

Famous

JAY1

She's feeling me man I can tell from her demeanor
Feel it in her aura, I ain't talking about Rita
Took her out Honda, put the backa inna bima
Baby show me you're the one and I'll make you more than a keeper

She looking sexy when she shaking her waist
The way she brucking off her back can prolly shake it for days
My other babe just caught me slipping now she's onto my case
You know a nigga be toxic baby let's cut to the chase

Look, I'm getting money now they wanna know
I can take you round the city where you wanna go
Or we can take a private jet straight Monaco
Niggas look at me like JAY1 he's got a lot of dough

He's got a lot of paper, me, I'm just a hater
I can never take her cos that's Jays job
I hit the belly now I'm balling like I'm Besos
These niggas hating cos I'm making all these pesos

You, shake it... don't fake it
Come get some money, why the fuck you in the matrix
I use to queue, it's kinda different now I'm famous
You try flex on the jigga but G it ain't it

Come here, take it... don't stall now
Every day's another dollar b I ball out
Strip club, I throw it all, I go all out
Made another million, let's hit the fucking mall now

Small boy, you ain't reaching my levels
But see, I'm rating your effort, so let me give you a medal
Some people make it legit and some people dance with the devil
They see me making my money and now they're eyeing my kettle

Like please move, get the fuck out my face
Cos Steve got the big 45 stuck in his waist
I sip a drink, I hit the club and then I fuck up the stage
All the baddies wanna fuck me cos they're loving my game

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