

## **Erykah Badu & D'Angelo**

### **"You Never Know"**

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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

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