

Ain't Coming Back

Future

The Wizard
Some things out of my control
Gotta stay in my zone
Know what I'm sayin'
I just told Richie we rich
Woo

Sometimes I sit down, wrist on gold
I done made it without sellin' my soul
Bad bitch layin' down in a robe
Ask me how I made a mil' and didn't fold
Askin' 'bout these VV's, VV's, drippin'
Keepin' it cold, I'm so different, yeah
Lot of bitches wanna feel this energy
Couple real friends turned enemy

Different, I done customized the Bentley, yeah
Difference, I done fucked a few stars, yeah
Probably know a couple names on the list
Some you don't know, they anonymous
Fluorescent but keep the jewelry on a miss
Never on the shelf, never on the shelf, yeah
I don't need no stylist, I can dress myself (I don't need a stylist)
Gotta watch the diamonds and they match the belt
Tryna give advice, need to help yourself
Tryna save me, need to save yourself
I can hear the hate even if I'm deaf
You childish, nigga, yeah, you childish, nigga
Jealous of my wrist and my diamonds
Jealous 'cause these hoes out here wildin', yeah, yeah
They say I'm the one that inspired them, yeah, yeah
They say I'm the one that can excite 'em (You the one)

Sometimes I sit down, wrist on gold
I done made it without sellin' my soul
Bad bitch layin' down in a robe
Ask me how I made a mil' and didn't fold
Askin' 'bout these VV's, VV's, drippin'
Keepin' it cold, I'm so different, yeah (I'm so different)
Lot of bitches wanna feel this energy (Feel my energy)
Couple real friends turned enemy

Brought my dices with me, had to skip class
Had to tell so many I ain't comin' back
Yeah yeah, I ain't comin' back
Yeah yeah, I ain't comin' back

Bitch went to the 'Gram to write a book (Why she do that?)
Tryna steal the bands from me like a crook (Bands)
Don't you judge me off mistakes I've made
Talk shit, gotta take it to the grave (For live)
Wrist rocky, talkin' V-V-V's
Bitches suckin' out my energy
She'll fuck my brother for the currency
Dawg ho, and these dawgs ain't free
Never on the shelf, always fresh to death
I don't need a stylist, I can dress myself

Drugs in my system, don't play it fair
Bitches take advantage, know I need help

Sometimes I sit down, wrist on gold
I done made it without sellin' my soul
Bad bitch layin' down in a robe
Ask me how I made a mil' and didn't fold
Askin' 'bout these VV's, VV's, drippin'
Keepin' it cold, I'm so different, yeah
Lot of bitches wanna feel this energy
Couple real friends turned enemy

Brought my dices with me, had to skip class
Had to tell so many I ain't comin' back
Yeah yeah, I ain't comin' back
Yeah yeah, I ain't comin' back

Askin' 'bout these VV's, VV's, drippin'
Keepin' it cold, I'm so different, yeah
Lot of bitches wanna feel this energy
Couple real friends turned enemy