

Ain't Sayin' Nothin'

Fat Joe

Baby u could keep a secret
Calca
Cribs Mania
Hey, hey
Fresh off the runway
Pair white nikes
Phantom top drop on that I nine five
Pink see suckers who but
I on my way to party a corut NY
Now I ain't gotta tell you
That them boys pop bottles
And mami's lookin like america's top model
She says your earing look at
That thing that's even bigger
Than the rock on my ring
Now she gotta man who plays for the hawks
I'm like cum on ma you know me run New York
Jays in the background put u to bed
Says she got brains so I'm looking ahead
And I'm looking for bread
I gotta eat on these streets shyt
17.5 bout to holla at Jeezy
I'm a real Nigga
Real niggas do real things
And I can keep a secret
Is the song that I sing
Yaddamean

Baby I won't tell
If you don't want me to
Cause I gotta thing for you
L do anything for ya
(Girl anything for you)
Baby I won't tell
I never do bad to you
Cause Baby you got it
And you got me
I gotta thing for ya

A material girl
In a material world
Venus, Serina
Ma cereal girls
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 ya'll
It's the crack man
And he ain't got a shot the don
The wrist is jacob earing chopard
Went to chows for chows out
Know it's da same thing
Bills so high
They throwing the champagne

I'm a real nigga real
Niggas do real things
And I can keep a secret
Is the song that I sing
Yaddamean

Millionare frames perrier rocks
Every day a different chain
Nigga get ya gear up
Name another fat guy that fly
Like me to get ya right laid pipe
All night like me
Call u fruity pebbles
Cause you got so many spy bags purple ones
Yellow ones, sky blue the white bag
Hermes shyt wherver you lay your eyes at
Red card black card I could buy that
Louis Vuitton I'm truly the don
Christian, Louis Vuitton the bluest charm
I'm a real nigga real niggas do real things
And I can keep a secret
Is the song that I sing
Yaddamean