

Vibin In This Bih

Kodak Black

Cuban on my wrist, Cuban on my neck, your girl on X
Money talks, she on the phone now, we havin' phone sex
Never duckin' from you peons, I ain't fold 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 red, she get her own bread
I hit your girl with the pole, now she walkin' bowlegged
Dirty drink this that prometh, ain't sippin' Mo'«t
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 lick
Hittin' licks, now I'm droppin' hits, mouthpiece cost a brick
In the club, boppin' in this bih
Vibin' with my clique
All she wanted was to take a pic
But now she gettin' hit
In the club, poppin' in this bih
Vibin' with my clique
Poppin' in this bih
Vibin' with my clique
In the club, boppin' in this bih
Vibin' with my clique
All she wanted was to take a pic
But now she gettin' hit
In the club, boppin' in this bih
Vibin' with my clique
Poppin' in this bih
Vibin' with my clique
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'
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Songwriters

DIEUSON OCTAVE, RADRIC DAVIS Published by

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