

Fat Joe Feat. J. Holiday **"I Won't Tell"**

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

[FAT JOE]

Fresh off tha runway pale white nik'z,
Phantom top drop on that I 95
Pink see us sucka'z who but I?
I'm on my way to party a 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 u know me run New York
J'z 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 G'z
I'm a real nigga, real nigga'z do real things
And I can keep a secret it's tha song that I sing

[Chorus by J.Holiday]

Baby I... I... Wont... wont... Tell... tell
If you don't want me to
Cuz 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
Coz baby you got it and you got me,
I got a thing for you

[FAT JOE]

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'z finished with his set,
Now they call me the birdman
When the door'z ajar
Ghost ride the whip like I'm from oakland ya'll
It's the crack man and he aint got a shot, da don, tha
wrist is jacob earring chapard

When the chows for chows out

Know it's da same thing
Bills so high, they throwin tha champagne...
Ima real nigga, real niggas do real things
And I can keep a secret, it's tha song that I sing

[Chorus by J.Holiday]
Baby I... I... Wont... wont... Tell... tell
If you don't want me to
Cuz 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
Coz baby you got it and you got me,
I got a thing for you

[Fat Joe]
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 coz you got so many spy bags
purple ones, yellow ones, sky blue the white bag
Hermes shyt where ever you lay your eyes at
Red card, black card, I could buy that
Louie 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

[Chorus by J.Holiday]
Baby I... I... Wont... wont... Tell... tell
If you don't want me to
Cuz 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
Coz baby you got it and you got me,
I got a thing for you

[J. Holiday]
Yeah see I wont tell, I wont tell, no no no no no no yea
yea yea yea

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