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, stopStop, 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 niggaI 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 tightAnd 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 liceAnd 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 wannaThink 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 itMy 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 ZionFear 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 atI feel your pop stole me like a bus pass
So in your possession, ah ah, I must askHey, 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 thinkJust 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 greedyMy flow is like pasta
Take it and eat it
But I'm gone need g's
If I'm bakin' the zeedyYou 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 EazyWhy 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 HopI'm not dead I'm alive

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