

# Ain't Sayin' Nothin' (feat. Plies & Dre)

## Fat Joe

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  
YaddameanChorus: (J.Holiday)  
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[Fat Joe:]  
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 earring 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[Chorus]

Songwriters

WASHINGTON, ALGERNOD / CARTAGENA, JOSEPH / LYON, ANDRE / VALENZANO, MARCELLO /  
MONTILLA, EDDIEPublished by

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