

Never Tell

Plies

No matter how much time involved, I'll never tell on one of my dogs
No matter how much money involved, I'll never turn on one of my dogs
I've gotta let these street motherfuckers know
That Plies one of the realest niggas you'll ever know
I've gotta let my thug motherfuckers know
That Plies one of the realest niggas you'll ever know

A nigga told me he heard I'm the next nigga to blow
I told that nigga, "What the fuck you mean? Nigga, I already done blew"
My shit might not be getting spun here up on the radio
But my shit in heavy rotation in all the dope holes
I got what most these niggas want and that's street credibility
And thug niggas love me 'cause there ain't no flaw in me
I'm the first new artist that's turning down features
If I feel like you ain't a real nigga, I ain't fucking with you
I'm in a situation, nigga, where I can't lose
The industry full of fuck niggas, a real nigga overdue
If that offended you, then pussy nigga, I'm talking to you
Hit me up, (239) 878-0089

No matter how much money is involved, I'll never tell on one of y'all
And no matter how much time is involved, I'll never switch on up on my dogs,
nigga
No matter how much money is involved, I'll never tell on one of y'all, no wa
y
And no matter how much time is involved, I could never snitch on one of my d
ogs

I see the movie about jealousy
Directed by hating me
And it's co-starring one of my enemies
Had a soundtrack full of sad songs
And uh, the whole plot was full of crooked ass cops
And it was filmed in the ghetto
I knew them niggas kept moving up to shit and never did get better
And I would go on 'head and write Bush a letter
But then the shit I spit may just appear as a threat
You go far from a Communist
Took all your bullshit lies 'cause of what your sucker ass father said
While we out here pledging allegiance to the flag
You hanging with the Klan with plans to hang my black ass
And yo, I'm in an all-out war
We got the streets and the cults and niggas [?] our [?]
Kill them, but I gotta be [?]
And any problems with my past, yo, I'ma deal with that ass

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And I don't need a motherfucker to tell me I'm on fire
Just ask the dope boys who shit they waiting to buy
And y'all can't sell that bullshit to the thugs now
'Cause that's my market, I got that shit on lockdown

I told Touche I'ma sell the bale easy
I feel at least that many hoes wanna fuck me
Now put on top of that being a real nigga
That's why I keep telling y'all pussies y'all can't stop me, nigga
You wanna book me right now? I want a half of bud
Ten G's or eighteen ounces, nigga, either or
And I ain't gon' pistol whip you, nigga, I'm just gon' fuck your whore
'Cause that's what seem to hurt you pussy ass niggas more

And this Plies, nigga
The new nigga over here at Slip-n-Slide Records, nigga
Money and K's ain't never been an issue over here, nigga
And you feel that you know a nigga rawer than me?
Well, ut up 36, nigga

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