

Jay Gordon

"The Best Kept Secret"

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[Verse 1: Nasty Boi]

Bring 'em out, bring 'em out, bring 'em out, bring 'em out

It's hard to yell when the blunt stays in your mouth

Blow mad reefer, call me Caesar

Fuck yo chick, now who's the cheater?

Carrying Glock.40s every time I go out

Take it out, all these pussies start to run and shout

'Bout to be a blowout, get the hell out of here

Bitches who want to stay, sit around and cheer

Poppin' bottles left and right, feelin' like a stunner

Look at the new charts, please call me a winner

Now hands up!

(Pause)

And they stay there!

Yeah we all staying here, the real winners

Girl's got a nice body, might wanna feel her

Holla at me baby, I'm out in Boston

I feel Jamaican with all the weed I be smoking

It's the best kept secret, the shit I be hittin'

Blunt after blunt and I ain't quittin' [x2]

[Verse 2: Prez]

We the best kept secret like Mr. Krab's recipe

We a secret like how your girl instant messages me

Think we playing? You can get kicked out of the game

The same dames we met at the bar be calling our names

We the realest out like hi-definition 3-D

Guns in my hands go off, bullets hittin' you through the screens

The location of your body is the best kept secret

I got my feet wet, handcuffs with no key set

Body float up in Key West

You don't wanna piss me off, like a bee's nest

Fucked your girl, now I know Victoria's secret

I got firsthand proof, yeah she got them D breasts

And you real nervous, like waiting in line for results to an HIV test

And you get, too stressed, your girl's wet
Like fishing nets in the ocean, she's soakin'
Where's Heath Ledger? Nobody jokin'
(Pause)
Your girl's wet like fishing nets in the ocean, she's
soakin'

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