

# Gossip

## Lil' Wayne

I hate gossip and I don't walk around lookin' for it, you know?  
But yesterday it seemed to just wander on till it found me  
You know like, gossip found me, then why don't you try provin' it  
How? You don't know how to prove it?  
Well, what would you just do is  
Stop, stop, stop, stop, stop, stop  
Stop, stop, stop, stop, stop, stop  
Stop, hatin' on a nigga that is a weak emotion, the lady of a nigga  
And you can get tipped like ya waitin' on a nigga  
Put a body bag and an apron on the nigga  
I give my all behind the mic  
But you could never see, if you sit behind the light  
You don't have to pick me to win the title fight  
But I'm gone wear that championship belt so tight  
And if I'm wrong, there is no right  
And if I'm wrong, there is no white  
I'm tryna to be polite  
But you bitches in my hair like to fuckin' pull lice  
And my flow is rare, these other rappers nice  
These other rappers bark, some of 'em even bite  
But I'm much more bright, I give the game sight  
So before you dim the light you just might, might wanna  
Think it over  
(Think it over)  
Ooh, think it over  
(Think it over baby, baby)  
Get 'em  
Stop, analyzin' criticizin'  
You should realize what I am and start epitomizin'  
Legitimate, I got the heart of the biggest lion  
I'm confident like fuck 'em all pull out my dick and ride it  
My flow sick, so sick, it's like my shit is dyin'  
It rains a lot in my city, because my city's cryin'  
Because my city's dyin' still I emerge from all of that  
I am a livin' pion-eer, near Zion  
Fear God, not them  
Steer my Robin Coupe through the streets of the boot and soowoop  
And, then I leave blood in a boot, I leave a blood bath  
Sorry there's a tub in the boot, now where the drugs at?

I'm twisted like the strings on a shoe, no nigga bug that  
I'm twisted like the strings on a boot  
Now at New Orleans at  
I feel your pop stole me like a bus pass  
So in your possession, ah ah, I must ask  
Hey, haven't I been good to you?  
(Think it over)  
Tell me, haven't I been sweet to you?  
Drag my name through the mud  
I come out clean cast away stones  
I won't even blink  
A gun is not a math problem  
I won't even think  
Just leave you dead like the mink under my sink  
Don't believe in me, don't believe me  
I've graduated from hungry  
And made it to greedy  
My flow is like pasta  
Take it and eat it  
But I'm gone need g's  
If I'm bakin' the zeedy  
You niggas want beef?  
I want a steak and uh, we be  
Lost in Amsterdam or Jamaica where we be  
Hard body nigga, just takin' it easy  
All about my paper, 'bout my paper like Eazy  
Why do rappers? Why do rappers?  
Lie to fans, lie to rappers, lot of rappers  
Lie like actin', cut the mothafuckin' cameras  
Cut the check nigga fuck your props  
And make it out to Mr.Hip Hop  
I'm not dead I'm alive

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>