

Remy Ma "Secret Location"

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See, I'm like a new breed of female When God made me, He was just showin' off See most niggaz call a girl, when they wanna give a dick

My shawtys call me when they wanna get a brick

'Cause even when I'm not spitting
I'm still like bitch in the kitchen with that tight ass vision
And the way I chef up make you hang that connect up
See I guarantee to bring that extra to the buck thirty of
white

Make 200 hard in this, butta plus 70 grand for Remy Ma

God, now that's a prophecy, I'm like a profit And I'ma have all of my followers run through your projects

Smack the shit out of anybody that's not on my bus They plan the private but what they forgot is

I'ma lunatic, crazy ass bitch with not enough sense And too much dollars

I pop your top right off of your fuckin' collar [Incomprehensible] I know where I be nigga holla

Yeah, she's got the li'l' crib in the secret location Laced it, put a strip pole in the basement Never keep the guns the same place where the safe is Never keep the fun's the same place where the base is

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That's word to grandma, cock the hammer On the block and blow ya face that's in front of the camera

See if you plug that hole with ya little bandanna And I still got my jewels like my name is Santana

Look li'l' homie y'all really don't know me Lookin' for the squad but see I'm by my lonely Bitches gon' pay 'cause them motherfuckers owe me Like puff 'n' maize, can't nobody hold me

Down from the boogy Bronx style with my hoodie y'all Got pounds in the brown right on the boulevard Gettin' so down in that motherfuckin' tittie bar Like fuck these bitches I'm tryna get pissy and I'm not gay So fuck the body, yardy

Look around, this is sausage party when I pull up in the pink Benz

With the powder pink tins on 22 inches
Half black chink friends hop out with the pink Tims
Laced with the mink trim, platinum with the pink chins

What you gon' think then, bet you gon' love them You gon' wanna fuck but Shabba's sayin' fuck Rem So now I have to fuck them

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Look I ain't too hard, these broads are just too easy That's why every time I rhyme I be doin' them greasy Please believe me I'm hot no matter the season I spit so sick the track be sneezin'

Hook be coughin' got the whole studio freezin'
If you hit me and I hit you, we still ain't even
'Cause I'm not leavin' 'til you stop breathin'
Ain't nothing worst than gettin' popped for no reason

I wanna see you shot, laid out just leakin' Your words can't come out 'cause ya mouth keep bleedin'

Your tank top burgundy, white tee burgundy I know y'all bitches wishin' that them niggaz would've murdered me

Remy Ma, you know me if not you heard of me The reason you gon' have to invest in plastic surgery I'm good with a hood 'n' some Tims, fuck burglary My weed's from of the islands and my guns is out in

Germany

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