf, lil' smooth ass Dej Loaf
Have a nigga on a leash, he do what I say so
Got the Ghost runnin', I might pull up in a tank doe
Tank on, got these bitches pissed like a race horse
From the D to the A to the Bay
Best, that's me Su and K Camp
No way, no sir I don't let the fame get to me
But you gotta be kidding me
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Fuckin' with a slum, it can get dangerous
Same niggas hating, we gonna leave 'em nameless
They just pissed, they ain't seen a nigga do it like this
Call my nigga Su, tell 'em bring the freezer
Riding with them bands, feelin' like a Brinks truck
You could say whatever girl, I know you need us
Bitch dependin' on how you act maybe we can link up
Count the money fast but I spend it real slow
Had to tell myself, I'll never go broke
Had to tell myself, I will never do the most
Only celebrate wins, everyday I gotta toast
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Songwriters

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