

# Aint Goin Back

Russ

Yeah  
Ain't no fucking way I'm going back  
Got way too much shit to take care of  
And I'm having way too much fun pissing y'all off  
It's starting to look real rough out here for y'all  
It's just the beginning too  
Yeah, come on, come on

I ain't goin' back  
Splitting five on McDoubles  
I ain't goin' back  
To when there was no Russ, just Russell  
I ain't goin' back  
To when mom cried so much left a puddle  
I ain't goin' back  
But I stay tapped in to that hustle  
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I go way harder than most of y'all  
If one of y'all died, wouldn't toast to y'all  
I don't really care to get close to y'all  
I live in a gym, I'm supposed to ball  
Mom was applying for the food stamps  
Every night studio boot camps  
All I had there was a lot of free time  
Cheap wine and my mind, and my two hands  
And the same confidence that I have right now was more back then to be honest  
Before the world got a hold of me and started controlling me  
Now I'm more tapped in to the comments, than I should be  
I admit that, so fuck y'all, give me my dick back  
Middle finger gift wrap, for the chit chat  
And to anyone thinking I should quit rap

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Who's in my league? Not you  
Who makes your beats? Not you  
Who does your hooks? Not you  
Bitch I'm elite, top 2  
And not 2, bitch I'm the one  
It's crazy to think that I barely begun  
Already on Forbes, Already in Staples  
I still got four years 'til my twenties are done  
I'm having my fun  
My house is a brothel, I'm fucking her bad 'cause her pussy is gospel  
Your life is awful, that ain't my fault  
Yell at your mirror, go talk to your god  
I'm not letting up  
Fuck how you feel  
I got my boots laced and I'm out  
I threw 20k in my studio I brought the blue flame to my house

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