

Fame Is for Assholes (feat. Chiddy)

Hoodie Allen

[Featuring: Chiddy Bang] Yeah, yeah
First team b*tch
Stop - Hoodie time [Verse 1: Hoodie Allen]
B*tches bow down, don't even know me
Told me I'm a dog like Odie
And I only f*ck with crazy girls like I'm home like I'm Brodie
Made her come trice like Obie, damn
So I don't shop at Alexander McQueen (why?)
I don't even know what that mean
Tryna live life on an everyday scheme
The minute you met me was kind of a wet dream, well
We don't got that in common (common)
These b*tches want the Action Bronson (Bronson)
I give a little Magic Johnson
Then she wanna hold my wand like Emma Watson
Oh they mad cause I got flow
And these other rappers cheesy like a nacho
So my pockets getting bigger like Levato
But you ain't got no f*ckin' Hoodie in your Serato?
[Hook: Hoodie Allen]
Talk to me, tell me your name
You want my life, I want the same
You say that it's meant to be, it's meant to be
You ain't no celebrity, so stop
Cause fame is for assholes [Verse 2: Hoodie Allen]
Hold up, stop, came here with a mission
They didn't pick me first like I'm Griffin
But I don't give a f*ck, no luck I got 20/20 vision
I can see like everything he missin'
Got a bad b*tch, she my cash cow, she my cash cow
I'ma make a million dollars so I have her pass out
Pass blunts, babe, I can get you Emma Stoned
And I don't ever leave my bed alone
Tryna tell my future like Cleo
Tell me I'm the one, treat the kid like he Neo, damn
Thousand white b*tches in the club, that's a kilo
Let me spill this cash like the Rio, Grande
I'm all about the ass and bush
That's why they lookin' at me like I'm Ashton Kush
I'm a bastard, look
I'm a fashion crook
So let me take your clothes off, bang

[Hook: Hoodie Allen]
Talk to me, tell me your name
You want my life, I want the same
You say that it's meant to be, it's meant to be
You ain't no celebrity, so stop
Cause fame is for assholes [x4][Verse 3: Chiddy Bang]
Stop - Chiddy time
I hear girl like "come to the telly"
Hit me on the phone you could run to the celly
Just walked in, why they lookin' at me doe?
Girl you the bomb, could we lay like Frito?
I got my jacket for you if you a tad cold
Swack ho, probably gettin' tail like a tadpole
First time I seen her man she wave like a flagpole
She tryna f*ck fame but that sh*t is for assholes
Yeah, since I heard they finish first
I'ma appetize then I get that pussy for dessert
Clock, clock in you know I always put in work
Tryna find her is easy, she got designer on her purse
I don't even know your accolades
I could do that sh*t in half a day
Act brand new but that's okay
Cause I'm about to get the cat, Anne Hathaway, hey![Hook: Hoodie Allen]
Talk to me, tell me your name
You want my life, I want the same
You say that it's meant to be, meant to be
You ain't no celebrity, so stop
Cause fame is for assholes [x3]
You say that it's meant to be, meant to be
You ain't no celebrity, so stop
Cause fame is for assholes

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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