

# Secrets

## Obie Trice

[intro] - Obie Trice

aye camera-man  
gimmie an up and over nigga  
im bout' to run this bitch

[Hook]

baby we can keep this thing on the low  
no one gotta know,  
when a nigga come through  
see i just wanna Fuck you  
and you just wanna Fuck me  
im a secret creepin'  
know a nigga got a hoe  
but she got a home  
that she gotta go to  
see i just wanna Fuck you  
and you just wanna Fuck me  
im a secret creepin'

[Verse One]

Theese nigga's think they bitch aint cheatin'  
she in the club every week decieving him  
hangin out with to'niche n them'  
all in v.i.p tryina meet a new G with them'  
yeah nigga your relationship right  
but your bitch got a dick on the side  
you fell in love so she know what you about  
you dont get her high, always on time  
she need a nigga thats gon' Fuck her brains out  
send her home put her pussy in ya mouth'  
niggas get comfortable, fall in love  
they dont wanna Fuck no mo' they cuddlin up  
but see ya wife is a slut, she just tryina' nut  
she wanna get ran but her man aint the one  
so on the other hand she just plan to get done  
by a nigga who tell her lil' suttin suttin liiiike...

[Hook]

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[Verse Two]

Dont get mad at Obie  
this is harsh reality  
ya broads a freak  
she wanna get it in witchya homie  
trust me behind ya back theres a wink  
behind the lunch break theres a meet  
behind all that theres a low key freak  
but baby dont get it twisted us niggas is dogs  
it takes five minutes to fuck we back in the yard  
catch em' up nah but you seen what you saw  
that nigga say it wernt' me  
he gets puss like around the clock  
wife aint watchin nigga bouncin on the Twat  
M.P the boy diggin it out  
all on the counter top drillin the trout  
fucked up thang B, thats her bridesmaid  
this aint J springer this is obie

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[Verse Three]

nigga had his share of Broads involved  
when they hit the ??? they just start to ball  
they say " i dont know why i got ya balls in my jaws,  
my man take care of the fam no flaws",  
no psychiatric visit bitch can help ya

you just like dicks in ya throat helpless  
niggas come through beat up ya pelvis  
then you run back to whom think ya precious  
at home she like aunt jemima  
on alone she like anaconda's  
your man want answers why play me dishonest  
then he seek counselling to keep pochauntas  
niggas pokin holes in her homie be honest  
you got a hoe fo' sho' for a madonna  
dudes dont reckonise the drama  
till another nigga get her thighs got her and tell her

[Hook]

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