

# 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 'em Hold 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  
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  
Ten thousand dollar outfit, I got this shit on  
DM-in' my ho, another nigga I'ma shit on Realest (Realest), in it (In it)  
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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)  
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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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 glacier Realest (Hey), in it (In it)  
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