

# Gossip

Paul Kelly

Niggas wanna tell it, hoes wanna gossip  
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[Verse 1: Big Boi] No introductions needed boy just call me the undefeated (Big)  
And underneath this [Georgia dry?] I know I can't be seen with (Bigger)  
Bifocals because my vocals are classic  
Like Coca Cola when they had cocaine in the package  
I meant to say blow in the ingredients  
I went to the mall today and all the niggas had on smediums  
Little bitty ass clothes  
Like Dancing with the Stars without the judges or the dance flo'  
(Oh) And niggas don't dance no more, all they do is this  
Beef it up, call me venus fly trap, waiting on fly emcees to eat 'em up  
I'm fly as I can be, them weak as fuck  
And ain't no keeping up, I'm balls deep and them ain't deep enough  
Fat stacks, Cadillac killer, cataract prescription filler  
I got my medicinal card from Los Angeles, the city of lost angels  
A connoisseur of cannabis and from Atlanta bitch  
We never shop with strangers, no matter what strain they slanging  
Some of the game rules done changed  
Niggas is out here talking like a cockatoo to a cop or two  
Now they watching you and yo mama too, bird's eye view, view  
Niggas wanna tell it, hoes wanna gossip  
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Uh, I'm getting blowed on the regular  
Riding and talking dirty on my cellular  
Playa I got some young girls that'll sell you some  
And if you my homeboy, she gon' give you some  
And it's all for the paper but she still gon' cum  
You dipping in the cookie jar and now you're sprung  
  
I'll have you tripping like you smoking furl  
Playa my hoes don't talk, anybody gon' tell yo girl  
Okay, now niggas wanna tell it, hoes wanna gossip  
Cause they pussy wasn't hitting and they lip was super sloppy  
Suck a, duck a mothafucka, rims chop ?  
Want my money corner pocket, plenty game ho  
Sop it like a biscuit, King of Diamonds, king of tricking, what's the difference

Got it popping like a skillet with some chicken grease in it  
Country boy, I'm country raised, from the belly to the grave  
? nobody tripping cause the money already made, Krizzle  
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? hater all the time, I got haters in my biz  
Talking 'bout the trill but don't know what the fuck it is  
Mothafuckas nowadays are seriously sorry  
Thinking that the key to life is putting your business on Maury  
You say you rocking [Maury?] but that motherfucker Rockport  
Always talking 'bout you bust it (bust it), but your Glock short  
I know the truth so ain't no need in your lying  
Bullshit ain't working, ain't no need in your trying  
Dying to be the nigga that's spied in the telescope  
Crime with trilla niggas, put iron to ya belly folks  
Telling them tall tales, fibs, and humdangers  
Save it for Jerry ?, Steve, or Jerry Spranger  
Buzzing like a bee, tryna stick me with your stanger  
You can get the middle (What middle?) the fanger  
Stick it in your ass and let it langer  
No homo and hit the high note like and R&B singer on promo

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