

Obie Trice "Secrets"

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[Intro] - Obie Trice

Aye camera-man
Gimmie an up and over nigga
I'm bout' to run this bitch

[Hook]

Baby we can keep this thing on the low
No one gotta know,
When a nigga come through
See I just wanna Fuck you
And you just wanna Fuck me
I'm a secret creepin'

Know a nigga got a hoe
But she got a home
That she gotta go to
See I just wanna Fuck you
And you just wanna Fuck me
I'm a secret creepin'

[Verse One]

Theese nigga's think they bitch aint cheatin'
She in the club every week decieving him
Hangin out with to'niche n them'
All in v.l.p tryina meet a new G with them'
Yeah nigga your relationship right
But your bitch got a dick on the side
You fell in love so she know what you about
You don't get her high, always on time
She need a nigga that's gon' Fuck her brains out
Send her home put her pussy in ya mouth'
Niggas get comfortable, fall in love
They don't wanna Fuck no mo' they cuddlin up
But see ya wife is a slut, she just tryina' nut
She wanna get ran but her man aint the one
So on the other hand she just plan to get done
By a nigga who tell her lil' suttin suttin liiike...

[Hook]

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[Verse Two]

Don't get mad at Obie
This is harsh reality
Ya broads a freak
She wanna get it in witchya homie
Trust me behind ya back there's a wink
Behind the lunch break there's a meet
Behind all that there's a low key freak
But baby don't get it twisted us niggas is dogs
It takes five minutes to fuck we back in the yard
Catch em' up nah but you seen what you saw
That nigga say it wernt' me
He gets puss like around the clock
Wife aint watchin nigga bouncin on the Twat
M.P the boy diggin it out
All on the counter top drillin the trout
Fucked up thang B, that's her bridesmaid
This aint J springer this is obie

[Hook]

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[Verse Three]

Nigga had his share of Broads involved
When they hit the? they just start to ball
They say " I don't know why I got ya balls in my jaws,
My man take care of the fam no flaws",
No psychiatric visit bitch can help ya
You just like dicks in ya throat helpless
Niggas come through beat up ya pelvis
Then you run back to whom think ya precious
At home she like aunt jemima
On alone she like anaconda's
Your man want answers why play me dishonest
Then he seek councelling to keep pochautas
Niggas pokin holes in her homie be honest
You got a hoe fo' sho' for a madonna
Dudes don't reckonise the drama
Till another nigga get her thighs got her and tell her

[Hook]

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