

## Akon

# "Celebrity"

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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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