

# I Won't Tell

Fat Joe

Baby you could keep a secret?  
Ha ha calca kills mania  
Hey, hey

Fresh off the runway pale white nik's,  
Phantom top drop on that I-95  
Pink see us suckas' who but I?  
I'm on my way to party at Corut NY  
Now I ain't gotta tell you that them boys pop bottles,  
And mami's lookin' like Americas top mode  
She said ya earring, look at that thing  
That's even bigger then the rock on my ring  
Now she's got a man, plays for the hawks.  
I'm like come on ma you know me run New York  
J's in the background put you to bed  
Says she's got brains so I'm lookin' ahead  
And I'm lookin' for bread, I gotta eat on these streets  
Shit 17-5 bout 2 holla at Gs  
I'm a real nigga, real niggas do real things  
And I can keep a secret it's the song that I sing

Baby I  
I, wont, wont, tell, tell  
If you don't want me to  
Cause I got a thing for you  
And I'd do anything for you, girl anything  
Baby I, I, wont, wont, tell, tell  
I'd never do that to you  
Cause baby you got it and you got me,  
I got a thing for you

A material girl in a material world,  
Venus, Serena, my cereal girls  
What you know about havin' dinner on a jet?  
Make it back before the D-J's finished with his set,  
Now they call me the Birdman  
When the doors ajar  
Ghost ride the whip like I'm from Oakland y'all  
It's the crack man and he ain't got a shot, the don,  
The wrist is Jacob earring chapard  
When the chows for chows out  
Know it's the same thing  
Bills so high, they throwin' the champagne  
I'ma real nigga, real niggas do real things  
And I can keep a secret, it's the song that I sing

Millionaire frames, perrir rocks  
Everyday a different chain nigga get ya gear up  
Name another fat guy fly like me  
And get you right laid pie all night like me  
Call you fruity pebbles cause you got so many spy bags purple ones,  
Yellow ones, sky blue the white bag  
Hermes shit where ever you lay your eyes at  
Red card, black card, I could buy that  
Louis Vutton I'm truly the don  
Christian, Lou Vutton the blue is charm  
I'm a real nigga, real niggas do real things

And I can keep a secret is the song that I sing

Yeah see I wont tell, I wont tell,  
No no no no no no yea yea yea yea