

## Gossip

Big Boi

We gon' fight! Fight! Fight! Fight!  
Niggaz wanna tell it, hoes wanna gossip  
Niggaz wanna tell it, hoes-hoes wanna gossip  
Niggaz-niggaz wanna tell it, hoes wanna gossip  
We gon'-we gon' fight! Fight! Fight! Fight!  
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We gon'..

No introductions needed, boi 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 (WOOF!)  
I meant to say, blow in the ingredients  
And I went to the mall today and all the niggaz had on smediums~!  
(Hahaha!) Lil' bitty-ass clothes  
like Dancing with the Stars without the judges or the dance flo'  
Oh and niggaz (Don't Dance No Mo'), all they do is dis  
Beef it up, call me Venus Fly Trap, waitin on fly emcees to eat 'em up  
I'm fly as I can be, them weak as fuck  
And ain't no keepin up, I'm balls deep and them ain't deep enough  
Fat Sax nigga, Cadillac killer (yep)  
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 skrangars, no matter what strain they slangin  
Some of the game rules done changed  
Niggaz is out chea talkin like a cockatoo, to a cop or two  
Now they watchin YOU and ya mama too - bird's-eye-view (view)

Uh, I'm gettin blowed on the regular  
Ridin and talkin dirty on my cellular  
Playa I got some young gurls that'll sell you some  
Uh, and if you my homeboy, she gon' give you some  
And it's all for the paper, but she still gon' cum  
You dippin in the cookie jar and now you sprung  
Uh, I'll have you trippin like you smokin furl  
Playa my hoes don't talk, anybody gon' tell yo' girl  
Uh, hol' up

Okay, now niggaz wanna tell it, hoes wanna gossip  
Cause they pussy wahn't hittin and they lip was super sloppy  
Suck a duck-a motherfucker, rims chop, Lorena Bobbit  
Want my money, corner pocket, plenty game hoe  
Sop it like a biscuit, King of Diamonds, king of trickin, what's the differe  
nce?  
Got it poppin like a skillet with some chicken grease in it  
Country boy, country ways, from the belly to the grave  
Grow to bet nobody trippin cause the money already made - Krizzle

Man, I hate it all the time, I got haters in my biz (biz)  
Talkin 'bout the trill but don't know what the fuck it is (is)  
Motherfuckers nowadays (days), are seriously sorry (sorry)  
Thinkin that the key to life is puttin ya business on Maury (Maury)  
You say you rockin Mauri but them motherfuckers Rockport  
Always talkin 'bout you bus'in nigga, but ya Glock short (short)

I know the truth so ain't no need in ya lyin (lyin)  
Bullshit ain't workin, ain't no need in ya tryin (tryin)  
Dyin to be the nigga that's spied in the telescope  
Crime with trilla niggaz, put-iron-to-ya-belly folk  
Tellin them tall tales, fibs, and humdangers (dangers)  
Save it for Jeremy Kyle, Steve, or Jerry Spranger (Spranger)  
Buzzin like a bee, tryna stick me witcha stanger (stanger)  
Bitch you can get the middle - (What middle?) The fanger  
Stick it in ya ass and let it langer, no homo  
and hit the high note like an R&B singer on promo (Hol' up!)