

## Regurgitate

### "Famous"

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I don't wanna be famous  
And get my picture in the paper  
With the headlines read  
I think this is the god who made you  
With all them bitches and bastards  
With the big mouth for backstabbing  
Critics dis not to miss all the dirt to be grabbing  
The effects of the scandoulsness of my entire reality  
To be dripping in the of a self inflicted me  
I'll be singing with a broken heart  
Is gonna help me top the chart  
Which brings to the point  
That happened just back at the start  
I don't wanna be famous  
And blow my horn like miles davis  
Suck here on my dick  
And then tell me im the greatest  
All them bastards and bitches  
Get me starring in the pictures  
Im gonna be fucking huge  
Now tell me who the fuck is jesus  
To be number one under the sun  
I'll need a gun to knock you out  
And just to get it right  
I'll need the best agent around  
Get me in the magazines in my nudity  
With a little cutie girl  
Whos famous just like me  
I don't wanna be famous  
And be adored by loving strangers  
Make my music shit  
But just make sure it's contagious  
Masterplans to think instead  
The song should stick right in your head  
Radio rotation  
Play it over till it's dead  
Driving fancy cars to fancy bars  
To make a point im on it  
And in the intermission do some chicken on your  
bonnet  
My egos gonna grow till you can find me floating

In the sky in the fire in the light i'll be stokin

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