

Joe Budden f/ Emanny**"Secrets"**

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(How much longer will we suffer from hunger?) (How much longer will we suffer?) [Intro - DJ On Point - talking] (*echo*) Make sure you pay close attention on this joint We call this one Secrets Featuring Emanny Another joint produced by the Klasix ... Shout to On The Low My nigga G, downtown Brooklyn Can't forget mixtapemurder.com, my nigga A.G., what up? Listen up (How much longer will we suffer from hunger?) (How much longer will we suffer from hunger?) (DJ ON POINT) [Joe Budden - talking behind the Intro] (*Emanny harmonizing*) Uh, uh Mic check 1, 2, 1, 2 Y'all in that mood yet? Uh, Joey Uh, uh Yo, yo, yo, yo [Verse 1 - Joe Budden] (*Emanny harmonizes throughout*) Yo, yo Her name was Chyna Doll, real name Sasha Stripped out in Jersey, a regular show stopper (uh) Club hopper, couldn't tell her nada Can't even talk to her, if it ain't about a dollar (can't even talk to her, if it ain't about a dollar) Stayed in the latest, Esay, Gucci, Prada Two kids, no communication with the father (no communication with the father, OH!) She nineteen, lookin like the truth is sickenin (WHAT?) But boo was trickin, to pay school tuition (school tuition) A hourglass figure with the best complexion (with the best complexion) With no ratchet on her, usin sex as a weapon (usin sex as a weapon) Her man's named Jerome (her man's named Jerome) Highschool sweetheart, but just came home for some charges unknown (for some charges unknown) It's probably domestic (probably domestic), he be beatin her ass Chyna still go to work like she be needin the cash Got his name on her ankle Real impolite, I made it rain on her once and bitch (BITCH!) couldn't say 'thank you' (OH!) Call me loose, but you'd fuck shorty too I'm talkin 36, 24, 42 She be at The Pink Tea Cup (be at The Pink Tea Cup) Drunk of Chardonnay and E'd up (E'd up) A +Black Girl Lost+, she need Jesus (she need Jesus) Bisexual, live her life on the brink Newark niggaz used to come through spikin her drink Puttin drugs in her liquor (in her liquor), throwin dubs when they tip her (when they tip her) She high, makin it clap, screamin 'fuck them other niggaz!' (fuck them other niggaz!)

High demand on her Jerome type jealous, used to
come through clappin at niggaz that put they hands on
her (used to come through clappin at niggaz that put
they hands on her) Cause of the insanity, fired her
from Fantasies (cause of the insanity, fired her from
Fantasies) Every man's fantasy, sufferin from vanity
(every man's fantasy, sufferin from vanity, OH!) I
'member she went broke for a short stint So she started
fuckin niggaz just to pay her rent (so she started fuckin
niggaz just to pay her rent) Started fuckin anybody that
would get her bent (anybody that would get her bent)
Frequentin hotels and cars with dark tints (frequentin
hotels and cars with dark tints) But she never home, in
the world fulfillin her greed It's a disease,
grandmother takin care of her seeds Now everybody
she be with (she be with), keep gettin her weeded
(keep gettin her weeded) She dropped out of school,
felt it was no longer needed Low self-esteem, a broken
home and shattered dreams Got Chyna comin out of
her jeans Get money by any means, wearin anything
that's skin tight Pretties up the outside, to cover up
what's inside That one time bad bitch (dog), don't even
look average Borrows her friend's clothes, no more
money for Saks Fifth (for Saks Fifth) Jerome proposed,
now they awaitin marriage (awaitin marriage) Little did
he know how many niggaz had smashed it (whoa,
whoa, oh, HO!) Dre used to pipe her, them two was
creepin It was more than just beatin, I'm guessin he
really liked her (guessin he really liked her) Dre got a
girl, maybe not with the label See her name is Faith, but
he ain't never been faithful (never been faithful) She
used to get raiseful, yellin out 'I hate you!' (I hate you!)
Been with him since he was broke and he ain't grateful
(he ain't grateful) Now the nigga's able, financially
stable (financially stable) But she turned the tables,
went and got some other mates too (went and got
some other mates too) That never stopped her from
rummagin through his shit Dre neglectin home, fuckin
around with this bitch Takin her on vacas, pick her up
for late stays Spent his whole check on her damn near
every pay day Already fought 'rome when he caught
Dre at the strip club Chyna givin him a lap dance, gettin
her tits rubbed Zipper down like he just finished gettin
his dick sucked 'Rome threw his fists up, but Dre
couldn't give a fuck (OH!) Security kicked 'em out,
speakers blastin DJ Unk I saw Jerome runnin over
towards his trunk But Chyna came and stopped it,
before Jerome popped it Dre ain't learn nothin, kept
creepin, he ain't stop shit (he ain't stop shit) I tried to
talk to him, he ain't heed the message She lookin sickly
skinny, exceedin anorexic Coughin every minute (OH!),

which to me kind of hinted (OH!) If you gon' have ya
cape on, nigga take her to the clinic (nigga take her to
the clinic) But he don't want to listen and no he never
told me He bring that bitch everywhere, treat her like a
trophy I know dude, I already know that when he go
fuck her He wide open, he divin in, no rubber (no
rubber) I seen this shit comin, call me a psychic (call
me a psychic) He tryin keep tabs on her, bought her a
Sidekick (bought her a Sidekick, OH!) See every other
night, pick her up in that Hybrid (pick her up in that
Hybrid) You got a girl nigga, at least do it in private (at
least do it in private) I mean he really treatin Chyna like
a fly chick (like a fly chick) Talkin dirty to her like
'Damn, love how you ride dick' (damn, love how you
ride dick, OH!) She be on top screamin, 'Daddy, how
you like it?' (OH!) But not long after found out he had
the virus (OH!) Now he's heated, anger's deep seeded
(anger's deep seeded) He thinks she runnin 'round,
fuckin with this deep secret (fuckin with this deep
secret) Not even thinkin about her man or her kids Dre
turned around and took her life for takin his (oh) And I
ain't mad at you for spendin a few chips I thought you
knew better than wifin that loose bitch You never heard
'don't lay your head, where you shit?' You got your
shovel out, dug yourself a huge ditch Dumb
motherfucker, now you facin two bids And can't even
run from the law, you too sick (and can't even run from
the law, you too sick) Jerome wasted no time findin
where dude live He came in blazin that fifth in dude's
ribs That's two individuals gone for God's sake Jerome
went to jail three days after her wake Dre's girl at
home, in shock, she can't believe it Wishin she
would've told him about her big, big secret [Outro - Joe
Budden - talking] (*Emanny harmonizing*) People ...
Uh, On Top Y'all in that mood yet? On Top Maybe y'all
ain't hear me Uh, On Top, uh Y'all in that mood yet? On
Top I don't think they understand me (I don't think they
understand me) Let the guitars rock out (let the guitars
rock out) Listen again If I went to fast, maybe you
listenin to slow On Top Ya heard? (ya heard?) Dumb
motherfuckers [DJ On Point - talking behind Outro]
(*echo*) Shout out to Hot Wax Jamaica Avenue Can't
forget themixgame.com

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