

Almost Famous

Z-Ro

Yeah

You know it's been a real rollercoaster for us real ones
The ups, the downs, the all arounds
Just glad we still on solid grounds
No lie
But really just thankful that
We haven't lost our sanity, integrity, nor honesty along the way
Cause you know we been grinding so hard for so long
Oh, and you know man, I appreciate what you did what you did
What you did that time I needed to do what I needed to do
For real, for real
But just get at me though, you know it's love

And this can't be life, shit
The last 17 years I done hustled 'til I damn near lost my mind
But I'm a hustler, got to get it by any means
From a park bench to a television screen
From the dirty third, but I'd rather be clean
You know what I mean
And this can't be right, shit
The last 17 years, I was fierce
That's just how hard I grind
Never been a customer
But they pay me like I am
Like I ain't got bills and got to take care of the fam
Bunch of janky promoters just like lil Samm
Got damn
I got so much beef, I can chew that shit
Being real, y'all don't even know how to do that shit
And everybody got something to say about me
Stop cursing so much and smoking all that weed
I think Trae hate my guts, I can deal with that
All I'm worried 'bout is where hundred dollar bills is at
RIP to Dougie D, T. Jones, I'm fed up
We ain't speaking, so I hope homie can keep his head up
It's fucked up

Oh my God
Why this shit so hard?
Graveyards and prison bars
That's what you get when you almost famous
Yeah
Crooked record deals
Devils in high heels
Sometimes I can't pay bills
That's how it is when you almost famous
Yeah

My fans think I got it made, they see all this ice
But it ain't from rapping, it come from shooting all this dice
I be like fuck my life
Cause this ain't the way I want it to go
I know I'm hopeless, homie, but I don't want it to show
Fuck a relationship, bitch, I don't want it to grow
Playing green, I don't want you, all I want is the dough
It's kind of hard being a father to my kids
With my baby mama steady calling me a bitch

I see my ribs, I think I'm ready to eat
Tryin' to survive off of scraps like a dog in the streets
It's okay, cause I know the good Lord can see
All these obstacles and traps they be setting for me
I know I should be on BET
But I'm damn still in the hood, wishing niggas would
Cause I'm almost famous
Bitch, I don't fuck with you
Eat a dick
That's what you and the attorney general can do

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