

# 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.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>