

Trick Daddy, U Neva Know

[Trick Daddy]

This one goin out to uhh, that nigga Bub (the game done changed)
Young Black Boy, Rick Growley, that nigga Wayne Parker (ha ha)
You know, all the niggaz I know that was told on
Yesterday's, killers, today's fuck niggaz huh?

[Verse One]

My lifestyle's quite complicated
I'm an ex-drug dealer, corner sto' nigga, still mob affiliated
I'm disrespectful, ill-mannered and quite fiesty
That's why fuck niggaz and slap bitches never did like me
But Lord, if you're listenin, please God forgive me
If I end up doin one of these niggaz out to ruin me and kill me
But the devil leaves me only a few choices
I gotta kill him or he'll kill me, y'all niggaz don't hear me
See y'all got choppers that's splittin when these niggaz
go to {?} sippin and set trippin like (FUCK NIGGAZ LISTEN!!)
I'm just doin my thug thizzle, and I ain't fuckin with a nigga
So why they fuckin with a nigga huh?
I guess it's part of the strip, where you step out of line
get flipped out the lip, fuckin 'round get killed
So let them niggaz know I'll never forget 'em
Through the rain sleet or snow, I'll always remember yo

[Chorus 2X: Trick Daddy]

You never know, you never know
You never know, you never never know
You never know, you never know that
know that.. (know that..)

[Verse Two]

And even though my, childhood was low budget, shit
Some of the shit I couldn't have, I wouldn'ta have
if the niggaz wouldn'ta took it
I wanted things my momma couldn't afford
And that's crazy, cause as a little shorty
it made me even want it more
But now the police got the spot hot
Doin an undercover drug ring, sellin X pills and cocaine
And some sets up a reverse thang; what makes it worse
is that them jerks lost they spine against my own team
I heard how bad them boys really want me
But most likely, they gon' indict me, for keepin it real homey
After all, I done exposed a few of they rats
And done told on a few cats to get a few years up off they back
And all the shit that I can tell 'em, tell 'em
Two times convicted felon so, ain't much I can sell 'em
Plus I'm a slug and my third strike's my whole life
I know the money's lovely but hell I'll hold tight cause

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

(One murder comin right up)
Who got beef for the Daddy Dollars
And wearin wires around they collars
Yo, y'all fuck niggaz I'll stop ya
And I declare war on any pussy boy
And tell his momma his son a whore
Him give dem crackers what dey lookin for
See the Boogie Man's got a backup plan
And I'll, back up sprayin, so y'all don't act up man
I was just a law-abidin citizen
And I never been a shit started, but I been well known to finish it

See, and you can fuck around, and have a whole truck
of young stupid muh'fuckers, 'cept that now they lookin for ya
And all they need is a minute in the clear
Where all the witnesses in they ass done be worth a whole life chance
So y'all keep playin all the crackin, den throwin bricks at 'em
The next bitch they catch, bet they ass sendin matches
You never know, cause they never know, and they never will
Why? Cause real niggaz never tell, c'mon

[Chorus]