Famous

21 Savage

Rags to riches, nigga came from the bottom
Hood rats, now a nigga fuckin' on models
Ridin' in the foreign, remember ridin' on MARTA
Grind got harder and my mind got smarter
I was gettin' bags for the cheap
When I ain't had money, I was robbin', nigga
I was gettin' bags for the free
21 Gang, they were right beside me
And they still with me, nigga, I'm on TV
Couple niggas switched up, bitched up, fuck 'em
I can't go nowhere without a pistol or a rubber
I'm too, too player to put a bitch before my brother
I'm too street smart, nigga, to serve a undercover
Niggas tryna clone a nigga's shit, damn, woah
Used to drive a hotbox, shit, Lambo
Niggas want a handout, shit, mine broke
I grinded for this shit, I grinded for this shit
Can't change on my game, niggas still here
Kinda hard to change my ways 'cause the shit real
Niggas rappin' 'bout shit they ain't even lived
Niggas lyin', I can hear it in their ad-libs
I'm poppin' Percocets, bitch, not Advil
It's kinda fucked up what they did to Black, damn
If I catch him in the trap, I'ma whack him
I catch that boy in traffic, nigga, I'ma whack him
Nigga, try to keep up with this fashion
Makin' sure my kids happy
They dependent on their daddy
Tryin' not to let the streets distract me
I know it's bumps in the road like acne
Had to sell dope, I couldn't be an athlete
I'm a solid young nigga, you can ask C
The internet ain't gon' help you understand me
I'm a street nigga, yeah I'm famous
I'm a rapper, nigga, and I'm gangbangin'
Everybody kill a nigga, what you claimin'?
Everybody get it with your nigga flamin'
All these chains on a nigga like I'm stranglin'
Ran off with your money, nigga, guess we straight then
You knockoff gangbangers ain't bangin'
In the hood everyday, I'm hangin'And I come through when the gang need
And I wear shades so they can't see

And I pay them lawyers and the bond fees
Nigga one thousand, I'm beyond G
I put my main bitch inside Givenchy
Niggas still askin', "Can you front me?"
My old ho sayin', "Boy you growed up"
Promethazine, it got a nigga slowed up
Too solid, pussy niggas can't disclose us
Went and seen Eliante, and he froze us
I'm too street to walk around with my nose up
Especially to the niggas knew me 'fore I blowed up
Savage Mode drop, now my price'll go up
Streets cold, nigga, they ain't showin' no love
Niggas get in front of judge and they fold up
Face shot, hit that boy with the whole dub
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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