

# Komin' Back

Destroy Lonely

(Clayco on the beat)  
Lonely, oh yeah (Fuck)  
Yeah, oh yeah  
Yeah, oh yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah

When I hit the road, baby, I ain't coming back  
Yeah, 'cause we 'bout that sack like a runningback  
I'm back in the A right now, where my lil' money at  
Yeah, know if it's 'bout racks, nigga, I'm onto that  
They say they love me but they ain't showing that  
Yeah, I guess that's what that come with that  
Damn, I don't know what I'm running from  
Yeah, I just go where the money at  
Yeah (Bitch nigga), oh yeah

Yeah, nigga, you my dawg, then you know I lie for you  
My big brodie, he Ifa, yeah, alafia  
And I was just broke, now I'm eating lobster too  
Get money and fly, nigga, bet she swallow you  
We just hit that whip, nigga, out the passenger  
We just hopped out that whip, nigga, we ain't crashing it  
And I made ten bands (Yeah)  
Before I made ten thousand followers  
And I use to pop Xans (Yeah)  
If you walk up wrong then we popping you  
Made that bitch do a handstand (Yeah)  
She wouldn't fuck me before I went popular  
Rockstar jeans on a young nigga  
Coming through, I'm dripping like a model, yeah

Oh yeah (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)  
Yeah (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)  
When I hit the road, baby, I ain't coming back  
Yeah, yeah  
Oh yeah, yeah  
Oh yeah, yeah, oh yeah, yeah

When I hit the road, baby, I ain't coming back  
Yeah, 'cause we 'bout that sack like a runningback  
I'm back in the A right now, where my lil' money at  
Yeah, know if it's 'bout racks, nigga, I'm onto that  
They say they love me but they ain't showing that  
Yeah, I guess that's what that come with that  
Damn, I don't know what I'm running from  
Yeah, I just go where the money at  
Yeah (Bitch nigga), oh yeah

Yeah (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)  
Oh yeah (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)  
Yeah (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)  
Oh yeah (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)  
Oh, oh yeah (Oh yeah)  
Oh yeah (Yeah, yeah)