

## **Curren\$y "Famous"**

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[And you could tell  
From distance tryinna figure  
The reals say I'm  
But I'm still  
And you could tell]

[Spitta in them monsta beats radioactive (3X)]

Ain't nothing change but the weather  
And the temp tag sequence of letters and numbers on  
my Chevelle  
You can ride, but hey man watch my leather  
Cuz bitches get ejected in traffic from disrespecting a  
classic  
Rosae in the glasses, get the weed out the plastic  
Spitta in them Monstabeats radioactive, I don't kick it  
with no rappers  
They be hustling backwards  
Like the jeans on criss cross, who you Mack daddy or  
daddy mackin?  
Pen lyrics on back on these napkins  
Zoned out in a first class cabin  
With noise cancellation headphones  
Two hash brownies for breakfast this morning staring  
down at the ocean, inspired  
Scribbling fire, on a streetcar named desire  
Struggle a fence, you oughta get caught up in the  
barbed-wire  
I'm independent, fuck yo system I get paid without it  
Got a new pothead bitch who moonlighting as a  
blogger  
That rapper weed she smoke, that Spitta stroke, she  
rolled about it  
You can't deny it, I am a ridah word to Pac ambition  
Whodini your main squeeze, she disappear she's a  
magician  
You can't blame in the midst of the fame planes get  
changed, I  
Sent to the waffle house twit my order from the car  
man  
Yeah...

And I'm looking famous

And you can tell by the reaction of them strangers  
From distance tryna figure if it is or if it ain't him  
The reals say I'm on it, the haters say I ain't shit  
But I'm still...

Looking famous  
And you can tell by the reaction of them strangers  
From distance tryna figure if it is or if it ain't him  
The reals say I'm on it, the haters say I ain't shit  
But I'm still...

I'm high again waiting on the sun dozed off in my '57 at  
the drive-in  
This is a scary movie I'm in  
But I do it for all my folk who genuinely want me to win  
I do a lot a smoking to stay over this bogus shit  
My money are not on these bitches, my focus is locked  
Niggas claiming to be jet planes but they not  
Pay homage, the founder in the house kid  
A MILF hunter, ask yo momma she could vouch bitch  
If she cool to fuck and down with rollin that barney up  
Race-day money on the starting gate pony up  
I hope your hungry  
I got a plate of dutch for homie, liquor  
Early morning exercise doing kush ups  
I ain't stingy with it, got a couple pounds put up  
Bitches used to overlook us  
Now in my presence they shook up  
See where this rap shit done took us?  
I'm stil, still...

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