

Not Going Back

Nas

What nigga! What bitch-ass niggas! 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 grimeiest 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 today

I'm not goin' back

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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 even more flyer paper
Realize that five-star 'tellies are even greater
Terry-cloth robes, elegance, movie shit
Heated-up marble floors with jacuzzis 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 niggas 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

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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 re-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

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