

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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