

# Gossip

## 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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