

Yo Gotti

"Ain't No Turning Around"

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Iâ€™m from the hard knock life, that all white lie,
Pop it with it at the phone when theyâ€™re getting that
bad life,
Nigger goes like gospel, kills me in the chorus with the
drop head after,
Youâ€™re a sleight master, you donâ€™t care, barely in the
blur,
And Iâ€™m enjoying team, â€™cause I have my own line.
Got my own man, saw my own math, fifty one hundred
like a hundredâ€™s on time.

Wonâ€™t you put your hand on that pot?
Ainâ€™t no turning around, ainâ€™t no turning around.
Wonâ€™t you bush your first glock?
Ainâ€™t no turning around, ainâ€™t no turning around.
Wonâ€™t you jump off that porch,
Ainâ€™t no turning around, ainâ€™t no turning around.
These streets hot like a torch, yeah, nigger,
Ainâ€™t no turning around, ainâ€™t no turning around.

Iâ€™m from the hard knock life, that all black lights,
Itâ€™s making sales on a mountain bike, yeah, thatâ€™s
that crack life.
Bring the whole one down and sell â€™em on next,
Couple days later, four door six.
Lord, I love shimmy spray every dayâ€™s a hiny day,
Fuck, you think weâ€™ll charge you like you needed it
anyway.
Yeah, just look at those that took a nap,
When youâ€™re on the road to riches, nigger, ainâ€™t no
looking back.

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Wonâ€™t you bush your first glock?
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Shots five men down, says he was hands down,
Pull the brutality, nigger, the reality.
Trade the money all in a black hoodie,
You nigger big and fat, waiting for a bully.
Big babies is the world on drugs,
What you're seeing in, you see my god damn pearl.
Why you fit here you see my god damn self,
I have more love for these streets than my god damn
self.

Won't you put your hand on that pot?
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Won't you bush your first glock?
Ain't no turning around, ain't no turning around.
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Young nigger's wiing, shooting shit rapidly
To give him ten years, they do that happily.
They don't understand, they bring him down the
faculty
And wait about to front, is this the nigger's that some
back on 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 get 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 of the
game,
Gotta sacrifice, gotta know to fight,
Give your sin as for it break away.
Is your record clean? Lord knows it's a poor sight,
Caught up in the snitch-snatch, will you imagine that?
Remember what I told you, fuck you, you can turn your
back now.
Once upon a time he a realy, he a redneck.
Never turn your back on niggers that you thug with,
Bitch that you really like never fall in love with
Never seen you plug with the money up front,
If you smoke get your own 'cause don't hit a nigger
blunt.
Remember, dog, go sales and bitches gonna leave
soon
Niggers go to jail, so that's a day from hell.

You nigger all will think that he'll peel
Now he ain't do these bitches on the wall and his
male.
But he ain't tell, so niggers got salute him
And when you hit the streets again, making sure he eat
again
He won't be a beast again, he don't have to kill
again
For eighteen five, you nigger go lie

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