

Chamillionaire, Famous

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