

Mobb Deep f/ Ty Nitty of Infamous Mobb

"Never Talk"

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[Intro: Prodigy]

Word, word, word, permit, permit, permit
Ay word, word, word, yea, permit, permit
It's simply time to spank niggaz
It's time to spank these niggaz
Permit, permit, permit
Ay word, word, word

[Verse One: Prodigy]

Listen, if it's war me and my dunns gon' come through
We gon' be right there, we gon' lay for you
And we gon' make sure you pay for that shit you pulled
Eyy'day, we gon' graveyard shift for you
We gon' take turn stakin' your crib, watchin' your
moves
Calculatin' your steps, plottin' on your head, dunn
How you gon' leave a job half done
How you gon' buck my man and walk around like you
did sumin'
Like he don't got family dukes
Like we ain't gon' ride for his gun shot wounds
My nigga took two in his lungs, one in his face
And you gon' pay the ultimate toll for his pain
And I don't give a fuck about them motha'fuckin' goons
you got
All time niggaz get shot, be in Brooklyn, Manhattan
Queens and the Bronx, Long Island, Staten Island
Now let's get it on!

[Chorus I: Prodigy]

C'mon let's be men about things
When my gun bangs and you hit
Don't snitch, don't squeal
Niggaz wanna buck their gun
But when they get touched they tell
Even if I'm layin' on my death bed
On my way outta here, dawg
I won't talk, I won't tell, I won't squeal
I'ma just make sure niggaz get peeled
Somebody get killed

[Verse Two: Havoc]

Yo, yo, uh-huh, yo, um, yo, yo
It's amazin' how these homo niggaz talk like bitches
Claim they're thug, get bagged, now switch position
Don't know a nigga behind them closed doors
Is he talkin'?, or keep it gangsta at all?
Mouf tight, who gives a fuck, let them pin that murder
Knows nothin' about nothin', it won't go no further
They could catch me red handed with the smokin'
burner
Most of y'all niggaz, probably fold and shiver
Like a bitch that couldn't even hold a ligger
But when that ass hit the block, that ass is gon' get
sicker
'Cause um, we don't play those games
Fuck around, probably gave the D's a list with our
Government names
Got a slug with your name on it and the date on it
Niggaz wanna snitch, it's only right I hate on it
I'ma give that ass and I put weight on it
That motha'fucka empty shit, yea we on it

[Chorus II: Prodigy]

C'mon let's be men about things
When my gun bangs and you hit
Don't snitch
'Cause when I layed in the emergency and D's came to
question me
I ain't speak
Even when I'm layin' on the death bed
On my way outta here, dawg
I won't talk, I won't tell, I won't squeal
I'ma just make sure heads get peeled
Niggaz get killed

[Verse Three: Ty Nitty]

Yo, yo, yo, yo
When it was time to ride, we rode
Emptied out and reload
I was tryin' to hit 'em in his dome
Likely I didn't, but I think I hit 'em
That nigga ain't dead, so we ain't done wit 'em
He must be out of his fuckin' mind
Fuckin' wit mine, now that nigga gotta get it one mo'
time
Word to my mother, it's on when he recover
He bucked my dunn, now it's gon' repercussion
Man that nigga get himself in somethin' deep
For thinkin' somethin' sweet
Now I'ma peel his fuckin' meat
If he ain't tell the cops already

It's time for you to go, whether or not you're read
'Cause I love my niggaz, so I ride for my niggaz
And if it gotta be then I'll die for my niggaz
And if they can't live unless if I get you
Then I guess I gotta do what I gotta do, fo' real

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