You Don't Know

Missy 'misdemeanor' Elliott

Now see, the one thing I like about the niggas
Is that they can fess up to one of they boys
That they been sleepin wit the same chick and laugh about it
But see, a woman, could never admit to another woman
That she been sleepin wit her man 'cuz if that ever happened to me
I would call your house and be like, yoDont you gotta a man? Why you fuckin wit mine?
See, I been through bad times, get yo' mind off mine's
You must be lonely, why you messin wit me?
But it wont be easy to get my babyYou dont know who you messin with
Most of them leave with they car doors bent
Im so pissed, you gon make me flip, hello? Hello? Who dis? It's Mo'
Imma teach you not to touch my shit, for real? Hello?I be callin his house, when youre not around
Dont make me warn you, you know how I get down, down
Somebody told me but I aint trippin off you, no
If you were doin' your thang, he'd still be wit youYou dont know who you messin with
Most of them leave with they car doors bent
Im so pissed, you gon make me flip
Hello? Hello? Hello? You know who this is bitch, yeah
Imma teach you not to touch my shit
Yo, who dis for real, man, hello? You know who it isI cant believe you would ever do that, hello? Hello? What?
Cant you show me some respect, yo who dis for real, man
Is it 'cuz you jus a reject, yo, this is Mo', this is Mo'
Gotta keep your ass in checkYou playin' a little bit too much, you know um sayin'?
Yo, this ain't no game, this is not a game
Oh, ok, yeah, what? You on some real bullshit now
You know, you know what?Why don't you just come to my house, bitch, you know?
Yeah, I come through, yo, where you live at?
Ask your nigga where I stay at
Please, he ain't got nutin' to do with thisHe know, he ain't got nutin' to do with this
He know, ask him where I live at, aight?
You on that same stuff you was on last year
When I had to come through there last year, whatAnd I'd do it again, 'cuz I want, I, I got comin'
You ain't keepin nutin' in check
And keep him from around my house, bitch
Please, I'mma beat that ass, you know I willYou dont know who you messin with
Most of them leave with their car doors bent
Blow out you like I'mma air vent
Hello? Trick, you know who this is, dont' front
Ima teach you not to touch my shit

Yeah, I'mma teach you not to touch my shitYou done took it too far, Imma hop in my car and Imma you up bitch
You done took it too far, Imma hop in my car and Imma you up bitch
You done took it too far, Imma hop in my car and Imma you up bitch
You done took it too far'Cuz Im that chick yo, that same chick
But I ain't wit playin that game shit
Start callin that name shit
And Ima get on that same shitThat new shit, that call your crew shit
That what you wanna do shit
That boy is yours, keep that nigga
Beat my ass? Prove itYou been suckin his dick, tastin my clit
Just a side chick, on the side bitch
Im the prize bitch, keep it silent, dont make me violent
You be dialin 911 to tell the familyAround yo crew, yous a bad bitch, yo ass be talkin mad ish
Toe to toe shoot the five, girl, you get that ass kicked
What you think I'm gamin'? Shit is real, I ain't playin
No more 'Have my baby', yo, I got yo' mom's prayinIts gonna get risky, fuck wit Missy
Imma shoot you where your ribs be, so you can feel me
Aint it real B? And you filthy and you mildy
Not appealin, drum rollUh oh, you done done it now
Uh oh, you done done it now, shes mad, what?
Shes mad, Imma let them two girls fight
While Im out

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