

## Live

# "I Got a Secret"

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Damn  
Ladies.. and gentlemen  
I got a secret  
Somebody told me yo' ass stink!  
Don't blame me!

Hah, what, huh..  
Ah, one two three four  
Huh, huh, yo  
Huh, yo yo yo yo yo yo  
(c'mere baby)  
Yo, yo yo, yo yo, yo  
Yo huh

Yeah yi-yeah, these metaphors be broad  
Take the Shanks out of Shaw Redemption and hold it to  
your jaw  
Climb aboard, jump out the ninety-ninth floor  
That bitch on the salt box, know when I rain I pour  
Shoot up the Mardi Gras with double chrome forty-  
fours  
Full up plates, cause someone I'm ready to take yours!  
Jungle music got my mind and body stimulat-in  
Hyperventilatin, you're talk of the town like date rapin  
Call me the Doc-casian Spot, The Beatles  
Malfunction in the SL Board without the EQ  
Fuck fuck fuck bitch I'll bust a nut all over that gut  
Buck buck buck souflee you lay you then I'm hittin that  
clutch  
in da black truck, what, fuck yo' back up  
My dubs be filled with dust when I bust you definitely  
feel  
the rapture.. ha ha.. HA HAH.. HA HAH!

Aiyyo! Feel what I feel, see what I see son  
Break your neck -- secretly blown, talico style Doc  
Trace the sketch -- according to verbal recording hot  
Bricks underground detox fuck up farm crops  
Yo beautiful! Cut the cabbage and sell it as  
pharmeceuticals  
I react - the baddest juvenile bite off his cuticles

I'm stone, to the bone, flip poems that roam further  
I serve the murder then beef it to ham-burger  
\* Redman skats, I can't follow it \* but I'm only kidding  
Knowin god damn well that's hard to spit  
Fans call me mix tape arsonist, marvelous, in the hood  
Everyday, wanna star? Check an astrologist  
Fuck fuck fuck bitch I'll bust a nut all over that gut  
Buck buck buck souffle you lay you then I'm hittin that  
clutch  
You know, papi chulo with the fucked up grammar  
So much spanish ass, niggaz think I own Copa Cabana  
Shot up Santa, got more tools than, Hanna Barbera,  
check it  
The clues I left was hard for cops to Etch-a-Sketch it  
Serial killer that tracks pussy in every borough  
Kidnap ya, tie ya down, drug ya, kiss the girls  
Klack automatics no matter the pressure the static  
(KLACK)  
I blow you by two miles, cut my lights and hit the  
hazards  
Fatal, duckin from pussy police in LeSables  
Biggest thing since getting earrings pierced in your  
navel  
  
High, Funk Doc, Roni Size keep the herb twistin  
And now get the Ampegs real hot like jerk chicken  
Ha ha.. alright one more time..  
  
(c'mere baby)

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