Betcha Gon' Know (feat. R. Kelly)

Mariah Carey

Oh, welcome to a day of my life (day of my life)
The memoir of an imperfect angelWoah, welcome welcome welcome to a day of my life
The memoir of an imperfect angel ohThough the lights were low, I could see you both
In a lover's silhouette
And my heart stood still, I was froze right there
Staring down at her red dress
So I bolted out the door, jumped right into the car
It's too dangerous to be in the vicinity of where you are
Rolled down all the windows, just so I could breathe
Can't believe you just actually did this shit to me
I'm going 'bout a hundred, mascara running
Laughing out of anger, but it don't strike me as funny
Been too good to you
I've been virtuous and true
To have something like this, happen in my own bedroomBetcha gon' know oh how it feels (when I get you back)
Betcha gon' know oh how it feels (when your heart's been cracked)
Betcha gon' know oh how it feels (when we fade to black)
How it feels for real
And you see your whole world collapseBefore we both get loud, I'ma break it down
And let you know what happened for real
I was over her house, me and her on the couch
And the whole plan was just to chill
And then it got hot, after taking some shots
The time must have slipped away
Because all I know, I woke hungover
And girl it was the very next day
With the sun in my face
I woke up in a rage
Screamed, "What have you done to me?"
And I'm telling you babe
I know it sounds crazy, she must have put something in my drink, uh
I know you don't believe it
And you think I'm dead wrong
Standing there butt naked
With nothing but a sheet on
Then she come down
With nothing but a robe on
And that's when

I put my damn clothes on
Got the fuck up out of thereGirl you know I know how it looks
(See I know how it looks)
Baby you know I know how it looks
(But baby it ain't like that)
Girl you know I know how it looks eh eh eh eh
So don't go accusing me of something
That I didn't really mean to doThis is for real, for real, for real (no)
Oprah Winfrey whole segment, for real, for real (no)
20/20, Barbara Walters, for real, for real (no)
60 Minutes for real(Baby)
I had all my trust in you and look at what you put me through
(You got me all crazy) (this is not my fault, no know it baby)
Somewhere down the line you gon' get what you deserve, you fucking jerk
(Your were supposed to save me) you were supposed to save me (I'ma love you)
Oh sweet baby (I don't love her, no)
(Fading away) (don't fade, don't fade, no)
But you gon' know how this feels
Even if it's the last thing I ever do
To be continued

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