I Ain't Turning Back

Thi'sl

REDEEMED
HOOK
I got my full armor on, my head to the sky,
Iâ€™m going into battle with my horns up high,
And Iâ€™m through playing games; you can see it in my eyes,
And you can go and ask anybody Iâ€™m a ride and I ainâ€™t turning back,
I ainâ€™t turning back (7 xs) (No)
THISâ€™L
Iâ€™m on my Luke 9, (9), Iâ€™m daily dyeing, (Dailey),
Holy Spirit keep your boy while Iâ€™m on the grind, (Iâ€™m grinding)
Full armor on, cause I know them darts flying, (Yeah),
And Iâ€™m through playing games homie I ainâ€™t lying, (Iâ€™m through playing),
Iâ€™m walking out the ways that I had as a juvenile,
But this the plan that God had before I was a child,
Iâ€™m walking in my destiny, and He protecting me,
Iâ€™m eating at a table prepared before my enemies,
Thatâ€™s why homie I ainâ€™t turning back (you hear me) I ainâ€™t turning back,
Only thing Iâ€™m turning back, homie is my fitted hat,
So gone head and get yo gat, you can gone and cock it back,
Christ rose up out the grave, and Heâ€™s coming back,
And one day Iâ€™m a rise with Him, meet up in the skies with Him,
That why Iâ€™m willing to live and even die with Him,
Veteran all over the world, my horns high with Him,
Even if it means our death, you know we ride with him, (yeah)
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I ainâ€™t turning back (7 xs) (No)

FLAME
Picture young boy Flame in the church about 17,
Down the street, dirty things, down the street, murder scene,
So our whole regime hit the meads and we went witnessing,
Our plan, lift the King, Godâ€™s plan, been redeemed,
You know my homie back, now we back on the track,
Running the same race, we on the same track,
For the same God who resurrected His son,

Reflect on what Heâ€™s done, aint no backwards to run,
(no), where will we go, back to our graves, leave a castle, for some shackles and being slaves,
They donâ€™t make no sense, no offence with the statement man, thatâ€™s just like a Jew begging for concentration camp,
Thatâ€™s just like us blacks begging for segregation back, that insanity, beautiful Christianity,
Intruding the planet removing all our vanity, God forgives, see Flame and Thiz,

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THISâ€™L
They said it wasnâ€™t worth it, that this was worthless, aint nothing but hypocrites sitting in them churches,
But I went to Gods house and I found my purpose, now my lifeâ€™s a sacrifice fam Iâ€™m living worship,
Aint nothing behind but death for me and enemies, a cemetery or a penitentiary,
That aint the way I wonâ€™t you to remember me, now they think of my Lord, when they mention me,
Lil homie this is rider music, survival music, and I wasnâ€™t forced to do this, I was built to do it,
And I know its war here, but God gona get me through it, and I brought my cross with me gone and nail me to it,
Cause I aint turning back, I donâ€™t care if they got 50 ratchets at me bout to knock off my fitted hat,
I aint turning back, I donâ€™t care if they got 50 ratchets at me gone and knock off my fitted hat,
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I ainâ€™t turning back (7 xs)

Lyrics submitted by Taylor Abbot.

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