

Don't Wanna Go Back

Yo Gotti

Listen to this track
Drumma Boy, Drumma Boy
Yeah
Yuh
I am

I don't wanna go back
Sellin' no crack no more
I don't wanna go back (I don't wanna go)
Shootin' them Macs no more (brrrt)
I don't wanna go back (I don't want to)
But a nigga gon' make me
If I don't go back
I know the hood gon' hate me, yeah
I don't wanna go back (I don't wanna go back)
Sellin' no crack no more (Sellin' no crack no more)
I don't wanna go back (I don't wanna go)
Shootin' them Macs no more (Shootin' no Macs no more)
I don't wanna go back (I don't have to)
But a nigga gon' make me (nigga gon' make me)
If I don't go back
I know the hood gon' hate me, yeah

Came a long way
Started from the bottom
Ridgecrest apartments, M&M's I got 'em
Name duckin' no problem
Niggas know it so they tryin' to put the bait on me
How we from the same hood
Watch me make it out, but then you pour hate on me
Shame on you
I was finna put the chain on you
Now I gotta put the aim on you
How your enemies the same, homie
Damn homie
Big homie shit (get the bricks and bust 'em down with you)
War shit a thousand rounds with you
I was wrappin' bricks and sending pounds with you
Now I'm on TV
Diamonds drippin', [?]
Deep inside you wanna be me
Federal 3 that shit on repeat
Reach for my chain, [?] (aye)
Feelin' like Yeezy so I need a cape
Talkin' bout Kim or talking to [?]
Black [?] on the side of the Wraith
When it come to the bag they know I don't play

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But a nigga gon' make me
If I don't go back
I know the hood gon' hate me, yeah
I don't wanna go back (I don't wanna go back, I don't wanna go back, I don't

wanna go back)
I don't wanna go back (I don't wanna go back)
Shootin' them Macs no more
I don't wanna go back (I don't have to)
But a nigga gon' make me (nigga gon' make me)
If I don't go back
I know the hood gon' hate me, yeah (gon' make 'em hate me)

Ain't gon' lie
Sometimes I wish I could retire
Wish I didn't have to tote the fire
I wish my name wasn't always in the news
I can't go no where without the tools
If you go against me you gon' lose (lose)
Me and all the deals close every day
I barely made it outta school
Fuck credit, cash rules
Be like tell youngsta calm down
Put the guns down but I kinda feel 'em
You will never understand
You ain't from the hood, niggas tryin' to kill 'em
I tryin' to put my youngin' on the chart
They trying to trick my youngin' out of spite
You tryin' to cop a Benz off the lot
I'm tryin' to pull up in my own yacht
I got different dreams, different goals
We in different brackets, we got different hoes too
I don't [?] supposed to
Spread rumors, that's what hoes do
I was sick and tired, sick and tired of sellin' crack
If I have it my way I'm never goin' back
I [?]
Fell in love with fast money and the strap

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I don't wanna go back (I don't have to)
But a nigga gon' make me (nigga gon' make me)
If I don't go back
I know the hood gon' hate me, yeah

Yeah
I'ma make 'em hate me
Fuck it
They already hate me
Fuck it
I'ma make 'em hate me