

# 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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