Famous

Hollywood Ending

[gunshot][Intro - Chamillionaire - talking](In the corridor), ya see that?
(On the wall), over there in the corner?
(Underneath the staircase), that's the Hall of Fame
(In the hall), put your picture because you're (famous)
You want it and you got it
(You know why?) because you're (famous)
You want it and you got it
(They gon' ride) because you're (famous)
You want it and you got it
And they'll try 'cause you know
[Chorus - Chamillionaire]They gon' see the platinum pinky ring that's on your finger
They gon' see you pull up in the old school with the swangers
All your friends'll tell ya that you're goin through some changes
Tryin to count your pockets, tryin to see what your change is, 'cause you're (famous)
You want it and you got it, yeah, you got it
[Chamillionaire]Come on man, look
You can't believe a groupie, she'll be tellin you that she wanna
Go and tell the media that you took the nookie from her
Daughter and the mother (both), smarter than a mother
Blonde is the color, dye their hair then they act like "Dumb and Dumber"
Lookin for the pipe and you just tryin to be a plumber
They got to be the DJ for them to say that you was drummer
Be famous if you wanna, you gonna be worse than Jeffrey Dahmer
Everybody wonder, how could you decapitate your Hummer?
For summer after summer, one will have to be your number
'Cause they gon' say your done if you come any number under
'Cause you're (famous), be famous if you wanna
They shootin at the club and they gonna name you as the gunner
'Cause you're (famous), be famous if you wanna
I hope you got a lawyer that could beat it like a drummer (famous)
[Famous]Me? You know me, ha
The one, the only, hey homie
Fame ain't the problem, it's the one's that pho-ny
The game ain't the problem, just the ones be-fore me
Hate on your brothers, yet claim they O.G.'s
But deal your worst hand, who gon' fold me?
This where the platinum and gold be and Cham' told me
[Chorus - Chamillionaire (Famous)]They gon' see the platinum pinky ring that's on your finger (I know)
They gon' see you pull up in the old school with the swangers (fo' sho)

All your friends'll tell ya that you're goin through some changes

Tryin to count your pockets (let's go), tryin to see what your change is, 'cause you're (famous)
(I'm Famous!), you want it and you got it (I got it), yeah (yeah), you got it
[Famous]I started so, far underground, thought I'd never see the light
But I ain't even need the lime, I just had to see a mic
And now they got me in the mags, baby don't believe the hype
Catch me at award shows, boys can't perceive I'm nice
So I'm a put it in they face like proof of seein Christ
Now guess who gettin cake, need proof? You see the ice
[Chamillionaire]Okay, okay, I see ya finally graduated up to ridin tour bus
All the groupies in it, they gon' tell you that it's the whore bus
[Famous]Tell me how the heck can any groupie not adore us?
Hoppin out the yellow Lamborghinis with the doors up
[Chamillionaire]Haha, you gon' be buyin Lamborghinis with your tour bucks? (yeah)
Then you'll probably say you're out of money when the tour's up (aw man)
Spend it on your jewels, your arm lookin like a cool cup
[Famous]Man, we spend it on them tools too, naw we ain't fool-ish
'Cause God's plan man is already scripted
Can't jump the B-wagon and already missed it
Shit and if you missed it, (hey), you just missed it
Dig it? My style I already switched it (already)
Young, black and gifted
And if fame is a drug, I need the whole World addicted
[Chorus - Chamillionaire (Famous)]They gon' see the platinum pinky ring that's on your finger (you missed it man)
They gon' see you pull up in the old school with the swangers
All your friends'll tell ya that you're goin through some changes (true)
Tryin to count your pockets, tryin to see what your change is, 'cause you're (famous)
(I'm Famous!), you want it and you got it, yeah, you got it (I'm feelin it though)
[Chamillionaire]Look, tell the truth (truth), the game ain't as cool as I thought it'd be (straight up)
They saw me in the Forbes, everybody tellin me they diggin me
All my enemies say that a friend's what they consider me
I turn my back, they take the knife and try to stab it into me
I'm pullin 'em off the lot (where they at?), doin diddley
Squat and now I got plenty haters tryin to get at me
So what is you gonna do when they see you with me in Italy
And paparazzi pictures picture you as the epitome?
A superstar, literally, followin you like Brit-aney
How the heck you tell me you can handle that, you kiddin me?
You're famous

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/