

Fat Joe

"I Won't Tell"

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Baby, you could keep a secret
Calca, kills mania, hey, ey, ah, ah

Fresh off the runway, pair white Nikes
Phantom top drop on that I 95
Pink see us sucka'z who but I?
I'm on my way to party a crew NY

Now I ain't gotta tell you that them boys pop bottles
And mami's lookin' like America's top model
She said, "Ya earring, look at that thing
That's even bigger then the rock on my ring"

Now she got a man, plays for the Hawks
I'm like, "Come on ma, you know me run New York"
J'z in the background, put you to bed
Says he's got brains, so I'm lookin' a head

And I'm lookin' for bread, I gotta eat on these streets
Shit 17-5 'bout to holla at G'z
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 won't tell, if you don't want me to
'Cause I got a thing for you
I'd do anything for you, girl anything
Baby I won't 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 DJ's finished with his set

Now they call me the bird man when the door's ajar
Ghost ride the whip like I'm from Oakland y'all
It's the crack man and he ain't got a shot in the dark
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'm a real nigga, real niggas do real things
And I can keep a secret, it's the song that I sing

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

Millionaire frames, Perrier rocks
Everyday a different chain, nigga get ya gear up
Name another fat guy fly like me
And get you right laid pipe 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 Vuitton, I'm truly the don
Christian, Lou Vuitton the blue is charm
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 won't tell, if you don't want me to
'Cause I got a thing for you
I'd do anything for you, girl anything
Baby I won't tell, I'd never do that to you
'Cause baby, you got it and you got me
I got a thing for you

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

Yeah, see I won't tell, I won't tell
No, no, no, no
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

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