

# Walk In

DaBaby

Baby Jesus  
(It's the baby)  
Feeling like a god when I walk in the building  
I don't give a fuck 'bout who feel me (Feel me)  
I really don't care who ahead of me  
Y'all just trying to be local celebrities  
Switching lanes with the thing, keep it next to me  
Shit I rob, I'ma serve 'em  
My foot on the gas and I'm swervin'  
I be pulling out fast like a virgin  
Oh  
Baby Jesus  
Baby Jesus  
Man, these bitch niggas was dabbing in the club last night  
Yeah, yeah  
Bitch ass niggas spilled their drink all over my arm, man  
Look

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Y'all niggas boring, I can't relate  
Cast out on the forum with paper plates  
Walked out with the title like Golden State  
It feel like I just won the finals  
And I put that shit on the bible  
Please excuse my language, but I cannot tame it  
And I knew how to cuss back when I was a baby  
My mama was workin', my uncles didn't raise me  
I know that it's crazy  
Yeah, that's my freak bitch, you call her your baby  
I'm in the sheets laying down with your baby  
She rub on my chest and tell me I'm her favorite, ay  
To all of the niggas who play with me  
Don't ever think I'ma forget about it  
I keep a pistol on stage with me  
You clutchin', we gon' hit up anybody  
You sayin' that one of these rappers try me  
I'ma send a shoot and let it catch anybody  
Hit the funeral like nothing happened  
Just to double-back to come and fuck yo' thotty  
The [?] keep telling me "Lil' bro, chill, you was made for this shit, you wa  
it for mail"  
My cousin denied on his first appeal  
Lot of niggas snitchin' acting like they real  
Just kicked a ho out my spot  
I made that bitch walk it out  
What did I tell you about running yo' mouth?  
I had to go put that bitch in time-out  
I do not think I was meant for a spouse  
I don't have the time, blame it on my ambition

These niggas [?], they want all yo' attention  
Soon as you go broke, then that ho gon' go missing  
All of the bitches who counted me out  
I take my dick, put it all in they mouth  
Fuck all the rumors, I don't even listen  
Off the computer, y'all niggas is bitches  
How you a shooter? You don't got a pistol  
Whole lotta goons, but they only on Twitter  
You wanna try if you want some attention  
I point out a victim, my nigga gon' get him  
But I'd rather get money, be positive  
No, you ain't getting money, it's obvious  
Any beat, I'ma eat, I'ma body it  
Entertainment for the guys and the goddesses

Nigga  
Baby Jesus  
You already know it  
You already know it