

# Party Over (feat. Big Noyd)

## Mobb Deep

Every day of my life since 11-2-74  
On the street makin non-stop CREAM galore  
Packin heat, stickin up weed stores and more  
Collectin interest off of extortions to settle my score  
It gets deeper when things get real  
I'm down to stickin out West Bank for my mill  
And I'm from Hempstead, it's close to the shacks of Park South  
While I'll be outside slingin, you're always high  
And don't come around to the crossroads of life  
We're to the death, you and me, this beef for eternity  
I'm goin out to the fullest extent  
So far into my troubles it's hard for me to get back  
To my everyday self and composure  
Catch you when you open then I bring you to a closure  
Put ice on a razor and freeze ya in ya shoulder  
I went for ya grill but you dent from my boulder  
I know this kid who says he knows ya because of that  
Now I know where ya lay ya hat at and that's that  
Say no more, I put it on you while you was yawning  
Murder without warning the very next morningOnce we step thru the door, party over, that's the endin  
You and your crew'll leave out, a bunch of dead men  
Bump me and I'll bump you back  
You ain't tough black, niggas like you just get their life jacked  
But I'mma cool nigga til you push me to the limit  
But try ta play me and ya ass I get up all in it  
Don't try to cop pleas now son, it's dead and done  
(I gave you fair warning) So run and get your guns  
It's on, time to show em how I perform  
My attitude will transform, leave you dead plus wrong  
Gettin the flow within, representin for Queens  
Shit is real, why you hopin that it's all a dream  
But you can't wake up, wettin a chest you bless  
Chokin off your own blood, don't blame me you brought your own deathAyo Noyd, it's on you, what you  
wanna do?  
Whatever? Party's over, tell the rest of the crew  
Yo Big Noyd it's on you, what you wanna do?  
Whatever? Party's over, tell the rest of the crew  
Yo Big Noyd it's on you, what you wanna do?  
Whatever? Party's over, tell the rest of the crew

Yo Big Noyd it's on you, what you wanna do?

Whatever? Party's over, tell the rest of the crew  
My beeper kept beepin, the other numbers started leakin

'Who is this on my mind?' I was thinkin

Then I realised it was my dun playin 911

Once I seen the numbers I ran for the fuckin guns

My dun in trouble, I be there on the double

I jumped up in the bubble, yo kid where are you?

(1-14 between Manhattan and Morningside Avenue)

This happened just right out the blue

Aiyo dun, fuck that bitch, tell her get off your dick

(But she's cryin and she says she has feelins and shit)

Yo it's a set-up, them niggas got me fed up

Ty stay in the buildin, if they move fuckin buck em

Get up off the scene, you know what I mean?

And hide yourself down with them other fuckin sixteen

Glock and get off they block

Then I hung up the cellular, ready to rock

And it's on Yo, you get deaded in the streets, kid set it

You gots no credit, fool you get wetted

Up with the semi-auto Mac double, love it

'Did he shoot eleven or twelve?' is what he wondered

Nigga I got one more shot, you must be drinkin

Put the heater to his head, watch him start blinkin

'Am I goin to heaven or hell?' is what he's thinkin

Switch to a bitch as his life start sinkin

Down to a level of no return

Pull out the heat cos when the slugs hit it definitely burns

Now chill and think about your life for real

Every member of my crew is livin life for real

Got your self fucked into somethin that you couldn't finish

Up against the fulliest squad and get diminished

I'm from Q-U-E another E-N-S

So why you small tough talk? I'm not impressed

If I seen you in the Bridge, I'd make you undress

Give up the money, the polo especially the GuessBig Noyd! Party's over, tell the rest of the crew

Havoc! Party's over, tell the rest of the crew

Black Ice! Party's over, tell the rest of the crew

Queensbridge! Party's over, tell the rest of the crew

The Big Twins! Party's over, tell the rest of the crew

Ty! Party's over, tell the rest of the crew

Yo Black! It's over, tell the rest of the crew

My man Killer! Party's over, tell the rest of the crew

Germ! It's over, tell the rest of the crew

Karate Joe! It's over, tell the rest of the crew

Ron Gotti! It's over, tell the rest of the crew

Karl Capone! Party's over, tell the rest of the crew  
Rasheim! Party's over, tell the rest of the crew  
Stobo! Party's over, tell the rest of the crew  
Tena! Party's over, tell the rest of the crew  
Skins! It's over, tell the rest of the crew  
And the whole fuckin projects! It's over, tell the rest of the crew  
It's over, tell the rest of the crew  
It's over, tell the rest of the crew  
Party's over, tell the rest of the crew  
Party's over, tell the rest of the crew  
The motherfuckin party's over, tell the rest of the crew

Songwriters

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