Gossip

Lil Wayne

[Talking:]
And I don't walk around lookin for it, you know?, But
Yesterday It Seemed to just wander on till it found me,
the gossip found me
Then why don't you just prove it.
How? You don't know how to prove it?,
well, what you just do is...

[Wayne:]
Stop, stop, stop, stop, stop... (Oo)
Stop, hatin' on a nigga
that is a weak emotion
The lady of a nigga
And you could get tipped
like ya waitin on a nigga, and
Put a body bag and an apron on tha nigga

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'm gone wear that championship belt soo tight
And if I'm wrong, there is no right
And if I'm wrong, there is no light
I'm tryna be polite, but you niggas in my hair like the nigga on lice
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... wanna

[Talking:]
Think it over (think it over) Oo
Think it over (think it over) Baby

[Wayne:]
Stop... analyzin' critacizin',
You should realize what I am and start epidamizin'
Confident, got the heart of the biggest lion
Confident like fuck em all get on my dick and ride it

My flow sick, so sick, it's like my shit is dyin'
It rains a lot in my city, cause my citys cryin'
Cause my citys dyin'
But I emerge from all of that, I am a livin pio-neer, sighin'
Fear God, not them
Steer my Robin Coupe through the streets of the boot... and
Soo-woop
And, then I leave a tub in the boot, I leave a blood bath,
Sorry there's a tub in the boot, now where the drugs at?
Like the string of the shoe
No niggas want that dapslyrics
I'm twisted like the string on a boot, where New Orleans at?
I build hip hop solely like a bus pass
So in your possession, I must ask...

[Talking:]
Hey, haven't I been good to you? (Think it over)
Tell me, haven't I been sweet to you?

[Wayne:]
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 think
Just leave you dead like the meat under my sink
Don't believe in me
Don't believe me
I graduated from hungry,
and made it to greedy
My flow is like pasta
Take it and eat it
But I'm gone need g's if I'm bakin' the zeedy
You niggas want beef?
I want a steak and uh, we be
Lost in Amsterdam or Jamaica where we be
Hard body nigga, takin it easy
All about my paper, bout my paper like Eazy
Why do rappers, lot of rappers, lot of fans, lot of rappers, lot of rappers
Lie like actin, cut the motha fucka down
Cut the jack... fuck your props
I am hip hop.

And I ain't dead I'm alive [pulse]

Lyrics submitted by Leandra.

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