

## Famous

Mozzy

Ju-ju-june on the beat  
June on the beat

She just wanna fuck with me 'cause I'm famous  
Closet full of fly shit, that's what them bands did  
Niggas hatin' on me, it don't even make sense  
Put the Rollie on my wrist so they know what time it is  
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I'm just clearin' my vision  
Pushin' the to count millions with niggas  
The homies ain't put you on, blood, remember them nigga  
Paperwork surfaced, quit defendin' them niggas  
Y'all pretend to be killas but keep it jiggy  
Drum on the yeeky is iggy, it's litty, that bitch pretty  
Sacramento nigga been standin' up for the city  
With the right to bear arms we blammy'd up in the city  
You hear me? Keep a roll of pink 50s, all crispy  
Way of life risky, I could sense some shit fishy  
Dope on the digi, we bag it then ship it out  
We hoppin' inside of foreigners, we bagin' and spinnin' out

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Shout out to Mozzy, I just jumped out of Masi  
With a Draco and a Louis and the gang in the lobby  
Still rich wit' me, I never left nobody  
I done made niggas rich and you ain't help nobody  
And this blood on my name nigga, fuck the fame nigga  
So plan your funeral, 'cause that come with my chain nigga  
And the bitch wanna fuck for some change nigga  
How much? To me that shit peanuts, but that's lame nigga  
Big gangster, no bandana though (none)  
I took my bitch from Oakland (what else?)  
Had a threesome with my Atlanta hoe  
Lamb truck, but I really want the Phantom though  
Rich nigga, fuck I'm thinkin', I can have 'em both

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He just wanna fuck with me 'cause I'm the one  
He got all the drugs and I got all the guns  
He know I'm from Detroit, he know I get the job done  
I pull up with them bitches, them niggas go crazy for  
DeJ Loaf, little smooth ass DeJ Loaf  
Have a nigga on the leash, he do what I say so  
Left the Ghost runnin', I might pull up in a Tank though

Got these bitches feelins like a race horse  
From the D to the A to the Bay  
That's me  
No way, no sir, I don't let the fame get to me  
But you've gotta be kiddin' me

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