

Paparazzi

Wale

You feel like it's a doubt 'em all, baby
Plucking pictures in them crowds, they all faded
And I'm just tryna put it down cause I'm not lazy
If I'm your nigga and you proud to shout baby
Who you loving? Who you wanna be hugging?
You been number 2'ing on bitches, but who number 1 is?
Who you fucking when you under them covers?
Tell them bitches that you fuck and you in love with the realest

Uh, yeah, no really I get it
Your mother tell you that I'm not the typical nigga
No, no, forgive me, I get it
I got a Grammy nomination for getting the bitches
So you thinking that I'm probably thinking
That I probably want you but got a lot of conceiving
Probably went east and last, the money, [?]
I ain't running with fam, them bands or TMZ
Know what you plan to be, I know what your fantasy is
I care about you enough that I can never foresee it
She care 'bout me so much, you stressing on who gon' catch us
Hearing what people say, I'm hearing that people jealous

Oh no, I'm too cold to fuck with them bitches, baby
Yeah, I'm too broke to fuck with opinions, baby

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Picture me rolling next to you with no care in the world
10 it out just in case the cameras is there
Well I can show you what it do cause I ain't embarrassed
Had a motherfucking roof for amber alert
Just rambling words baby, who make 'em in vain?
I gotta be thorough with you, you've dated some lames
I admit, I'm insane for you, just say you the same
Run away from this fame shit and come make me some babies
Come make me a son
I made you a moon, radiant, baby you a star
Ross made me a boss, broads made me this dough
Flaws, they insecure like all celebrities are

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