

Celebrity

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, I'm ballin' all out, B
You rappers don't know me
Nah, I ain't your homie
If your name ain't M, 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 ain't work, I'll be pimpin' on some hoe
Still eating lobster and shrimp in the Bungalow
I'm back like crack over the drum roll
You know, wherever I go the gun go
We on the grind all the time
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
Ain't nothing changed nigger
The media will test ya, popularity is pressure
Porsche 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's closing in, 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 ain't here
Two tone, two door, gray top, roof floor
Green guap galore in and out of new hall
That bright light you saw was a paparazzi flash
I'm trying to snap a picture through your Maserati glass
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