Never Goin' Back

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

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