

Vibin in This Bih (feat. Gucci Mane)

Kodak Black

Who that is? Lil Kodak
It's Gucci!
1800!

Look! Cuban on my wrist, Cuban on my neck, your girl on X
Money talks, she on the phone high, we havin' phone sex
Never duck in front you peons, I ain't full yet
Kept it real since the begun, I ain't told yet
I done finally got my muscle up, you know I'm gon' flex
People rootin' for the hustler, I think I'm on next
At your neck, I don't get tired, I ain't gon' rest
You gotta play your cards right, them jack boys on deck
I gotta keep the fan on, you know them girls gon' sweat
I'm tryna put my man on, but he ain't came home yet
Kodak Black but my hoe react, she get her own bread
I hit your girl with the pole, now she walkin' bowlegged
Dirty drink this that prometh, been sippin' Moët
I'm just tryna stay focused, ain't tryna go flat
You turn cold when the heater on, I know you're gon' melt
I've been smokin' broccoli, they say it's good for your health
Nah I'm good, I don't need your help, I do it myself
I know you don't really love me, you're just lovin' my wealth
It's lil Kodak, the finesse kid, walkin' like a leg
Hittin' licks, now I'm droppin' hits, mouthpiece cost a brick
In the club, vibin' in this bih
Vibin' with my clique
All she wanted was to take a pic
But now she gettin' hit
In the club, vibin' in this bih
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Lock me in a box, but I'm comin' out swingin'
Watch 200 so I'm comin' out blingin'
Somethin' like the wind, can't touch, just hear me

Suckas can't see me, but they damn sure feel me
They say, "Gucci Mane gone, the rap game ain't nothin'"
Soon as he left, the coke price start jumpin'
Walk around the club like I walked around the yard
Nigga I'm the trap god, you tryna look hard
I'll never ever ever ask the police to protect me
Never ever ever let a rapper disrespect me
Next time from Gucci Mane, gun clappin' gon' happen
Put a cap to the cap and see my bullets tap dancin'
In the club, vibin' in this bih
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In the club, vibin' in this bih
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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