

Be Somebody (feat. A\$AP Rocky & Lil B)

Clams Casino

(A\$AP Rocky)
Cause you are beautiful
Yes it's true
Baby yes it's true
Cause you are beautiful
Ooh, beautifulWingman til I turn into the main man
I've been balling 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?
S**t I be feeling like I'm God, like I made man
Black man getting money through the made men
Paper chasing, let saber scrape
And get money, f**k a case
Did they ever tell you money has no race?
You still living like a caveman
No agenda, hunger, don't discriminate
I remember empty plates, was nothing on it for the grace
But both praying hands, I need an amen
You talking Kirkin, I'm getting Franklins
You looking braided, she lost her Ray Bans
She like the rain dance, I make it rain bands
F**k that, Flacko talk that s**tMade 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
Damn(Lil B)
It's your boy Lil B
A\$AP what up
We just made history, you know that, right?
Let's go(Lil B)
Yeah, 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 giving Oscars
And my guns giving 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 shining
Wanna be great, I just wanna be great
The BasedGod's perfect, but that's just the surface
So what we talking bout? Devil's steady lurking
Double edged sword, draw blood when you turning
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, rocks from Sweden
No ones believes me, the world thinks I'm evil
But what if I'm poor? I guess I always wanted more
Be somebody
Be somebody

Lyrics provided by

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