

# 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.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>