

# 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]