

Instafamous

Eric Bellinger

It's that true shit
This that true shit baby
This may not be your favourite song
(Nice)

If I was to shower you with compliments
If I was to say that you were heaven sent
Would it turn your confidence to cockiness?
Would you let it get to your head?
I see you with all them likes
But what you finna do with that?
My nigga saw you in person
He said you ain't even look like that
I see you with all them heels
And all them Birkin bags
You stay ordering room service
But you don't be paying for that

What happened to the real women, real women
What happened to the real women, real women
They all tryna be bad bitches, bad bitches
I'm speaking to my real women
Where my real women?

Yeah you Instafamous
You Instafamous
They know what yo' name is
But what about your babies?
What about a career?
What about an education?
You ain't even got a job
But you stay on them vacations
Haaan

I ain't trying to judge you
I ain't tryna put you on trial
I'm just stating facts
And some shit shouldn't be allowed
But I blame the niggas
Yeah I blame the niggas
For getting these hoes excited
When they be posting pictures
I see you with all them lights
But what you finna do with that?
My nigga saw you in person
He said you ain't even look like that
I see you taking all them trips
I see you only fly first class
But that shit costs a lot
So explain how you pay for that

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Why hate on me?
I'm everybody's woman crush
Don't hate on me
(Girl ain't nobody hatin' on you)
Boy don't hate on me
(I'm not)
Cause I got all these followers
Don't hate
(You got the wrong idea)
On me
(Can somebody tell me)

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