

# Not Going Back

## Childish Gambino

What nigga! What bitch-ass niggaz  
What! Babe, babe, start the car  
Nasir, come on let's go, get in the car now, let's go  
Throw it out, let's go  
Aight, aight, aight, yeah, but I got 'em, but I got 'em, though  
This is crazy, why didn't you just throw it out of the car?  
This is so stupid, what are you doing? Why are we even out here?  
Why are we out here? What's going on? This is retarded, yo we gotta  
This is crazy, never again, you'd throw everything away, for what?  
Yeah, my man Kool G Rap told me, 'Son do not look back  
Chill up in the mansion with a fat glutious max, relax  
When people act schoolin' with facts, tell 'em  
At this point in my life I'm all about chillin'?  
Ridin' around in something sick and the dress flies  
And twist, homie's hermano just died I gotta let it ride  
That's what I got the public thinkin', my nigga  
Just 'cause I ain't in the hood don't mean shit my nigga  
I know who died before the body dropped  
I know the guns that were used how much money the shooter got  
'Cause on the private yacht I'm still within earshot of it all  
The top ten list of the most grimiest guys of all time  
Is all we talk when we talk of New York y'all  
Who to call and who to stay away from  
Whose mother's address to have just to play it safe son  
Women they lust up so quick to give 'em up  
What cars and what trucks they drive in  
What towns they spend the most time in when they grindin'  
I found out most of them are cowards they hidin'  
Behind reputations that's sour, not going back  
The streets keep tryin' to say  
Come back around this way  
I've already gone that way  
I won't go back again  
I'm not goin' back  
The streets keep tryin' to say  
Come back around this way  
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First thing that happen when you make a little paper  
You think the Marriot is livin' in a skyscraper  
Till you come across some ever more flyer paper  
Realize that five-star 'tellies are even greater  
Terry-cloth robes, elegance, movie shit  
Heated-up marble floors with jacuzzi's in it  
First-class flights, diamonds in your crucifixes  
All those things you still ain't really doin' shit kid  
'Cause in reality I'll earn my salary  
The way I flaunted it then would now embarrass me  
It kinda make me wanna hate bling it's a race thing  
How they sell blacks to bootleg shit infact  
Real millionaires spend 60 mil on paintings  
Whores charge niggaz with raping  
'Cause we come out doors of Maybach cars  
Watch us make bets on race tracks smokin' cigars  
So they counter the laws to take what's ours  
'Bout 500K on a lawyer to beat the charge  
So you can't stop us from making a billion dollars  
Instead of goin' back I'm buying the projects  
But I'm not going back  
The hood's in me forever y'all but I'm not going back  
The streets keep tryin' to say  
Come back around this way  
I've already gone that way  
I won't go back again  
I'm not goin' back  
The streets keep tryin' to say  
Come back around this way  
I've already gone that way  
I won't go back again  
And of course y'all know what I'm not going back to  
Those no friends of mine and I'm not going back to  
Ten carat gold it shine and I'm never going back to  
Sony if they don't have dough to sign, not going back to  
Y'all know that I'm not going back to  
Those liars who would, not going back to  
Not help you if they could not going back to  
Coke on the stove in the hood, y'all should know that I'm not going back  
The hood's in me forever y'all, but I'm not going back  
The streets keep tryin' to say  
Come back around this way  
I've already gone that way  
I won't go back again  
I'm not goin' back

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