

## A Tribe Called Quest "The Night He Got Caught"

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[Chorus: Q-Tip]

We got somethin  
For all of y'all  
We like to play  
We like to ball  
This is a story  
For all of you  
When we do our thing  
We got to do it true

[Verse: Q-Tip]

Sittin in my canvas in the corner of my room  
12:45 as the radio booms  
Paging you six times  
Call you on your cell but it's just a bad line  
It's a full moon so I'm bout to howl  
Thinkin for a slight, "Is my girl on the prowl?"  
Naw, I guess she wouldn't violate us  
Plus hittin' gets for real and she doesn't like to fuss  
Callin up the shorty that I met four weeks  
On the street, lookin sweet, and I was about to eat  
Conscious of my lady but we was on the outs  
Had mad love but I had mad doubts  
On the phone talkin, gettin on my swerve  
But thinkin bout my lady, guess I had some nerve  
We was still dreamin and I had a little shot  
Cause I didn't even hear it when the door unlocked  
"Damn, where the hell was you at?  
Damn, why you comin in late?  
Damn, where the hell was you at?  
Damn, where the hell was you at?  
Damn, why you comin in late?  
Damn, where the hell was you at?  
Damn, why you comin in late?"  
Now she standin over me, I said "I gotta go"  
Turned around quick but I hung it up slow  
"What's the deal, love, what's goin on?  
I see it in ya face, just tell me what's wrong"  
"Mm, nothin, I think we need to speak"  
"Mm, okay, well, just have a seat"  
She wears a frown, she lookin 'round

Sweat comin down and she doesn't make a sound  
Tappin on the table growin impatient  
I'm gettin up and now I start pacing  
She says "Alright!" as she starts to conversate  
"I'ma do what you do" then I say "Elaborate"  
"Well you got that girl on the side  
what if I had a guy then, too?  
Would your heart be broken, boy?  
I'd wonder what you do"  
"Are you tellin me you got a dude  
Who's lovin you better than me?"  
"No, but I caught ya ass  
So I guess I'm settin you free"  
"Yeah, whatever" as a standin pride  
"Me and her is only friends though, we never end, yo  
We're gonna still tie intimate ends, yo  
I think so, my shit is on lock, ho"  
"Word? That's how it's goin?  
Well I guess it was really good knowin"  
"I'ma still just keep in contact"  
"Oh, no, there's no need for that"

[Chorus]  
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