## Realist in It (feat. Gucci Mane & Offset)

## Lil Baby

Realest (Realest), in it (In it) I was on the block because I was suspended Niggas, bitches (Bitches) I ain't takin' shots, I hope they don't 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 'emHold up, Baby (Baby) You been goin' crazy, who said you wouldn't make it? I keep somethin' to say to dopeboys 'round the nation I won't stop for nothin', I'm chasin' after paper Talkin' like I'm basic, really that's some hate shit See I'm out in public, why don't never say shit? They know I would pay for them to get a facelift Penthouse at the top, I come from out the basement Opps talkin' crazy, hope my Glock don't jam Gotta make it back home, take care of my lil' one When it's time to ride, I'm like fuck makin' a diss song Went and bought a Wraith just for somethin' for us to sit

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
Ten thousand dollar outfit, I got this shit on
DM-in' my ho, another nigga I'ma shit onRealest (Realest), in it (In it)
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Still be in the trenches, still be totin' pistols
I done went to jail, I still can go and get 'em (Wop)

Gucci cuttin' up, time for a button-up (Huh)

Haters face crunched up like I cut an onion up (Damn) Your rent pay for what I paid for the temp fade (Huh?)

Got the blocks any day, yeah them Dikembes (Blockies)

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Got the trap goin' up on a Wednesday (Up)

Samurai, choppin' up work like a sensei (Wop)

Cops is so safe, I rock like Coldplay

They don't really know no nothin' 'bout the old Ray (No)
Trappin' out my Box Chevy, me and OJ (Huh)
Michael Jackson with the glove, Annie, are you okay?

(Wow)

Junkies in the hood singin' like the old Jay

Dope so good, make your uncle sell the Bluray (Damn)

Drop the top off the Rolls like a toupée

Fiasco when I pull up like I'm Lupe (Uh)

Castro, but now in the new day

Shoot him in the head, I ain't never like him, no way

Billie Jean, bitch I'm tryna see your whole team

He think he slick so I shot him in the doorway (Huh)

Another murder, boy, I'm known for duckin' murder charge

Double murder, tried to pin it on me like I'm OJ (Wow)

Quadruple cross him like a nigga owe me

Cold-hearted like I never had a vertebrae (It's Gucci)

Boss talk, make 'em bring it to your doorway

4 Pockets Full, whippin' up a four-way

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I done went to jail, I still can go and get 'emEngine in the rear, put a million in the front (Rear)

What the fuck is fear? Chopper eat you like it's lunch

(Fear)

Fourth and long, nigga, but we don't go for the punt

(Long)

Lookin' at the thottie body, this ho is a runt (Thottie)

Wait, when we draw the chopper, niggas start to run?

(Wait)

Wait, these bitches wanna come fuck with a don? (Woo)

Wait, if a nigga talk about some funds, I relate (Relate)

You hate, I did the race, Tay-K (Skrrt)

Thinkin' like I'm Meech, M's in the vase (Meech)

Practice what I preach, money on the daily (Practice what

I)

She not NeNe but she leaks oh so crazy (She not NeNe)

Niggas plottin' and I peep with a lazy (What I peep)

Push the money out, I'm in labor (Woo)

She tryna fuck me for some clout, hurt my baby (Clout)

I got money stashed somewhere in my acres (Stash)

My left wrist sad 'cause my right glacierRealest (Hey), in it (In it)

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