

Lil Wayne, Gossip (50 Cent Diss)

[Talking:]

I hate gossip

And I don't walk around lookin for it, you know?

But, yesterday It Seemed to just wander around till it found me you know like

The gossip found me

Then why don't you just prove it.

How? You don't know how to prove it?

Well, what you just do is...

Stop, stop, stop, stop, stop, stop, stop, stop, stop... (Ooo)

[Lil Wayne:]

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 tha 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 gone wear that championship belt soo tight

And if I'm wrong, there is no right

And if I'm wrong, there is Snow White...

I'm tryna be polite, but you bitches in my hair like the fuckin PO-LICE, and

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

[Talking:]

Think it over (think it over) Oo

Think it over (think it over) Baby... get em

[Lil Wayne:]

Stop... analyzin' critacizin',

You should realize what I am and start epidamizin'

Lagenament, got the heart of the biggest lion

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, cause my citys cryin'

Cause my citys dyin'

But I emerge from all of that, I am a living pion eer near zion,

Fear god not them,

Steer my Robin Coupe through the streets of the boot...

And soo woop, and then I leave a tub in the booth, I leave a bloodbath,

Sorry that's a tub in the booth, now where the drugs at?

Like the strings on the shoe

Nah nigga fuck that

I'm twisted like the string on a boot, where New Orleans at?

I feel hip hop stole me like a bus pass

So in your possession, I must ask...

[Talking:]

Hey, haven't I been good to you? (Think it over)

Tell me, haven't I been sweet to you?

[Lil Wayne:]

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 mink under my sink

Don't believe in me

Don't believe me

I graduated from hungry,

And made it to greedy
My flow is like pasta
Take it and eat it
But I'm gone need cheese if I'm bakin' the ziti
You niggas want beef,
I want a steak and uh we be,
Lost in Amsterdam or Jamaica, where weed be,
Hard body nigga, just takin it easy,
All about my paper, bout my paper like EZ,
Wider wrappers, why do rappers, lie to fans, lie to rappers,
Lotta rappers, lie like actors, cut tha motherfuckin cameres
Cut the check... fuck ya props
I Am hip hop