

## **Prime Sth**

### **"The Best Kept Secret"**

Visit "[The Best Kept Secret](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[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'

Visit [Prime Sth](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.