

# Gossip

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 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 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, wanna

Think it over (think it over) ooh  
Think it over (think it over) baby baby

Stop, 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 ask

Hey, 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 Hop

I'm not dead, I'm alive

And I ain't dead I'm alive