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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