MotoLyrics.com Biggest, regularly updated and free lyrics database

Hoodie Allen "Fame Is For Assholes"

Visit "Fame Is For Assholes" on MotoLyrics.com

Yeah, yeah First team bitch Stop – hoodie time

MotoLyrics

[Verse 1: Hoodie Allen] Bitches bow down, donÂ't even know me Told me lÂ'm a dog like Odie And I only fuck with crazy girls like IÂ'm home like IÂ'm Brodie Made her come twice like Obie, damn So I donÂ't shop at Alexander McQueen (why?) I donÂ't even know what that mean Tryna live life on an everyday scheme The minute you met me was kind of a wet dream, well We donÂ't got that in common (common) These bitches want the Action Bronson (Bronson) I give a little Magic Johnson Then she wanna hold my wand like Emma Watson Oh they mad cause I got flow And these other rappers cheesy like a nacho So my pockets getting bigger like Levato But you ainÂ't got no fuckinÂ' Hoodie in your Serato?

[Hook: Hoodie Allen] Talk to me, tell me your name You are my life, I want the same You say that itÂ's meant to be, itÂ's meant to be You ainÂ't no celebrity, so stop Cause fame is for assholes

[Verse 2: Hoodie Allen]

Hold up, stop, came here with a mission They didnÂ't pick me first like lÂ'm Griffin But I donÂ't give a fuck, no Luck I got 20/20 vision I can see like everything he missinÂ' Got a bad bitch, she my cash cow, she my cash cow IÂ'mma make a million dollars so I have her pass out Pass blunts, babe, I can get you Emma Stoned And I donÂ't ever leave my bed alone Tryna tell my future like Cleo Tell me IÂ'm the one (?), damn

Thousand white bitches in the club and tequlio Let me spill this cash like the Rio, Grande IÂ'm all about the ass and bush ThatÂ's why they lookinÂ' at me like IÂ'm Ashton Kush IÂ'm a bastard, look IÂ'm a fashion crook So let me take your clothes off, bam

[Hook: Hoodie Allen] Talk to me, tell me your name You are my life, I want the same You say that itÂ's meant to be, itÂ's meant to be You ainÂ't no celebrity, so stop Cause fame is for assholes

Cause fame is for assholes [5x]

[Verse 3: Chiddy Bang] Stop – Chiddy time I hear girl like "come to the telly" Hit me on the phone you could run to the celly Just walked in, why they lookinÂ' at me doe? Girl you the bomb, could we lay like Frito? I got my jacket for you if you attack ho Swack ho, probably gettinÂ' tail like a tadpole First time I seen her man she wave like a flagpole She tryna fuck fame but that shit is for assholes Yeah, since I heard they finish first IÂ'mma appetize then I get that pussy for dessert Clock, clock in you know I always put in work Tryna find (?) easy she got designer on her purse I donÂ't even know your accolades I could do that shit in half a day Act brand new but thatÂ's okay Cause IÂ'm about to get the cat, Anne Hathaway, hey!

[Hook: Hoodie Allen] Talk to me, tell me your name You are my life, I want the same You say that itÂ's meant to be, itÂ's meant to be You ainÂ't no celebrity, so stop Cause fame is for assholes

Visit <u>Hoodie Allen</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.