

I don't wanna be famous
And get my picture in the paper
With the headlines read
I think this is the god who made you
With all them bitches and bastards
With the big mouth for backstabbing
Critics dis not to miss all the dirt to be grabbing
The effects of the scandoulsness of my entire reality
To be dripping in the of a self inflicted me
I'll be singing with a broken heart
Is gonna help me top the chart
Which brings to the point
That happened just back at the start
I don't wanna be famous
And blow my horn like miles davis
Suck here on my dick
And then tell me im the greatest
All them bastards and bitches
Get me starring in the pictures
Im gonna be fucking huge
Now tell me who the fuck is jesus
To be number one under the sun
I'll need a gun to knock you out
And just to get it right
I'll need the best agent around
Get me in the magazines in my nudity
With a little cutie girl
Whos famous just like me
I don't wanna be famous
And be adored by loving strangers
Make my music shit
But just make sure it's contagious
Masterplans to think instead
The song should stick right in your head
Radio rotation
Play it over till it's dead
Driving fancy cars to fancy bars
To make a point im on it
And in the intermission do some chicken on your bonnet
My egos gonna grow till you can find me floating
In the sky in the fire in the light i'll be stokin