

Gossip Columns

Marc E. Bassy

I don't even wanna fuck, she don't even wanna trust
She gon' have to see the dollars, she gon' have to see the bus
The second that I bust, I'ma leave her in the dust, yeah
She'll go tell her friends how real it was, oh
She don't love me for the love, she just love me for the plug
Tell her, if she bring a friend, she can do my drugs
I know you can tell, baby, come choose up, yeah
She'll go tell her friends how real it was, oh

Baby girl, I can read your problems
In the back of the gossip columns
Whisper to me, but, don't tell a soul no
But we know that everybody knows

Baby girl don't know what's real, she just know I fucked the bill
Flying out to Ocean Drive, hit the club all off a pill
They did think I was snitch, that's the way I'm like a bitch
I love telling all the homies all the freaky shit we did
Can't believe this shit, she just wanna pic
Belly think she's lit, she just want the plug
Girl, get on his dick, that should be enough
For your freaky ass, we gon' hit the tub
Give that ass a bath all that dick you suck
Been a freak since you was young
Been in trouble with your mom, that's the type I like
I'ma mow your lawn, I'ma make you cum
Over, over, like mama ain't home
Is it real or is it silicone
I don't know, I'ma find out soon
I'm gonna find out soon, yes I will

How you gon' keep it real, never keep it real
Never seen a bill
Flies your ass first class before I copped the feel
All my still, kicked out asses to the curb
I don't care 'bout who you know
That namedropping get on my nerve
Baby, can you keep a secret?
Ain't no need to tell your girls
All your friends just kind of fine
And after you, I'm to your girls
Oh my gosh, I'm so with this shit, I hope you with this shit
Girl, I'm bent I'm coming over there
To do some freaky shit, oh yes, I will

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Whisper to me, don't you tell nobody
Don't you tell nobody

Yeah, nobody has to know