Rumors

Lizzo

They don't know I do it for the culture, goddamn
They say I should watch the shit I post, oh, goddamn
Say I'm turnin' big girls into hoes, oh, goddamn
They say I get groupies at my shows, oh, goddamn

All the rumors are true, yeah
What ya heard, that's true, yeah
I fuck him and you, yeah
If you believe I do that
Had to cut some hoes loose, yeah
NDA, no loose lips
Now them hoes tryna sue me
Bitch, I don't give two shits
All the rumors are true, yeah
I've been in the bamboo, yeah
Focused on this music
My ex nigga, he blew it
Last year, I thought I would lose it
Readin' shit on the internet
My smoothie cleanse and my diet
No, I ain't fuck Drake yet (Ha)

Spendin' all your time tryna break a woman down
Realer shit is goin' on, baby, take a look around
If you thought that I was ratchet with my ass hangin' out
Just wait until the summer when they let me out the house, bitch

(Talkin', talkin', talkin')
Give 'em somethin' to talk about
Sick of rumors (Ooh)
But haters do what they do (Uh)
Haters do what they do (Cardi)

All the rumors are true, yeah
Fake ass, fake boobs, yeah
Made a million at Sue's, yeah
Y'all be runnin' with fake news, yeah
Cardi ain't poppin', no, that's a machine (Huh?)
Nobody listen, they buyin' them streams (Hmm)
They even post it on blogs overseas
And lie in a language I can't even read
The fuck do this mean?
Look, I'm a Bronx bitch with some pop hits
Used to pop off when they pop shit (Woo)
But I'm calmed down and I'm locked in
And my records live in the top ten
Lizzo, teach me about big girl coochie (Okay)
Last time I got freaky, the FCC sued me
But I'ma keep doin' what I wanna do
'Cause all the rumors are
All the rumors are true, yeah

They hated on me since school, yeah
I never thought I was cool, yeah
Now me and Cardi, we cool, yeah
I love hoes on poles, yeah (Woo)
I am body goals, yeah

This shit from my soul, yeah
Black people made rock and roll, yeah

Why you spendin' all your time tryna break a woman down?
Realer shit is goin' on, baby, take a look around
If you thought that I was ratchet with my ass hangin' out
Just wait until the summer when they let me out the house, bitch

What they say? (Yeah)
What they say? (Yeah)
(Talkin', talkin', talkin')
Give 'em somethin' to talk about
Sick of rumors (Ooh)
But haters do what they do
Haters do what they do

All the rumors are true
Rumors, yeah (Yeah)
Sheesh

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