

Famous (feat. Young Lyxx)

Big L.C.T.

Let the beat go
I'm an alter-ego
Imported girls
They from Puerto Rico
Important Biz
Your bill is vetoed
If you're filming me
Put that on Vevo
Flashing lights everywhere I go
A little reefer got me acting slow
A lot of girls, and they on the floor
If I think she's yours
I'll take her home I got the sickest beats
And the hottest bitch
From coast to coast
From street to street
24/7, everyday of the week
I'm online
Then, I'm on TV
I don't got time
To wait in lines
'Cause I'm headed to the top
That's the inside
Traffic stalled
While I swerve by
Y'all slowed down
I'm jumpin' out
(curb side) Bitches on both arms
I been ballin' so hard
Alerted the coast guard
He told me to, chill
Stackin' my paper
Los Angeles player
Elected as mayor
I told them to chill
Imma just keep on a ballin' and workin'
I'm workin' so hard that you know that I'm worth it
I will never stop,
but you have to be certain. Every cent that I made,

well you know that I earned it.(Pre-Chorus)

Your girl is on the floor
I said, your girl is on the floor
Your girl is on the floor
I said, your girl is on the floor
Your girl is on the floor
I said, your girl is on the floor
Your girl is on the floor
I said, your girl is on the floor
I said, your girl is on the floor

Can't believe me made it
Can't believe we famous
Standing out on top
I can't even see them haters
Count this one as a win
Because this the way you live
I'm accomplishing my goals
And you know I didn't miss
Got your girl up on the floor
And she know I'm in control
You can say goodbye
Blackout is on her phone
I just win at this
And I win at that
And I'm number one
When it comes to rap

You better step aside or be moving back

I was born a king I wasn't meant to lag(Verse 2: Young Lyxx)

Woo

I was born a king
Rolling up the zags
To my old girl
"She can holla back"
Or not at all, cause we tryna ball
And all she do is really hold me back
I got two cups, call it screw cup
Playing Big mo, I'm screwed up
I'm drapped up, I'm dripped out
I'm in Daygo, with some new huff
And I'm calling shots like a boss do
When you Young N Made you make boss moves
When I was young, I used to listen to Ross
So of course I wanted to be a boss too
Now I'm up, and these niggas mad
Hell nah I wasn't meant to lag
Hell ya I was built for this

Never catch me sitting on my ass
Like skateboarders I'm grindin dog
I'm Kobe and I never pass the ball
Designer this, designer that
I even got on designer draws
Buscemi sneaks all in my sleek
I go hard in that Goyard
I'm Brett Farve when it come to green
I'm like Lil Boosie mixed with Mozart
Ballin',(Pre-Chorus)
Your girl is on the floor
I said, your girl is on the floor
Your girl is on the floor
I said, your girl is on the floor
Your girl is on the floor
I said, your girl is on the floor
Your girl is on the floor
I said, your girl is on the(Chorus)
Can't believe me made it
Can't believe we famous
Standing out on top
I can't even see them haters
Count this one as a win
Because this the way you live
I'm accomplishing my goals
And you know I didn't miss
Got your girl up on the floor
And she know I'm in control
You can say goodbye
Blackout is on her phone
I just win at this
And I win at that
And I'm number one
When it comes to rap
You better step aside or be moving back
I was born a king I wasn't meant to lag

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