Gossip

Lil' Wayne

I hate Gossip,
And I don't walkin around
looking for it ya know
But yesterday it seems just
wonder around till it found
me you know like
Gossip found me
Then why don't you try prove it
How?
You don't know how to prove it,
Well what you just you do is.
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
you waitin on a nigga
Put a body bag and an apron on a n*gga
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'ma 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 triin to be polite
But you bitches in my hair
like the fuckin po-lice
My flow is rare
These other rappers nice
These other rappers bark
Some of them even bite
But I'm much more bright
I give the game sight

So before you dim the light
You just might might wannaThink it over, think it over,ooo think it over baby
Stop!Stop analyzing
CriticizingYou should realize
What I am 'n start epitomizing
legitamiteI 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 its
like my shit is dyin'
It rains a lot in my city
Because my city's cryin
Because my cities dyin'
Still I emerge from all of that
I am a livin' pion... eer near
ZionFear god not them
Steer my robin coupe through
the streets of the booth and soowoop
andThen I leak blood in the booth
I leave a blood bath
Sorry there's a tub in the booth
Now where the drugs at im twisted
Like the strings on a shoe
No nigga fuck thatI'm twisted like the strings on a boot now
Where new Orleans at?
I feel hip hop stole me like a bus passSo in your possession
I I, I must askHey haven't I been good to
you tell me haven't I been
sweet to youDrag my name through the mud
I come out clean
Cast away stones
I wont even blink
A gun is not a math problem
I wont 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 a need cheese
if I'm bakin' a ziti
You niggas want beef

I want a steak and a wee be
Lost in Amsterdam or Jamaica where weed be
Hard body n*gga just takin' it easy
All about my paper bout my paper like ezWhy do rappers why dorappers lie to fans lie to rappers lot of rappers lie
like actors
Cut the mutha fuckin camera
Cut the check nigga
Fuck your propsand make it out to Hip HopI'm not dead I'm alive.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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