

# Mobb Deep

## "I Won't Fall"

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Yo, you got these niggas running around like they head  
cut off  
Like they gully then switch when I'm spittin' those  
gummies  
I creep in the cold till my nose get runny  
Then I'm laying for a nigga like I'm waiting on money  
I ask these hoes what the fuck they want from me  
From the gate I keep it real that's why the gold love me  
I got a shorty and she get down for me, when I'm out of  
town  
You know she holdin' down the crown for me

Dog, God forbid if I die, don't worry kid  
Take you with me shit put some dope on me  
My life's story was the henny, had to stop that  
And now I'm focusing clear when I cop that  
Fuck getting clapped, it be more like applause  
Since they tellin' like broads, might as well be the Mobb  
The H da A da V da O da C I'm the man  
The myth pushing shit to the white league

You can two face me, backstab me  
A nigga still ain't taking what's mines gon' die trying  
(I won't fall)  
You can try to set me up and all that  
A nigga too much on point for all that  
(I won't fall)

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Don't make me be after you niggas like the Ku Klux Man  
Throwin' my hoody, and you know I'm burnin' that  
grass  
Plottin' on how I'm gon' murda that ass  
I'm poppin' up, guns choppin' up, yo whole staff  
We stoppin' the cassette, ain't nothin' gettin' passed  
'Cuz we gettin' fat, on top of that we gettin' cash  
I hear you niggas wanna get me may God be with you

Plus you better keep that mothafuckin' thing right wit  
you

And if I feel you a threat to my well-being  
Niggas is bleeding you niggas better back up off the P  
kid

I blam you, and pass you to Jesus Christ  
You be a ghostdog like Forest Whitaker right  
Be a dumb mothafucka thinkin' P not squeezin'  
Like Palm Springs the only thing beefin'  
Is that gumball 'cuz I ain't got talk for ya'll  
I got big four-pound towners do you new bounce

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The two-face niggas  
The backstab niggas  
I felt that shit coming  
Nip that in the bud gunnin'  
No tolerance for them niggas  
Fuck the dumb shit, I hope you niggas die broke  
While we in the plushes

Hotel Suites  
Expensive car seats  
Windows half-down bumpin' out Mobb Beatz  
With a bad bitch beside me  
Raisin' up the volume  
Know they hate to see that  
And that's why we come through

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