Secrets (Produced By The Klasix)

Joe Budden

(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
Another joint produced by the Klasix ...
My nigga G, downtown Brooklyn
Can't forget mixtapemurder.com, my nigga A.G., what up?
(How much longer will we suffer from hunger?)
(How much longer will we suffer from hunger?)
[Joe Budden - talking behind the Intro] (*Emanny harmonizing*)
Y'all in that mood yet?
[Verse 1 - Joe Budden] (*Emanny harmonizes throughout*)
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
A +Black Girl Lost+, she need Jesus (she need Jesus)
Bisexual, live her life on the brink

Newark niggas used to come through spikin her drink
Puttin drugs in her liquor (in her liquor)
throwin dubs when they tip her
She high, makin it clap, screamin 'fuck them other niggas!' (fuck them other niggas!)
Jerome type jealous, used to come through clappin at niggas
That put they hands on her (used to come through clappin at niggas 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 niggas just to pay her rent (so she started fuckin niggas 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 niggas 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
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*)
Y'all in that mood yet?
Maybe y'all ain't hear me
Y'all in that mood yet?
I don't think they understand me (I don't think they understand me)
Let the guitars rock out (let the guitars rock out)
If I went to fast, maybe you listenin to slow
Ya heard? (ya heard?)
[DJ On Point - talking behind Outro] (*echo*)
Can't forget themixgame.com

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