

Never Going Back

Nikko Lafre

I done came too far
Way too far...I should be deader in the pit, instead I'm ridin' in the Benz
And I'mma ball till I hit, I do this for my brothers, they deported
And the friends that I lost to the streets
Pray to see them all again
And now I face some guns from the dawgs facin' ten {?}
Cuz homie got a shawty with another on the wait
And if he in the box, still go off without a posy
But I told him that I got him, if he go I take his place
Cuz I can't just watch, man, I'm too real
If you was me, my nigga, tell me how would you feel?
Seein' all the people that you call family in the struggle
While you got to make a million off a new deal
And like I said these niggas hatin' and they do kill
So ya get up out the hood cuz you know better
And niggas soon don't understand, so you changed up
They wanna see ya stages like they mean they know better
I told em fuck that, I'm in this? where the bucks at
Yeah, this new 'cedes was a bus pass
It's when I still had to roll with a choppa
And was known for shootin' first so I ain't neva had a bus pass
And peer, know ya damn right I had to touch that
And no, I ain't too proud of it, but that's just what it was
To make it out, the only way I knew was sellin' drugs
So yeah, I was sellin'drugs
Why I'm givin' you the facts
Yeah, it's deeper than the rap
In the gang I was really in the trap
Round with the straps, sellin' packs for the set
Take a look at where I was, now just look at where I'm at
And I ain't neva goin' back
Tell em niggas I ain't neva goin' back
I ain't neva goin' back
I ain't neva goin' back, tell em hoes I ain't neva goin' back
Why I'm givin' you the facts
Yeah, it's deeper than the rap
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Yeah, I put that on my soul
I had the work and got it sold, seen it all but neva told
Cuz I was livin' by the code and from the streets there grew a rose
Lil nigga from the slums, me and Slim, we had the guns
Would shoot ya ass with err'one if you was fuckin' with the funds
I swear lil homie, ain't fo' none (?)
Was on the corner night till sun goin' hard for the bread
But now lil homie with the feds, and I just tell him hold his head
And he tell me do the same
He fell a victim to the game while I got rich and made a name
And it's sad, but it's life
He gave a young nigga life
I swear that shit aint even right, now I'm in this shit for him
Yellin' free my nigga slim
I think about him err'night
When I'm sittin', reminiscin' bout the shit a nigga seen
Runnin' with the killas, I was only 17 when I moved from Minnesota
Out to Minnesota Ave, yeah, that's out in DC
And I was servin' all the fiends
Money in pocket, it was bustin' out the scenes
NEva had a job, tho I got it straight from thuggin'
My job was doin' numbers and the hoes I was fuckin'
And I knew it all, you couldn't tell a nigga nothin' Why I'm givin' you the facts
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