

# I Won't Tell

Fat Joe

Baby you could keep a secret?  
Calca, Krills mania  
Hey, hey Fresh off the runway, pair of white Nikes  
Phantom top drop on that I-95  
Pink seersucker suit, who but I?  
On my way to party at Karut, NY  
Now I aint gotta tell you that them boys pop bottles,  
And mami's lookin like America's top model,  
She says "Your earring, look at that thing,  
That's even bigger than the rock on my ring  
Now she gotta man, plays for the Hawks,  
I'm like come on ma, you know me run New York  
J's in the background, put you to bed  
Says she got brains so I'm looking ahead  
Then I'm looking for bread, I gotta eat on these streets  
Shit, 17.5 bout to holla at Jeez  
I'm a real nigga, real niggaz do real things,  
And I can keep a secret is the song that I sing, nadamean  
Baby I won't tell  
If you don't want me to  
Cuz I got a thing for you  
And I'd do anything for you  
Baby I won't tell  
I'd never do that to you  
Cuz baby you got it, and you got me  
I got a thing for you A material girl, in a material world  
Venus, Serena, my cereal girls (Wheaties)  
What you know about having dinner on a jet  
Make it back before the DJ's finished with his set  
Now they call me the birdman, when them doors ajar  
Ghost ride the whip like I'm from Oakland y'all  
Its the Crack man, and he ain't got a shot in the dark  
The wrist is Jacob, earring Chopard  
Went to chows for chows out, know it's the same thing  
Bills so high, they throw in the champagne  
I'm a real nigga, real niggaz do real things  
And I can keep a secret is the song that I sing, nadamean  
Baby I won't tell  
If you don't want me to  
Cuz I got a thing for you  
And I'd do anything for you  
Baby I won't tell

I'd never do that to you  
Cuz baby you got it, and you got me  
I got a thing for you Millionaire frames, perrir rugs  
Everyday a different chain, nigga get your gear up  
Name another fat guy fly like me  
And get you right, lay pipe all night like me  
Call you fruity pebbles, cuz you got so many spa bags  
Purple ones, yellow ones, sky blue, the white bag  
Hermes, shit wherever you lay your eyes at  
Red card, black card, I could buy that  
Louis Vuitton, I'm truly the don,  
Christian, Lou Vuitton the bluest charm  
I'm a real nigga, real niggaz do real things  
And I can keep a secret is the song that I sing, nadamean Baby I won't tell  
If you don't want me to  
Cuz I got a thing for you  
And I'd do anything for you  
Baby I won't tell  
I'd never do that to you  
Cuz baby you got it, and you got me  
I got a thing for you Yeah, see I won't tell, I won't tell, no no no no no no, yeah yeah yeah

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>