

# Gossip

## Lil Wayne

I hate Gossip,  
And I don't walkin around  
looking for it ya know  
But yesterday it seems just  
wonder around till it found  
me you know like  
Gossip found me  
Then why don't you try prove it  
How?  
You don't know how to prove it,  
Well what you just you do is.  
Stop, stop, stop,  
stop, stop, stop,  
stop, stop, stop,  
stop,  
Stop hatin on a nigga that  
is a weak emotion  
The lady of a nigga  
And You can get tipped like  
you waitin on a nigga  
Put a body bag and an apron on a n\*gga  
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'ma 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 triin to be polite  
But you bitches in my hair  
like the fuckin po-lice  
My flow is rare  
These other rappers nice  
These other rappers bark  
Some of them 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,ooo think it over baby  
Stop!Stop analyzing

Criticizing You should realize  
What I am 'n start epitomizing  
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 its  
like my shit is dyin'  
It rains a lot in my city  
Because my city's cryin  
Because my cities dyin'  
Still I emerge from all of that  
I am a livin' pion... eer near  
Zion Fear god not them  
Steer my robin coupe through  
the streets of the booth and soooop  
and Then I leak blood in the booth  
I leave a blood bath  
Sorry there's a tub in the booth  
Now where the drugs at im 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, I must ask Hey haven't I been good to  
you tell me haven't I been  
sweet to you Drag my name through the mud  
I come out clean  
Cast away stones  
I wont even blink  
A gun is not a math problem  
I wont even think  
Just 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 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 and a wee be  
Lost in Amsterdam or Jamaica where weed be  
Hard body n\*gga just takin' it easy  
All about my paper bout my paper like ez Why do rappers why do rappers lie to fans lie to  
rappers lot of rappers lie  
like actors  
Cut the mutha fuckin camera

Cut the check nigga

Fuck your props and make it out to Hip Hop I'm not dead I'm alive.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>