

# Famous

## Princess Superstar

I wanna be famous, I wanna be famous

Do you know how famous I am  
TV trucks parked all over my land, all a part of the plan  
Every single little fan shake my little hand  
snort a little gram, rehab, and back again  
What a wonderful life, what a wonder  
make a hundred million dollars like I'm riding a bike  
Got a butler for life, watch him butter my knife  
bet ya everybody jealous, bet ya wonder what it's like  
Dyed my hair blonde, wrote a hit song  
got a dot com, bought Louis and Vuitton  
Up until this year I lived at home with my mom  
now I got a big bong filled with champagne  
Be calm if you gonna approach  
got ten bodyguards who wanna punch you in the nose  
Better never come close, got a house on each coast  
just to house fur coats and um, my bathrobes

Want everyone to know my name, I wanna be famous  
Want cars, want cribs, wanna be the boss of the game  
Don't wanna work all day, wanna chill with Dre, want a maid, wanna get paid  
Want a limo and a plane, then I wanna complain, ok, I wanna be famous

Look, i never knew about the bloods and the crips  
but I know about the tucks and the nips  
College, I skipped, but got the collagen  
in my lips, my tits, lipo, the hips  
Check me out on Cribs, it's a trip  
me and Prince eatin' ribs, drippin' on golden bibs  
My private driveway is like the Verrazano bridge, I'm very much a bitch  
Platinum fridge, I don't need it  
cause I don't really ever eat but aww fuck it, I'm rich  
It's tough when everybody wants your autograph  
tough to get a cab when you wear a cap and you look crap  
Middle finger, take a picture of that, that photo makes me look fat  
That's bad, I look like Danny DeVito  
just wanna jog incognito, what's with you people

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Go on, have a Mentos, they're imported, I can afford it  
Pinto to pentho, I'm boughetto  
hey, get me something now, (why) I said so  
Ooh, when I feel romantic, my vibrator got its own mechanic  
Speaks Spanish, muchas gracias Manuel  
I think I'll manage, make me a caviar sandwich  
Damn this, paparazzi get lost, oh look, go chase Ozzy  
My Versace's tight, big fight, punch another star  
front page of the Star, it's alright  
Cause we like always brawling, balling, got our lawyers calling  
If you say mo' money, mo' problems  
you just need a little bit more to solve 'em

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