

Yo Gotti

"Ain't No Turning Aroun'"

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I'm from the hard knock life, that all white life
Pop a wheelie on the four wheeler get it at the bite light
Nigga ghost like casper, catch me in the ghost with the
drop head after,
You're a slave master, rob your own kind, blind leading
the blind
And now you aint enjoying your team, 'cause I have my
own grind.
Got my own mind, sold my own math, fifty one
hundred like a hundred's something times

Once you put your hand on that pot
Ain't no turning around, ain't no turning around.
Once you bust your first glock
Ain't no turning around, ain't no turning around.
Once you jump off that porch, young nigga
Ain't no turning around, ain't no turning around.
These streets hot as a torch, young nigga
Ain't no turning around, ain't no turning around.

I'm from the hard knock life, that all black life,
It's making sales on a mountain bike, yeah, that's that
crack life.
Bring the whole one down and sell 'em on next,
Couple days later, four door six.
Lord, I love shimmy spray every day's a hiny day,
Fuck, you think we'll charge you like you an adult it
anyway.
Yeah, just look at those that took a nap,
When you're on the road to riches, nigga, ain't no
looking back.

Once you put your hand on that pot
Ain't no turning around, ain't no turning around.
Once you bust your first glock
Ain't no turning around, ain't no turning around.
Won't you jump off that porch,
Ain't no turning around, ain't no turning around.
These streets hot like a torch, young nigga
Ain't no turning around, ain't no turning around.

Shots five men down, says he was hands down,
Police brutality, nigga, its reality.
Travon Martin in an all black hoodie,
Young nigga big 40, waiting for a bully.
Big bins its a war on drugs,
Wachting CNN and seen my god damn plug.
Watchin BET and see my god damn self,
I have more love for these streets than my god damn
self.

Once you put your hand on that pot
Ain't no turning around, ain't no turning around.
Once you bust your first glock
Ain't no turning around, ain't no turning around.
Once you jump off that porch, young nigga
Ain't no turning around, ain't no turning around.
These streets hot like a torch young nigga
Ain't no turning around, ain't no turning around.

Young nigga wildin, shooting shit rapidly
To give him ten years, they do that happily.
They don't understand, they bring him down the faculty
And worry about to fronters, its the the niggas that in
back of me.
Grown man be at, that's how you handle it,
Reputation is everything, it's over when you're
damaging.
Money is easy to get, is just hard to manage it,
Always remember the rules before you put your hand in
it.

Before you put your hand in it
You got to be the man in it,
Got to understand it, got to know the rules to the game,
Gotta sacrifice, gotta know its a 5 year sentence for a
brick of white
Thats if your record clean, Lord knows it's a poor sight,
Caught up in the snitch, smashed on em, you a match
now
Remember what I told you, fuck it, you can turn your
back now.
Once upon a time he a real, he a rat now
Never turn your back on niggas that you thug with,
Bitch that you really like, never fall in love with
Never send your plug with the money up front,
And ff you smoke get your own 'cause don't hit a nigga
blunt.
Remember, dope gonna sale and bitches gonna leave
soon as
Niggas go to jail, so that's a date from hell.
Young nigga all well, thinkin he a playa

Now he lookin through his pictures on the wall and his
mail
But he aint tell, so nigga i salute him
And when he hit the streets again, makin sure he eat
again
he gonna be a beast again, hit em with a key again
thats eighteen five, young nigga gonna lie

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