

Make You Famous

R.A. the Rugged Man

I just want to be famous
I just want the world to love me

And this just in
Tom Cruise and Will Smith are buttbuddies
Back to you gentlemen

Top celebrity, top celebrity
Top celebrity, top celebrity
I'll make you famous

Hmm, so you wanna get your ugly face on TV?
Wanna be a superstar, wanna be a top celebrity
Too short to be a ball player, too ugly to be an actor
Too dumb to sell drugs and now you're trying to be a rapper
Now all you gotta do is shake hands with the devil
Maybe lick a little, uh, penis, I'm for real on the level
If you take a dick you could make a hit
You could jack the styles of underground rappers and claim you've created it
You could get cash and be massive
You could be worshipped and be a tool for the corporations
And help them gain control of the masses
Make sure you make more hits, product placement, packaging products
So poor people could make corporations more rich

I'll make you famous
I'll take your kids, your rhymes, your blood, your life, your soul
Top celebrity, top celebrity
Top celebrity, top celebrity
I'll make you famous

Society, celebrity obsessed
Shock value, Janet pulling out a breast
Gaga wearing a meatmaggot infested dress
You don't need talent to be worshipped when you walk in a building
They'll praise you if you ain't shit
But you rich and your parents own the Hilton
More and more people are becoming non-believers
In a world where your children
Know more about Snooki than they know about Jesus
And in the hood there's more pressure
Cause if you're a black actor in Hollywood
They try to make sure you become a crossdresser
We like Martin running through traffic, butt-naked with a gat
Or little Britney shaving her head, beating up cars with a bat
Don't forget during your journey of dreamchasing
You should promote Illuminati images, pretend to be a Free Mason
Worshipping witchcraft and satanic scriptures
RnB divas posing as baphoment, goats and pagans in pictures
Don't try to help the neighborhood, they're broke, the don't feed you
And who cares if the babies are dying? They don't really need you
The ladies love you now, you're large
Til a lying ass gold digger show up at your hotel
And you catching a rape charge
So black people, don't be stupid
Stop letting white lawyers, business execs
And white accountants dictate your music

I'll make you famous
I'll take your kids, your rhymes, your blood, your life, your soul
Top celebrity, top celebrity
Top celebrity, top celebrity
I'll make you famous

Now BET got bought out, let me explain briefly
Now it's WET, white entertainment TV
Viacom, Time Warner and Disney
Those the true dictators of black music, hip hop and RnB
They're politicizing your careers
They could set you up and you could get murdered
And your murderer just mysteriously disappears
Try to get murdered, take note, rappers
Cause getting killed can turn an average artist
With above average talent to GOAT status
Female entertainers, you losing the race
God forbid you get a wrinkle, go see the surgeon, hurry and mutilate your face
Some times you gotta come from the struggle and suffer
Other cases your dad can be OJ's lawyer
And you can fuck Brandy's little brother

I'll make you famous
I'll take your kids, your rhymes, your blood, your life, your soul
Top celebrity, top celebrity
Top celebrity, top celebrity
I'll make you famous