

No Secrets

Fat Trel

A Meatchi:

Board Admin & Bass Heads Got Me Feeling Like No Secrets Fool

You Know, Slutty Boy Young Millionaire and all that

A Kevin, turn that beat up for me though

You know how that go...

A... A Listen, It's no secrets and you niggas look like polices
Foreign features got them bitches on my phone geeking
She Puerto Rican,
I'm rolling
I don't know what she speaking
But I know she gleasing
I must be freakneaking for the weekend

We tricking chicken
My YM Niggas keep bitches creeping
Kick Em Like FIFA
We ain't interested in what you teaching
So let the panel know we back the commission intact
In all black bumping Ricky Ross in the trap

A certified Fool, Bitch I'm all that
Tatted up dreads way under the skull cap
I'm feeling special that W on my ball cap
I'm from where they catch you and wet you up with a marlet
X and Rosay
Now what I call that
My beautiful bliss AKA... Bitch I'm drunk as shit

I'm on my shit counting dough talking on the phone
High as shit, My bitch say I think I'm Pablo
And I do the dash in her car like it's mines though
Screaming you's a seat belt hoe, & fuck you crying for

We lock and load with four O's
We gets it in
With DE's
And I ain't talking Defensive Ends

Dividends in women where I be swimming in
If you owe us dough and you get ghost
We killing friends

We killing brothers
We killing mothers
We killing kids
That's how it is
I'm sorry we getting it how we live

No Secrets Nigga