

Mobb Deep, Never talk

Feat - Ty Nitty

[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 1: 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 1: 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 2: 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 2: 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 3: 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