

Live

"I Got a Seecret"

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Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
These metaphors be broad
Check it, 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
(C'mere baby)
Yo, yo yo, yo yo, yo
Yo huh

Yeah, yeah, 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 stimulatín
Hyperventilatin, you're talk of the town like date raping
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 souffle you lay you then I'm hittin that
clutch
It's where the blacks rub, what, fuck your 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

pharmaceuticals

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 souflee 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)

Buck buck buck bitch I'll bust a nut all over that gut
Buck buck buck souflee you lay you then I'm hittin that
clutch (8x)

It's where the blacks rub, what, fuck your back up
My dubs be filled with dust when I bust you definitely
feel
the rapture..

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