

## Dirty Vegas

### "Secrets"

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Would you like to know a secret?  
(Would you wanna, you really wanna, baby)  
Would you promise not to tell?  
(I know you wanna know, baby, I bet ya)  
Would you like to know a secret?  
(Would you wanna, you really wanna, I know)  
Would you promise not to tell?  
(Wanna know it, I bet you wanna, baby, you really  
wanna, you really wanna)

Now I comes from Pomona  
The city of G's in California  
Where the sun rises the east  
And sets the west (Tell the truth player)  
Now I ain't tryin to be a hard ass brother  
Cause I got game from my sister and my mother (Nah)  
They told me the same thing that'll make you laugh  
Will make you cry  
And they was right on the money  
Now I  
Bang bang to the rhythm of Quik  
Now put the dip in your hip  
And let your backbone slip  
It took a real long time for me to get this break  
And I'll be damned if I leave it for a sucka to take  
Hey Suga Free, I got some whoop whoop  
I'm finna get some whop whop  
You know I sold my drop top  
On Daytons with them knock-offs  
Partner you can straight shake the spot  
I see the envy and jealousy in your face  
And bump what you got fool  
Forgot to write me in the penn  
Now I'm on parole in the wind  
And your trying to fit in  
Y'all humpback J  
E to the A  
The L-O-U-S suckas make my day  
Sucka  
But I'm a cotton-pickin fool  
I shoulda listened to Tony Lane

When he told me to shake a sucka like you  
Shake-a-shake-a-shake  
One sucka a day  
Cause misery loves company (OK)  
And a, Mr. Sucka For a Trick  
a.k.a  
Broke jealous trick  
With a itch  
To never see me spittin  
Here come that sucka with that smile  
Talkin about  
How my shit flow so dope  
He played my tape and got cottonmouth  
So I'm knowin bout your fake smile  
Pat me on my back  
With that he say-she say crap  
Because I know something you don't  
Like havin thousands  
And a ???

Would you like to know a secret?  
(Would you wanna, you really wanna, know it)  
Would you promise not to tell?  
(I'll give it to ya baby, I bet ya, wanna, know)  
Would you like to know a secret?  
(Would you wanna, you really wanna, baby)  
Would you promise not to tell?  
(I know you wanna, you really wanna, know it, I bet you  
wanna, you really  
wanna)

Now I gets my checks in chunks  
Blocks and stacks  
Looking out for my homies  
And family like a mack  
So you can do or say whatever floats your boat  
But I'ma tell you just like this  
I'm far from broke  
So while you talk about me  
You need to look at yourself  
Who gave Peaches five hundred for ???  
I had a life-long dream  
To do just this  
In and out of jail  
And didn't nobody send me shhh  
But I ain't mad witcha  
I guess we do what we do  
And God Bless Chris, Flower, Dante and little Clue  
We gotta make it right  
Cause Mr. Gilmore is laughing at us  
Killing each other

Over nothing every night  
So wake up and recognize  
What you fail to see  
Cause I'm a black man partner  
It was hard for me  
Trying to get a job  
With a cross tattoo under my left eye  
They never called me back in interviews  
It was hi and bye

Would you like to know a secret?  
(Would you wanna, you really wanna, know it)  
Would you promise not to tell?  
(I know you wanna, you really wanna, know it, I bet ya)  
Would you like to know a secret?  
(I know you wanna, you really wanna, know)  
Would you promise not to tell?  
(Don't you wanna, you really wanna, baby, don't you  
wanna, you really wanna)

And my homegirl Qiana  
Bless her soul  
Bought me some shoes  
I took off them ???  
Cause my sacks was through  
And moms kicked me out the house  
Cause I wasn't paying rent  
I got mad for a minute  
Now I gots good sense  
And me and pops used to go at it  
Like every other day  
But I apologize  
For all the remarks I used to say  
Cause ah  
I gots my life where I want it  
I met Stan Sheppard, Black Tone, DJ Quik  
Now I'm jumping on it  
And Black Tone used to buy me clothes  
Pay for lawyers and court  
So Black Tone's my folks  
Unlike some other fools I know  
We got a snitch walking round  
But I ain't mad at cha  
Just don't let me see you  
I'ma clown  
Cause you smiling in my face  
And pat me all on my back  
And hate my guts  
But steady in the presence of a mack  
And if it wasn't for Tony Lane, DJ Quik and Hi-C  
Wouldn't none of y'all suckas give a damn about me

Fo sho

I wanna say wassup to Black Tone, Hi-C, D, Qia, Thad,  
Noay  
Fly, my partner Bubbah  
That's right  
My sister Lee  
And we out (Hey baby)  
(Did you leave out something?)  
Nope  
(Alright)

Would you like to know my secrets?  
Would you promise not to tell?

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