

## Celebrity

Lloyd Banks

I just touched down, Ferrari to concrete  
I ain't even home and they're talking about me  
f-ck out my ear if you talking 'bout freedom n-gger  
Free don't pay the bills Im ballin' all out, b!  
You rappers don't know me  
Nah I ain't your homie  
If your name aint Em, 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 aint work, I'll be pimpin' on some hoe  
Still eating lobster and shrimp in the Bungalow  
I'm back like crack over the drumroll  
You know, wherever I go the gun go

We on the grind (hey) all the time (hey)  
ain't bout to let a n-gga 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  
aint nothing changed n-gger

The media will test ya, popularity is pressure  
Porche 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 holding them back from opening  
verbal attack all over these n-ggas, push the herd to the back  
I'm the kind that they pray on, spending half of their day on  
lay on, n-ggas 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 n-gga down two blocks  
two shots in the air for n-ggas that aint here  
two tone, two door, grey top, roof floor  
green guap galore, in and out of new hall  
that bright light you saw, was a paparazzi flash  
I'm tryna snap a picture through your Maserati glass

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...there are enough insults in my head  
to fill up a swear jar  
and have it overflowing so dont get me going, don't dare start  
you'll never see me again, Amelia Earhart  
I'm poppin' a wheelie off to a really unfair start  
I'm past grinding for me, guess I just be grounded up  
like ground round or a pound of chuck  
tightly wound as f-ck  
till the fire marshalls come shut  
Fire marshall ground 'em up  
I guess you should just shut the f-ck up  
and stop f-cking around and duck  
I aint playing this time, I told you I'm not down for blunts  
to say I keep it 100 would probably sound redundant  
like calling a bitch a hoe, or asking a gal to suck  
and blowing your d-ck cock  
is she up to scew and down to f-ck  
it's a man's World and I'm trapped in a land of smut  
with a thousand sluts wrapped with muzzles  
running through a house of muts  
otherwords I'm shutting up everyone one of you bitches mouth's up  
and I'm watching my language if I tell you to kiss my f-cking butt  
and aint sh-t changed, my sh-t still dont stink player  
my farts may have become staler ever since I became a trailer park celebrity  
maybe my complexion became a little paler  
poster job for white trash, I'm a garbage pale kid sailor  
yeah, see me up all in your b-tch means I'ma rape her,  
all I got for these hoes is d-ck duck tape and a stapler so b-  
tch you better look for table scraps to scrape her  
I don't subscribe to the news or the free press but homie I get the paper!