

Celebrity (Feat. Akon, Lloyd Banks)

Eminem

[Lloyd Banks]

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 Im ballin' all out, b! You rappers don 't know me Nah I ain't your
homie If your name aint Em, 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 aint work, I'll be pimpin' on some hoe Still eating lobster and shrimp in the Bungalow
I'm back like crack over the drumroll
You know, wherever I go the gun go [Akon - Chorus]
We on the grind (hey) all the time (hey)
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
aint nothing changed nigger [Lloyd Banks]
The media will test ya, popularity is pressure
Porche 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 (?) 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 aint here
two tone, two door, grey top, roof floor
green guap galore, in and out of new hall
that bright light you saw, was a paparazzi flash
I'm tryna snap a picture through your Maserati glass [Chorus] [Eminem]
there are enough insults in my head
to fill up a swear jar
and have it overflowing so dont get me going, don't dare start
you 'll never see me again, Amelia Earhart
I'm poppin' a wheelie off to a really unfair start
I'm past grinding for me, guess I just be grounded up
like ground round or a pound of chuck
tightly wound as fuck
till the fire marshalls come shut
Fire marshall ground 'em up I guess you should just shut the fuck up
and stop fucking around and duck
I aint playing this time, I told you I 'm not down for blunts to say I keep it 100 would probably sound redundant
like calling a bitch a hoe, or asking a gal to suck
and blowing your dick cock
is she up to scew and down to fuck
it's a man's World and I'm trapped in a land of smut
with a thousand sluts wrapped with muzzles
running through a house of muts
otherwords I'm shutting up everyone one of you bitches mouth 's up and I'm watching my language if I tell you
to kiss my fucking butt
and aint shit changed, my shit still dont stink player
my farts may have become staler ever since I became a trailer park celebrity
maybe my complexion became a little paler
poster child for white trash, I'm a garbage pale kid sailor yeah, see me up all in your bitch means I 'ma rape her,
all I got for these hoes is dick duck tape and a stapler so bitch you better look for table
scraps to scrape her
I don't subscribe to the news or the free press but homie I get the paper!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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