

# 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 grewed 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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