Center Of Attention

Wale

[Chorus]I call a spade a spade
What you want me to say?
Say I'm destined for fame, well I am very afraid
Do you know what fame is?
If you did, you wouldn't want to be famous
Everybody finger, pointing your direction
Everybody seems to misread every sentence
Better or worse, the center of attention
Gift and a curse, the center of attention
[Verse 1]See I wouldn't wish success on my worst foe
You see the devil is alive but he work slow
And yeah I should've seen the signs by my first quote
Before you sign, you'll be blind if you've been broke
And true I've seen better times because I'm getting dough
But my vision has declined since I'm Interscope, and it's home
This country has an obsession with celebrity
But who is to blame when we let them in on everything?
From B's wedding ring, to beef meddling
Ironic we on air, but they never let us breathe
We all make mistakes, why you want to make an issue?
If I don't diss another nigga you don't get that issue
I don't really get you, see what the problem is
Keeping up with Khloe and Kim, not the Obama'ses
You trying to find out where Rihanna is
To be honest you ain't minding where Osama is
And it's not a big deal, it's a small affair

Fuck Barack's change, we'd rather talk Milian's hair
And if the sky fall tonight, we all be alright
Just tell us where all the stars is
[Chorus][Verse 2]Nah, I wouldn't wish fame on my enemy
Paparazzi like a life time sentencing
No comma, no pause, no anything
Just know fame has a price, lose everything
DC has never seen such progress
So bitches on the scene seem quite stalkish
They like talking, it's like gossip
How little hugs can turn to draws offered
Though uncalled for, they going to drop them

And your girl's cousins trying to get her other options
And now your best friend's having kids
They two now, I haven't seen they godfather yet
Don't let me talk about the deal ones
Mommy found out, I'm paying everybody's bills
B.I.G. said it more money, more ills
So I spend it real fast, because I'm trying to sit and chill
A little, signed, sealed, delivered
Before a nigga signed I had a healthier liver
Shit, now my lips liquor, wish
As my record label nit-picks at this
[Chorus]

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/