

Gossip (feat. Giggs)

Fekky

What's all the gossiping ting?
Niggas know my style, I'm a boss in this ting
Get your facts right, act right, don't act like
Big Fekky never buss my ting
I get money, yeah, you know that, king
Flashy and fly, yeah, you know my ting
And these niggas wanna hate on the ting
Fuck 'em, they wasn't with us in the first place
Catch me on the road, getting that dough
That's my next brick when I move that next O
Drive the best whips, rock the best clothes
Watch me bag a bad bitch, take her to my next show
Mama said don't mind country, said a bit of both
Cut down trees and I shovel up snow
Ain't gotta say much, most these niggas know
If I make the phone call, everyting's a go, go, go
Cuh I used to be a used-to
That little nigga, dem chicks drew abuse to
Shit that I've been through would send a nigga cuckoo
All that bad luck, Mum blamed it on voodoo
Now 2 2, man had to move two food
Couple bags, one scale and two Qs
Me and F hit the strip like some cool dudes
The strip, darg, I'll show you how to move food
Now it's big whips and leather
Tag a quick chick just to feel different weather
Everyone's a G, everybody thinks they're clever
We don't give a fuck, ain't expecting any better
Brandy on the rocks, brandy on the rocks
Nigga, watch 'em how you're talking to a boss
I can take a hit, I can take a loss
But I can't take these fuckboys acting like they're us
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Big Hollowman and Mr Bu Bu Bang
Think you can run up on man? I bet you wouldn't, fam

Pitched like whole leap of man that's got that Buju Ban'
Switch like put it on man, I want that footage, man
Bitch like Polly and Pam, they got their pissy pants
Bitch, palm of my hand, I've got that pussy stamped
Bitch wan' call up her man, I give that pussy thanks
Quick little party for man, I've got that pussy amped
Ooh, MAC shots to the crack spots
Yeah, I went from cash flops to the jackpot
I went from dat block to the Ascot
They call me Rap Dan, I'm the mascot
I put the blap blap in the rucksack
Then put the rucksack in the stash spot
Look what the cat dragged, what the cat got
We're cooking that crack in the crackpot
All of the noise that niggas never see
Call us them boys, a nigga heavy D
And it already seems
Our street boppy as shit, and I'm already beans
Big whip, pop in the clip, I'm in the seven-seat
Bait shit, boppity bip, I get 'em proper cheap
Fakes wanna copy my shit and they forgot the chief
Man's eating everyone's food, I've got the copper teeth

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