

Realist In It

Lil Baby

Realist in it
I was on the block because I was suspended
Niggas, bitches
I ain't takin' shots, I hope no one get offended
G550, this is not a rental
New AP, limited edition
Still be in the trenches, still be totin' pistols
I done went to jail, I still can go and get 'em
Hold up, Baby

You been goin' crazy, who said you wouldn't make it?
I got somethin' to say to dopeboys 'round the nation
I won't stop for nothin', I'm chasin' out the paper
Talkin' like I'm basic, really, that's some hate shit
See 'em out in public, why no one ever say shit?
They know what I would pay for them to get a facelift
Penthouse at the top, I come from out the basement
Opp talkin' crazy, hope my Glock don't jam
Gotta make it back home, take care of my lil' one
When its time to ride, I'm like fuck makin' a diss song
Went and bought a Wraith just for somethin' for us to sit on
Every rapper on the come up send a song for me to get on
Ain't nothin' wrong, I used the plug for me to get on
10, 000 dollar outfit, I got that shit on
DM'in' my hoe, another nigga I'ma shit on

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Bitch, you cuffin' up tongue, boy brighten up
Haters face crunched up like I cut an onion up
Your rent pay for what I paid for the temp fade
Got the blocks in a day, yeah them Cali based
Got the trap goin' up on a Wednesday
Samurai choppin' up work like a sensai
Keyser Soze, fallout like Coldplay
They don't really know, know nothin' 'bout auray?
Trapping in my Box Chevy, me and OJ
Michael Jackson with the glove, "Annie are you okay?"
Jackers in the hood, singin' like the O'Jays
Dope so good, make your uncle sell the Bluray
Drop the top on the Rolls like toupe
Fiasco when I pull up like I'm Lupe
Castro but now in the new day
Shoot 'em in the head, I ain't never like 'em, no way
Billy Jean, bitch I'm tryna see your whole team
He think he slick, so I shot him in a doorway
Another murder, boy, I'm known for duckin' murder charge
Double murder, try to pin it on me like I'm OJ
Quadruple crosses like a nigga omen
Cold-hearted like I never had a vertibre

Boss talk, make 'em bring it to your doorway
Four pockets full, whippin' up a 4-way

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Engine in the rear, put a million in the front
What the fuck is fear?
Chopper eat you like ifs lunch
Fuck the law nigga, but we don't go for the punt
Lookin' at the thotty body, this hoe is a runt!
Wait, when we draw the choppers, niggas start to run
Wait, these bitches wanna cuff up with the don
Wait if a nigga talk about some funds I relate, you hate
I did "The Race," Tay-K (Skrrt!)
Thinkin' like I'm Meech, M's in a vase
Practice what I preach, money on the daily
She not needy but she leaks, oh so crazy
Niggas plottin' and I peep with a laser
Push the money out, I'm in labor
She tryna fuck me for some clout hurt my baby
I got money stashed somewhere in my acres
My left wrist sad 'cause my right precious

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