

# You Won't Tell, I Won't Tell

Busta Rhymes

Busta Rhymes and Greg Nice we never fa-il  
(You won't te-ll, I won't te-ll)  
My shit stay fresh never ever ever stale  
(You won't te-ll, I won't te-ll)  
Foot shock to your ass just like the third ra-il  
(You won't te-ll, I won't te-ll)  
Snitches get stitches when they go to ja-il  
(You won't te-ll, I won't te-ll)

Sometimes I feel like Bobby's World  
Rocked the mic, before jheri curl  
Single, mingle, no main girl  
On the low, like Secret Squirrel  
Uhh! It's time to Patti Duke  
So shake whatcha mamma gave ya like Luke  
It's Greg N-I always down to juice  
Too much Hennesey make ya puke  
Now I bust on indo dreams  
Uhh, I don't be f\*\*kin with keys  
Rock the shell-top, or pin-striped Lee's  
I could write a song make a hundred G's  
You went back to high school, nuthin but a tease  
Know I got stones, call me Mr. Please Please  
Walkin down the street wit yo'  
box in your hand... hot damn!  
I never drove a Lex dog, never drove a Land  
or a Testarossa, rather puff L's  
and I sip on mimosa, bedroom wall  
homegirl have my poster, I'm not surprised  
That's the way it's supposed to, makes ya hot  
Much hotter than a toaster, style elevates  
like a roller coaster

Yo, the greatest unsolved mystery  
of how I rotate your chicken golden rotissiere  
Freak the cheesecake flow from here to Sicily  
You really need to get offa my, hickory-dickory  
The main attraction, even freaks the close caption  
Snap break a piece off, a little small fraction  
I still fulfill your dissatisfaction  
I'm in the process, of completing a transaction  
Huh, Carnegie Hall, like a opera singer nigga  
Still doin the yes y'all, uhh!  
Today we bust guns in the future we bustin lasers  
Out of range in case you tried to reach me through my pager  
I'm bout to blaze ya, with the flows that will amaze ya  
Hot to death nigga, call me Smokin Joe Frazier  
Seal up the box and present the closed casket  
Busta Rhymes got the boombastic fruit basket  
Bend your ass back, stretch you like elastic  
More drastic when I be feelin fantastic, uhh!  
Caught the chills stack the large bills barbeque on the grill  
Me and my niggaz grant wills  
Niggaz talkin shit but they ain't got no skills  
Lookin like they full of shit your niggaz named you no frills  
Don't let me catch you takin for granted  
When my lyrical cause will leave y'all niggaz stranded

Distributed by, Warner Elektra and Atlantic  
Niggaz thought they could fly, but really crash landed  
Hah, when I'm in the place I'm up in your house  
All y'all corny motherf\*\*kers need to shut your mouth!

If you won't te-ll, I won't te-ll  
If you won't te-ll (I said that I won't te-ll)  
I say if you won't te-ll...