

Eric Benet Feat. Faith Evans

"You Never Know"

Visit "[You Never Know](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Verse 1: Mia X

You better think before you call Tyrone
Can you trust him
Is he real
Does he look you in the eyes and make you feel what
he's saying
Shit I ain't playing
My ??? in knots
Remember the last niggas you felt they got you
robbing shop
I gots no time for new friends
Some of the old ones ain't cool
You ain't kicked it with this nigga since high school
And you twenty-two now
All a sudden y'all exchanging numbers callin
You don't think that nigga heard you ballin
Fuck that
I smell a rat
And I can hear the gats click clack
Along with the sirens
And special forces teams
Or can it be that infrared beam and ski masks
Niggas on a mission who say they gots to have it
I'm grasping at straws
And you think I'm picking with cha
But you gots to stay one up on them niggas
For they come and get cha
You figure since y'all go way back them that matters
Sometimes they be the first to ratta tatta

Chorus: Mia X

Friend or foe
You never know who's real
Who's fake
Who's mask of love disguise hate
You never know
Break bread sleep in your house
Then turn around and rat you out

Friend or foe
You never know who's real
Who's fake
Who's mask of love disguise hate
You never know
Break bread sleep in your house
Then end up being rivals in a shot out

Verse 2: Mac

Have you ever pulled a caper
With a nigga who you thought was your ace
Y'all got separated he got caught
And they took him to that place
With no hesitation
He was coughing up all kinds of information
Ole, master splint ass nigga
Can't handle interrogation
Type of nigga that see your killer
But instead of informing you
Act like he don't see shit
Walk away without warning you
Ain't that cold
Cause you remember when he had slept on your couch
When his other partner had kicked him out
For running his god damn mouth
But see ah that's the type of shit your girl was telling
you bout
And she told you he was trying to fuck every time you
left the house
You thought he was only tripping
And that she was only bitching
Till you caught in your kitchen
Trying to shove his little dick in
What you love
So now you in the pen for it
Oh yeah you shot him so now you doing ten for it
Niggas don't give a fuck
They would rob you now
And drink with you later
Rape your sister
Go to school with you
And cheat on your paper

(Chorus) until song fades

Visit [Eric Benet Feat. Faith Evans](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.