Rumors

Gucci Mane

(Tay Keith, fuck these niggas up)
(DJ Meech, lil' bitch)

Them niggas get on y'all ass, y'all play with me like I ain't worse
Tryna gossip up the blogs like y'all ain't said my name first
He a junkie, he ain't shot his gun yet, he blame Percs
Shot a video and had a shootout in the same shirt
What you know about popping out and trying to hit they face first?
They like Smurk, "Your ass be tripping, better put your case first"
Choking who? I heard them rumors, niggas better play slow
I don't want no niggas who you catch, I want the one I paid for

We on his ass, he in the A, you see how long they stay for
Ain't no hotel room, we pop outside the Hyatt with dracos
Hellcats, they get off any scene, the police chase those
Trolling ass, we shot your homie, we ain't know he can take those
If I say your name, don't post it, opps be on all kind of shit
Ain't got time to watch your page to see if niggas died or shit
I know bitches set you up, literally, niggas dying to hit
In this industry, ain't what it seem, this shit be counterfeit
Ain't no lacking, she say I'm a nigga from the trenches with a accent
Why you asking me who shot your homie, why you asking?
You got my number, you post shit on the 'Gram, you moving backwards
You lucky I don't be doing shit for the 'Gram, you niggas cowards

Better not believe no rumors, rest in peace to Koopa
I jumped on the school bus and I had brung a Ruger
Always drank an 8th of Act', I never drunk a cooler
They get your location, they might pop outside in Ubers
When his goofy ass jumped in the streets? His ass a hooper
I know this shit don't matter, I took a shower with a cougar
Bring him out retirement, he gon' kill you for that mula
Catch him in the morning, wake him up, that boy a rooster (Go)

He took it to trial, I tried to tell him it was stupid (I knew it)
They gave him so much time, his knees got weak and he was woozy (Damn)
Watch the shit you say, the feds be listening to the music (Woah)
And they gon' take your lyrics and build a case and try to use it

D.A. dropped my murder, didn't have evidence to prove it (Nah)
I think my house is haunted, yeah, by who? The ghost of Pookie (Woah)
He ain't killed nobody but keep rapping about the shootings (Pussy)
Still ain't got revenge yet but keep making up excuses (Wow)
Cause done drank so much lean that his gut got big as Gucci's (Lean)
Told him quit while he ahead and don't go out like Whitney Houston (Huh?)
He got caught without it, now they robbing him for his rubies (Woah)
He wouldn't give it up so he got buried in his Cuban (It's Gucci)

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