

Fat Joe, I Won't Tell

[Fat Joe]

Baby you could keep a secret?
Calca, Krills mania
Hey, hey

[Fat Joe - Verse 1]

Fresh off the runway, pair of white Nikes
Phantom top drop on that I-95
Pink seersucker suit, who but I?
On my way to party at Karut, NY
Now I aint gotta tell you that them boys pop bottles,
And mami's lookin like America's top model,
She says "Your earring, look at that thing,
That's even bigger than the rock on my ring
Now she gotta 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 got brains so I'm looking ahead
Then I'm looking for bread, I gotta eat on these streets
Shit, 17.5 bout to holla at Jeez
I'm a real nigga, real niggaz do real things,
And I can keep a secret is the song that I sing, nadamean

[J. Holiday - Chorus]

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

[Fat Joe - Verse 2]

A material girl, in a material world
Venus, Serena, my cereal girls (Wheaties)
What you know about having dinner on a jet
Make it back before the DJ's finished with his set
Now they call me the birdman, when them doors ajar
Ghost ride the whip like I'm from Oakland y'all
Its the Crack man, and he ain't got a shot in the dark
The wrist is Jacob, earring Chopard
Went to chows for chows out, know it's the same thing
Bills so high, they throw in the champagne
I'm a real nigga, real niggaz do real things
And I can keep a secret is the song that I sing, nadamean

[J. Holiday - Chorus]

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

[Fat Joe - Verse 3]

Millionaire frames, perrir rugs
Everyday a different chain, nigga get your gear up
Name another fat guy fly like me
And get you right, lay pipe all night like me
Call you fruity pebbles, cuz you got so many spa bags
Purple ones, yellow ones, sky blue, the white bag

Hermes, shit wherever you lay your eyes at
Red card, black card, I could buy that
Louis Vuitton, I'm truly the don,
Christian, Lou Vuitton the bluest charm
I'm a real nigga, real niggaz do real things
And I can keep a secret is the song that I sing, nadamean

[J. Holiday - Chorus]
Baby I won't tell
If you don't want me to
Cuz I got a thing for you
And I'd do anything for you
Baby I won't tell
I'd never do that to you
Cuz baby you got it, and you got me
I got a thing for you

[J. Holiday]
Yeah, see I won't tell, I won't tell, no no no no no no, yeah yeah yeah