Gossip (Produced By Streetrunner)

Lil' Wayne

I hate gossip,
And I don't walk around looking for it, you know?
But yesterday it seemed to just wander until it found me,
You know like,
Gossip found me
Then why don't you just provin' it
How? You don't know how to prove it?,
Well, what you just do is.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,
Put a body bag and an apron on a 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 a 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 tryna be po-lite,
but you bitches in my hair like the fucking Po-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, wannaThink it over (think it over) ooh
Think it over (think it over) baby babyStop, analyzin' critacizin',
You should realize what I am and start epidamizin'
Legitimate, I 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, it's like my shit is dyin'
It rains a lot in my city, because my citys cryin'
because 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 booth and
Soo-woo
And, then I leek a tub in the 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 fuck that
I'm twisted like the strings on a boot,
Now where New Orleans at?
I feel hip hop stole me like a bus pass
So in your possession, I, 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 think
Just leave you dead like the meat 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 in the weed B
Lost in Amsterdam or Jamaica where weed 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 motherfuckin' cameras
Cut the check, nigga fuck your pops
And make it out to Mr. Hip HopI'm not dead, I'm aliveAnd I ain't dead I'm alive

Songwriters
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