

# Fit In

## Lil Baby

I'm only getting in where I fit in  
This is a two-seater you cannot sit in  
I got a dub in the rear end  
I got caught when I fucked her friend  
Say I wouldn't do it and did it again  
I got some dogs who want me to win  
Went to the lot and bought a new Benz  
I hit the gas I'm gone with the wind  
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I hit the gas I'm gone with the wind  
I had a carbon I was fifteen  
We was trying to steal and rob everything  
I can't even talk about what I seen  
I'm never telling the laws a thing  
Made it out alive, can't even lie that shit was awesome nigga  
Shootouts I ain't had no bullets I had to call some niggas  
Lost lil one in the middle of the summer, that shit was awful nigga  
As soon as we found out some witness who  
tell us who did it, we gon' off them nigga  
Had to cut off a couple niggas I  
thought was with me, tried to cross a nigga  
These niggas think they can just come and  
kick shit in my city, it's gon' cost them nigga  
Jumped in the game and went got me some millions, no cap  
I made a wave for us  
Them bitches were fucking with me when I  
didn't have no money, now they can't wait to fuck  
Every one of my lil buddies mama know  
we thuggin', that's why they pray for us  
I was in the back of the back like Rosa Parks  
Me and my dogs on Tec, a four or more  
Grind every day like it ain't no tomorrow  
I was just broke, ain't going back  
I'ma run mines up to the max  
I want the cheese, ain't fuckin' with rats  
I wanna fuck her I give her a rack

If she don't give me head ain't texting her back  
 I'm a dog I go deep in the cat  
 Remember one time I ain't had jack  
 I had a hunnid I bought me a pack  
 I took the pack and went got me a bag  
 It started rolling and coming in fast  
 I had the old heads hanging back  
 And I'm rich now and that's why they mad  
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 I hit the gas I'm gone with the wind Putting on for the hood like I'm White Boy Marco or  
 something  
 Super fast car, super bad broad, everybody know a nigga getting money  
 Couple homies switched up on me  
 when I blowed up now look at them funny  
 I put the four on my back with no shirt on  
 I let the homies get bags for the low low  
 We sending bricks out the spot this the o-zone  
 I'm the man, rest in peace Shawty Lo  
 I take the whole gang on the road  
 Long way from in front of the store  
 They don't wanna fly they wanna hit the road  
 They wanna take pistols to all of my shows  
 We thuggin' in public wherever we go  
 I did some shit that ain't nobody know I'm only getting in where I fit in  
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