

## **Any Given Sunday Soundtrack**

### **"Never Going Back"**

Visit "[Never Going Back](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Song: Mobb Deep

[Havoc]

Yo...

Ain't no hard time invented that Havoc can't handle  
If cats only knew all the shit I been through  
Homicide, suicide, am I, losin my mind?  
Just, standin my ground keep it bottled up inside  
Practice what I preach Dunn, ride for my loved ones  
Asked about my life, no doubt had a tough one  
Did dirt, got dirt, shit only got worse  
Been asked God why he put me on this earth, yo  
Not for nuttin Dunn, I want it all - can you blame me?  
Niggaz just be settlin for crumbs  
How dumb, how come, with no outcome?  
Ten years later niggaz still in the slums  
Strung off the next shit, dyin for they next shit  
Foamin from the mouth for the next man necklace  
And how about that, niggaz too grown for that  
I'm holdin it down, now where your head at? Yo

Chorus: Mobb Deep (repeat 2X)

I ain't goin back, I ain't lookin back  
I'm movin ahead, now how about that?  
Hell no black, I'm where the paper at  
long as I don't forget where I came from

[Prodigy]

We do it the Mobb way - leave em lookin like a  
strawberry  
My outlook on life is quite very - positive  
I'm a content fella  
until you tamper with my plans to go on further  
Fuck the hassle, it ain't worth my energy unless I must  
If you insist, I'll be more than glad til his beef marriage  
Me and you til death do us  
Scrape my fingertips on bricks, forty-two shot clips  
That's my shit, do it like the old timers  
I use a wide holster, it's more discrete while I'm post up  
or in motion, most niggaz be floatin

Don't even make eye contact, walkin  
Dunn, pay attention that's how niggaz die sooner  
Watch who you pass and it might be a reaper  
Watch my niggaz we'll jump when you least thought  
We came from the streets up, now we put G's up, so

Chorus

[Havoc]

Yo, had time to think when just on the brink of death  
at my front door me receivin slugs?  
Only twenty-five, got fifty more to go  
and knows, their plot I hope they ass die slow  
How though no dough, please don't show  
like my man Twist said don't even see me when I blow  
Got, issue with my foes best believe I'ma solve em  
and laugh at your petty-ass problems

[Prodigy]

Out the slums of Queens, came a bunch of young gun  
niggaz  
The Infamous Mobb Deep  
with dreams, of one day makin it big  
With they Live Nigga Rap music, hard liquor swigs  
Dirty Timbs, thirsty grins  
Smile all up in your face then I break your chin  
Went platinum, now them niggaz writin scripts  
Murda Muzik the movie, pushin spaceships like..

Chorus

Visit [Any Given Sunday Soundtrack](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.