

Epmd

"Hush Hush Tip"

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[N-Tyce]

When it comes to a secret, maybe, if you down
I got a man, yet I'm known to sneak around
Huh, I just can't help but mingle
If a cutie steps up, a think the fuck and say I'm single
I'm down wit runnin' games, I know it's a shame
But when I kiss, I never give 'em my real name
I'm not a hooker, but I'm the good looker
Known to flirt, lookin' good in a tight skirt
Now I'm back to my man, and help these begin
And know how I'm sorta messin' wit his best friend
We were first introduced at a party
Okay, I admit that I was naughty lookin' at his body
Prime example of a typical chipmunk
My booties kinda thick so you know I'm pullin' niggas
quick
Look but don't touch, no need to rush
We can get together if you kept it on the hush hush

[Chorus: N-Tyce (Method Man)]

I won't tell if you won't tell
Nowadays you gotta keep it on the hush hush tip
(I won't tell if you won't tell
Nowadays you gotta keep it on the hush hush)

[N-Tyce]

If he doesn't know, how can it hurt?
My mans should of known from the jump, that I'm a
chick, no nut work
Why do you think I got the name N-Tyce?
Why do you think all the fellas be lookin' twice?
I am what I am and that's a fly chick
People compare me to Rick because I'm so "slick"
Now check it out, I was coolin' wit my girlfriends
Walkin' by mad guys, gettin' more whistles than a
whirlwind
Yeah, that's what we was hearin'
Walk a little closer, baby, as we were starin'
At this one and that one, I spotted this fly kid
It was my mans best friend starin' weak in his eye lid
Yo, I must admit that I was shocked

I mean, my man's best friend sneakin' up on my jock?
Could I get caught? I think my chances were slim
I mean, yo, what's my man got to do with him? Heh

[Chorus]

[instrumental break]

[N-Tyce]

No rings on my finger, so I'm cheatin'
Coolin' wit my man's best friend, now, trick
A freak can do wit a thought, that ya best friend would
sneak
Behind ya back, every week wit ya girl in his sack
I'm not dumb, I knew that was the plan of my man
To test me, to see if I would kick it wit his friend
But, um, I'm a tough act to follow
When it comes to runnin' games, call me Chicago
Matter fact, there ain't a brother that can hang
Didn't, now ya know, that N-Tyce is my name
You try to play me like a Genesis
Now it's time for me to step off, I gotta put an end to
this
I can have my cake and eat it too
But, you both get the boot, huh, lookin' for someone
new
You got played, now you want me to keep it on the hush
hush?
Another bites the dust

[Chorus]

[Outro: Method Man (N-Tyce)]

Shh, Method dog, we out, Tical
(Sneakin' behind his back, sneakin' behind his back, uh
Sneakin' behind his back, sneakin' behind his back)

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