

Famous

Curren\$y

[And you could tell
From distance trynna figure
The reals say I'm
But I'm still
And you could tell][Spitta in them monsta beats radioactive (3X)]Ain't nothing change but the weather
And the temp tag sequence of letters and numbers on my Chevelle
You can ride, but hey man watch my leather
Cuz bitches get ejected in traffic from disrespecting a classic
Rosae in the glasses, get the weed out the plastic
Spitta in them Monstabeats radioactive, I don't kick it with no rappers
They be hustling backwards
Like the jeans on criss cross, who you Mack daddy or daddy mackin?
Pen lyrics on back on these napkins
Zoned out in a first class cabin
With noise cancellation headphones
Two hash brownies for breakfast this morning staring down at the ocean, inspired
Scribbling fire, on a streetcar named desire
Struggle a fence, you oughta get caught up in the barbed-wire
I'm independent, fuck yo system I get paid without it
Got a new pothead bitch who moonlighting as a blogger
That rapper weed she smoke, that Spitta stroke, she rolled about it
You can't deny it, I am a ridah word to Pac ambition
Whodini your main squeeze, she disappear she's a magician
You can't blame in the midst of the fame planes get changed, I
Sent to the waffle house twit my order from the car man
Yeah...And I'm looking famous
And you can tell by the reaction of them strangers
From distance trynna figure if it is or if it ain't him
The reals say I'm on it, the haters say I ain't shit
But I'm still...Looking famous
And you can tell by the reaction of them strangers
From distance trynna figure if it is or if it ain't him
The reals say I'm on it, the haters say I ain't shit
But I'm still...I'm high again waiting on the sun dozed off in my '57 at the drive-in
This is a scary movie I'm in
But I do it for all my folk who genuinely want me to win
I do a lot a smoking to stay over this bogus shit
My money are not on these bitches, my focus is locked
Niggas claiming to be jet planes but they not

Pay homage, the founder in the house kid
A MILF hunter, ask yo momma she could vouch bitch
If she cool to fuck and down with rollin that barney up
Race-day money on the starting gate pony up
I hope your hungry
I got a plate of dutch for homie, liquor
Early morning exercise doing kush ups
I ain't stingy with it, got a couple pounds put up
Bitches used to overlook us
Now in my presence they shook up
See where this rap shit done took us?
I'm stil, still...

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