

# Gossip Folks

## J Rae

Yo, yo yo move out of the way, we got Missy Elliott coming through  
    Girl that is Missy Elliott she lost a lot of weight  
        Girl I heard she eats one cracker a day  
            Oh well, I heard the bitch was married to Tim  
                And started fucking with Trina  
I heard the bitch got hit with three zebras and a monkey  
    I can't stand the bitch no way  
        When I walk up in the piece I ain't gotta even speak  
I'm a bad mama jama goddammit motherfucker you ain't gotta like me  
    How you studying these hoes, need to talk what you know  
And stop talking bout who I'm sticking and licking just mad it ain't yours  
    I know y'all poor y'all broke, y'all job just hanging up clothes  
        Step to me get burnt like toast, muthafuckas adios amigos  
            Halves halves wholes wholes, I don't brag I mostly boast  
                From the VA to the LA coast, iffy kiffy izzy, oh  
            Musi ques, I sews on bews, I pues a twos on que zat  
                Pue zoo, my kizzer, pous zigga ay zee  
            It's all kizza, it's always like, it's all kizza, it's always like  
                Na zound, wa zee, wa zoom zoom zee  
            When I pull up in my whip bitches wanna talk shit  
                I'm driving I'm glad and I'm styling  
                    In these muthafuckas eyes did you see it?  
            I'm gripping these curbs, skur, did ya heard  
            I love 'em, my fellas, my furs, I fly like a bird  
        Chicken heads on the prowl, who you trying fuck now  
                Naw you ain't getting loud  
            Better calm down for I smack your ass down  
                I need my drums bass high  
                    Has to be my snare strings horns and  
                I need my Tim sound, right, left  
                    Izzy kizzy looky here  
            Musi ques, I sews on bews, I pues a twos on que zat  
                Pue zoo, my kizzer, pous zigga ay zee  
            It's all kizza, it's always like, it's all kizza, it's always like  
                Na zound, wa zee, wa zoom zoom zee  
            I don't go out my house shorty, you just waiting to see  
            Who gon' roll up in the club and then report that next week  
                Just wanna see who I am fucking boy, sniffing some coke

I know by the time I finish this line I'm a hear this on the radio

Yeah, uh huh, okay, once upon a time in College Park  
Where they live life fast and they scared of dark  
There was a little nigga by the name of Cris  
Nobody paid him any mind, no one gave a shit  
Knowing he could rap, no one lifted a hands  
So he went about his business and devised a plan  
Made a CD and then he hit the block  
Fifty thousand sold, seven dollars a pop  
Hold the phone, three years later  
Steeped out the swamp with ten and a half gators  
All around the world on the microphone  
Leaving the booth smelling like Burberry cologne  
Still riding chrome, got bitches in the kitchen  
Never home alone and he's on the grind  
Please let me know if he's on your mind and respect you'll give me  
Ludacris I live loud just like Timmy, fuck, have to clear these rumors  
I got a headache and it's not from tumors  
Get up on my lap and get my head sucked tight  
Sprayed so I never let the bed bugs bight  
Hard to the core, core to the right  
Drop down turn around pick a bale of cotton  
Musi ques, I sews on bews, I pues a twos on que zat  
Pue zoo, my kizzer, pous zigga ay zee  
It's all kizza, it's always like, it's all kizza, it's always like  
Na zound, wa zee, wa zoom zoom zee  
Yo, straight up Missy killed that shit tonight for real  
I know I know, I don't even care  
About her being pregnant by Michael Jackson  
You know what we should do  
We should go get her album when it comes out  
There she go, there she go, there she, hey Missy  
Hi Missy? What's up fools?  
You think I ain't knowin' y'all broke Milli Vanilli  
Jay Jay fan wannabes aint over here gossiping bout me?  
Yo, how 'bout you buff these Pumas for twenty cents  
So your lights wont get cut off  
You soggy breasts, cow stomachs  
Yo take those baby GAP shirts off, too  
You just mad 'cause Payless ran out of plastic pumps for the after party  
Yo, by the way, go get my album, damn