

# Never Talk

Mobb Deep

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

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!

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

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

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

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