

## Celly Cel

### "You Neva Know"

Visit "[You Neva Know](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Celly Cel]

Man, it's like...

Everytime I leave the house

I stop and I ask myself

Am I leavin' for the last time?

Cause ain't no tellin' what's gon' happen  
out here while I'm runnin' these streets

You know what I'm sayin'?

Anything can happen nigga

You gotta watch everything around you

You can't trust nothin' out here

Another day I get to live to see some more of this

Drama in the street is so deep, don't even know if it's  
gon' be me at the end of somebody barrel smokin'

Cause I'm loc'n they point the finger and say I'm  
provokin'

the situation by speakin' the real to killin' fields

And penitentiary steel is what I see for real

It's raw deals that we gettin' in the system mayne

Givin' up no love, once you caught up they pullin' rank

County or the pen, you know we can't win

So we mobs with that ghetto grin tryin' to make them  
ends

Stack on the track with sticky greens and cognac

Always watch your back and never let 'em know you  
strapped

Ain't no such thing as a sucka no more

Cause anybody with some heat will lay you down on the  
floor

Friends turn to foes, tags on they toes

When will it be your time to go? You never know

[Chorus] - X 2

Sometimes I get to thinkin' when I step out the door

Is it my time to go? Runnin' the streets you never know

Sometimes I get to thinkin' when I step out the door

Is it my time to go? Runnin' the streets you never know

[Celly Cel]

Used to be the enemy dumpin' on my bucket

Now I'm havin' static with these fools that I grew up with  
Never thought the hood would turn against the hood  
When they think you doin' good the hood don't stick  
together like it should  
Wastin' time tryin' to count another players chips  
Loose lips will make you walk the plank on my ship  
I've seen 'em get smothered for less, lost in the land of  
stress  
It's sad to see homies get put to rest, then I guess  
it's the same when you funk' and freeze one of your  
enemies  
Another funeral, a mother cryin' on her knees  
It's a war zone, here today tomorrow you gone  
In to win, ain't no friends, go for somethin' it's on  
Can't get caught slippin' or crossed up by them faulty  
Women out there slippin' mickeys ain't gon' come up  
off me  
Who can I trust, who gon' be there when we kickin'  
dust?  
Or when they bust, I'll ride with who ride with us

[Chorus] - X 2

Sometimes I get to thinkin' when I step out the door  
Is it my time to go? Runnin' the streets you never know  
Sometimes I get to thinkin' when I step out the door  
Is it my time to go? Runnin' the streets you never know

[Celly Cel]

Gotta stay on your toes, don't know who plottin' on your  
click  
And jealousy will make your closest homies wanna split  
your wig and dig a ditch for you 'cause you out there  
gettin' paid  
Had the same trey, posted on the same block in May  
Scrill they can't fade, you was real about chasin' paper  
They was talkin' about them broads first and get the  
money later  
A faulty misses, stay focused and make your own  
decisions  
Stay in your jurisdiction, keep that scrill in your vision  
Watch your backside, they ride when they ain't got no  
hustle  
And keep your heat so fools like Debo can't even  
muscle  
you out your coins and don't let no new recruits join  
And she can holla if she headed for the tenderloin  
Then strip to add some Ben Franklin's to my bundle  
I ain't mad if she gon' add some crab to the gumbo  
And keep it crackin', don't know what's gon' happen  
when I play this game  
So I pray, I live to see another day

[Chorus] - X 4

Sometimes I get to thinkin' when I step out the door  
Is it my time to go? Runnin' the streets you never know  
Sometimes I get to thinkin' when I step out the door  
Is it my time to go? Runnin' the streets you never know

Visit [Celly Cel](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.