

# You Never Know

## Deadbeats

[Verse 1] She was on her way to becoming a college graduate  
Wouldn't even stop to talk to the average kid  
The type of latina I'd sit and contemplate marriage with  
Fuck the horse and carriage shit, her love was never for hire  
Disciplined, intellectual beauty's what I desire  
Flyer than Salma Hayek or Jennifer Lopez  
Everyone told me, kickin' it to her was hopeless  
At first I just thought, she didn't mess with broke kids  
The thug niggaz always talking about, how they smoke kids  
But the rich-sniff-coke kids got no play  
"I'm not even interested" is what her body language would say  
Everyone around the way, gave up trying to get in it  
It didn't matter how good your game was, she wasn't with it  
All the block bitches was jealous, but wouldn't admit it  
Talk shit, and deny to everyone that they did it  
'Cause they regreted the long list of niggaz that they let hit it  
And no one ever gave them shit except McDonald's and did-dick  
Smoking weed with thoughts of envy, whenever they lit it  
She spoke intelligently and they bit it, always trying to copy  
But when they tried to use her vocab, they sounded sloppy  
She had a style, all her own, respectful and pure  
I was sick in the head for her, and there wasn't a cure  
[Hook - Jean Grae] Don't you know that, time waits for no man  
And our fate, it's all planned  
I'm blessed just to know you  
To have loved and have lost, just to hold you all night  
Can't find, a reason why  
God came, between you and I  
If I had the chance again, I'd never let you go  
Hold tight to your love, 'cause you never know  
[Verse 2] Her eyes are brown and beautiful, yet empty and sad  
I used to talk to her occasionally, and she was glad  
That I wasn't just another nigga trying to get in it  
So every now and then we'd stop and talk for a minute  
I didn't have a gimmick so the minutes turned to hours  
On her birthday, I gave her a poem with flowers  
Then I took her out to dinner after her cousin's baby shower  
We talked about, power to the people and such  
We spent more time together but it was never enough

I never tried to sneak a touch, or even cop a feel  
I was too interested, in keeping it real  
Perfectly honest and complete, she would always call me "carino,"  
And never Technique, bought me a new book to read every 2 or 3 weeks  
Forever changing the expression of my thoughts when I speak  
It was because of her, I even deaded all of my freaks  
She convinced me, to stop hangin' out on the streets  
To stop robbin' and stealin', from people like you  
Instead I took her out to the Apollo and the Bronx Zoo,  
Museo del barrio and the Metropolitan too  
Got to the point where I was either with her or my crew  
So I decided one day, to tell her my feelings was true  
I couldn't live without her so I told her, facing my fears  
But honey's only response, was a face full of tears  
She could only sob hysterically, holding me tight  
I tried to speak, but she wouldn't stop until I left sight  
I felt like a moth who got himself too close to the light  
Except I didn't burn, I turned cold after that night

[Hook]

[Verse 3] I went on with my life, college and my career  
Ended up locked up like an animal for a year  
Where the C.O.'s talk to you like they were the overseer  
Then I got sent to the hole, when my exit was near  
At night in my cell, I'd close my eyes and I'd see her  
Hold her close in my dreams, but when I woke she disappeared  
Just an empty cell until the state gave me parole  
In the summer, came back, in tact and on track  
But the fact of the matter, is I still felt cold  
Even after my mother, hugged me, cryin' at home  
My real niggaz would catch me thinkin', out of my zone  
Fuckin' lots of different women, but I still felt alone  
Relatively well-known around the New York underground  
But I kept thinking of her and how we used to be down  
The sound of her voice, and the beautiful smell of her hair  
Though gone physically, somehow it was still there  
I had to do something, because the shit was too much to bear  
So I went and visited the building where she used to live  
The world looks a lot different after you do a bid  
Your way of life done changed  
While primitive minds are still stuck in the same game  
Like her cousin who was on the corner slangin' cocaine  
Stepped in the lobby and tapped the button next to her last name  
Her mom buzzed me up and hugged me up, like a mother oughta  
But her facial expression changed, when I asked about her daughter  
[Hook][Verse 4] She told me that there was a note for me, that was left behind

She had left it there waiting, for such a long time  
I was inclined to ask about it but she brought it up first  
I saw a tear swelling up in her eye, and then she cursed  
She told me where the letter was and I started thinking the worst  
Reversed my position, stepped over and opened the door  
And sure enough there was an envelope with my name on the floor  
"Nobody loves you more than me carino" is what the letter said  
"By the time you get to read this, I'll probably be dead  
But when you left in '97 a part of me went to Heaven  
I thank God at least I got to know what love really was  
But it hurt me, to see what true love really does  
'Cause even though we never made love, you were all that there was  
It was because I loved you so much that I had to make you leave  
You made me doubt the way I thought, you made me want to believe  
And then I slipped up, and I let you get close to me  
It was hard to not be openly when people spoke to me  
This was not the way I thought my life was supposed to be  
Baby don't you see, I had a blood transfusion that left me with HIV  
Hope didn't exist for me since late in 1993  
I died a virgin, I wish I could've given myself to you  
I cried in the hospital because there was no one else but you  
Promise that you'll meet me in paradise inevitably  
No matter what, I'll keep your love forever with me"  
What happened for the rest of the day is still a blur  
But I remember wishing that I was dead, instead of her  
She was buried on August 3rd  
The story ends without a sequel  
And now you know why Technique, don't fucking fall in love with people  
Hold the person that you love closely if they're next to you  
The one you love, not the person that simply has sex with you  
Appreciate them to the fullest extent, and then beyond  
'Cause you never really know what you got, until it's gone

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