

# Secrets

Yuna Ito (ä¼Šè—æç’’±â¥^)

Would you like to know a secret?  
(Would you wanna, you really wanna, baby)  
Would you promise not to tell?  
(I know you wanna, no, baby, I bet ya)  
Would you like to know a secret?  
(Would you wanna, you really wanna, I know)  
Would you promise not to tell?  
(Wanna know it, I bet you wanna, baby  
You really wanna, you really wanna)  
Now I comes from Pomona the city of G's in California  
Where the sun rises the east and sets the west  
(Tell the truth player)  
Now I ain't tryin' to be a hard ass brother  
'Cause I got game from my sister and my mother  
They told me the same thing that'll make you laugh will make you cry  
And they was right on the money now I  
Bang bang to the rhythm of Quik  
Now put the dip in your hip and let your backbone slip  
It took a real long time for me to get this break  
And I'll be damned if I leave it for a sucka to take  
Hey Suga Free, I got some whoop whoop  
I'm finna get some whop whop  
You know I sold my drop top on Dayton's with them knock-offs  
Partner you can straight shake the spot  
I see the envy and jealousy in your face and bump what you got fool  
Forgot to write me in the Penn  
Now I'm on parole in the wind and your trying to fit in  
Y'all humpback J, E to the A  
The L O U S suckas make my day, sucka  
But I'm a cotton-pickin' fool, I shoulda listened to Tony Lane  
When he told me to shake a sucka like you  
Shake a shake a shake, one sucka a day  
'Cause misery loves company and a Mr. Sucka For a Trick  
A.K.A broke jealous trick with a itch to never see me spittin'  
Here come that sucka with that smile  
Talkin' about how my shit flow so dope  
He played my tape and got cottonmouth  
So I'm knowin' 'bout your fake smile pat me on my back  
With that he say-she say crap

Because I know something you don't  
Like havin' thousands in a bank [Incomprehensible]  
Would you like to know a secret?  
(Would you wanna, you really wanna, know it)  
Would you promise not to tell?  
(I'll give it to ya baby, I bet ya, wanna, no)  
Would you like to know a secret?  
(Would you wanna, you really wanna, baby)  
Would you promise not to tell?  
(I know you wanna, you really wanna, know it  
I bet you wanna, you really wanna)  
Now I gets my checks in chunks blocks and stacks  
Looking out for my homies and family like a mack  
So you can do or say whatever floats your boat  
But I'ma tell you just like this I'm far from broke  
So while you talk about me you need to look at yourself  
Who gave Peaches five hundred for [Incomprehensible]  
I had a life-long dream to do just this  
In and out of jail and didn't nobody send me shhh  
But I ain't mad witcha, I guess we do what we do  
And God bless Chris, Flower, Dante and Little Clue  
We gotta make it right 'cause Mr. Gilmore is laughing at us  
Killing each other over nothing every night  
So wake up and recognize what you fail to see  
'Cause I'm a black man partner it was hard for me  
Trying to get a job with a cross tattoo under my left eye  
They never called me back in interviews it was hi and bye  
Would you like to know a secret?  
(Would you wanna, you really wanna, know it)  
Would you promise not to tell?  
(I know you wanna, you really wanna, know it, I bet ya)  
Would you like to know a secret?  
(I know you wanna, you really wanna, know)  
Would you promise not to tell?  
(Don't you wanna, you really wanna, baby  
Don't you wanna, you really wanna)  
And my home girl Qiana bless her soul  
Bought me some shoes  
I took off them [Incomprehensible] 'cause my sacks was through  
And moms kicked me out the house 'cause I wasn't paying rent  
I got mad for a minute now I gots good sense  
And me and pops used to go at it like every other day  
But I apologize for all the remarks I used to say  
'Cause ah I gots my life where I want it  
I met Stan Sheppard, Black Tone, DJ Quik now I'm jumping on it

And Black Tone used to buy me clothes  
Pay for lawyers and court so Black Tone's my folks  
Unlike some other fools I know we got a snitch walking round  
But I ain't mad at cha just don't let me see you I'ma clown  
'Cause you smiling in my face and pat me all on my back  
And hate my guts but steady in the presence of a mack  
And if it wasn't for Tony Lane, DJ Quik and Hi-C  
Wouldn't none of y'all suckas give a damn about me  
Fo sho I wanna say wassup to Black Tone

(Alright)

Hi-C, D, Qia Thad, Noay

(Yeah)

Fly

(Right)

My partner Bubbah

(Whassup nigga)

That's right my sister Lee and we out

(Hey baby)

(Did you leave out something?)

Nope

(Alright)

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Would you promise not to tell?

Would you like to know my secrets?

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Would you like to know my secrets?

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