

Never Going Back

Mike Stud

I got K-Love on the text telling me I'm next up
After party crazy, wavy, while we make the next one
All up on your TV screen looking clean as fuck
ESPN on the e-mail already inviting me to the next one
You saw me at the ESPYs, should've worn my Freshletes
But that's okay, the soccer bitches told me I looked sexy
Lord I'm fucking out here
And fuck these other guys who feel like aw yeah, aw yeah, yeah
Look at the shit that I'm on
I got these bitches, they're calling my phone
Come through my crib at like four in the morn'
We get it on, get off then gone
I'm on right now, and it's us right now
That's why I'm lit off the lick in the cup right now
In the back of the club with the stars and the sluts in the cut right now
Like wow, God damn
Got goals, got plans, got hoes, got fans
God knows I am doing everything everyone said I can't
And Twizzy done hit me like "we in the city, let's get it"
I said "sho 'nough, now let's go up, cause that's where we headed"

I used to care too much, I used to feel too much, yeah, yeah, yeah
I used to feel alone so I went out on my own
Now I'm out here on the map and ain't nothing wrong with that
I ain't never going back
I ain't never going back to how I was
I ain't never going back
I ain't never going back
I ain't never going back to how I was
I ain't never going back
I ain't never going back-back

Yeah, so high right now
I was so down with the vibe right now
All up on the quest, no tribe right now
Got a whole squad there by the ride right now
Yeah motherfucker, that's messed up, yeah
All up in the clouds, never stressed out yet
Next up while they cut checks, oh yeah
Two shots on deck, get teched up, yeah
Yeah I see you going hard, shawty go HAM
Do this shit for my squad, you got no bands
Do this shit for my dogs, they're my day ones
Not a game, I don't play, son
I gotta keep it real and stay A1
Haven't smoked in like a hundred weeks
But I'm getting green so I'm high as hell
Zipped up like YSL, I'm in a big truck so you can hear me coming
By myself, I'm a tell you something
If you not my family, I don't owe you nothing
Off a bit I hear you talking shit, you can't back it up
That's how I know you frontin'
Let's get it

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Man it's that young boy from PA
Back again with that slick shit
Coming through with that mean mug
But I still smile for her Twitpic
Your ho called me QB
Pray to God she don't get picked
That's all a part of my play, dog
I can't help if I get rich
Back in the hood, they holding me down
All of my shooters just rolling around
Always on point, they focusing now
These chickens be dumber than Homey D. Clown
Bang, bang, bang, I'm a ride for the squad
Beat the box up I'm the guy for the job
Once you make too hype that's the kind you should hide
Every real G need a dime on the side
Like yuh, you know it, that OG, we blow it
I'm flossin' on these fuckboys
It's only right that I do it
And last week we had a stupid quote
Gettin' dumb brains, no Newton though
Making mad bread, no gluten though
That's Mike Stud, but I'm Moosh, yo
Bang, bang!

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