

Feel The Vibe

Shy Glizzy

Young nigga, pass, nigga slatt (Brrt)

I fell in love with this money shit
Got in the game and I'm lovin' it
I gotta pray like a hunnid times
I can't believe how it's comin' in
I got the Patek, the Richard Mille
Bustdown Rollie, AP, and the Skeleton
And I just jumped out the Cullinan
And I still got my soul, I ain't sellin' it
And I still got my pole, I ain't tuckin' it
Niggas sayin' it's love, I know it's not
I just walked out the club with twenty thots
And they all 'bout to fuck me right on the spot
I just woke up this morning and bought a drop
'Bout to shit on these niggas, no Porter pot
I had to whip, then sellin' that water weight
Gotta get it all to 'em before it drop
I'ma keep it real with you before I lie
I'ma make like a billion 'fore I die
I've been keepin' that milli right on my side
When I go out to Philly, it's war outside
I've been layin' low, blowin' this cash, lately
I done spent like a mil' on Rodeo Drive
I heard my opps been mad lately
I was surprised he still alive

None of these niggas can kill the vibe
None of these niggas can kill the vibe
Bodies gon' drop, they say it's smoke
It's crazy 'cause I'm on the killer's side
All of my niggas still slang dope
Deep in the jungle, they still alive
No situations, I ain't fooled
We 'bout to win, I can feel the vibe (Young Jefe Holmes)

We 'bout to win, and I feel the vibes
Pray that I look in my killer eyes
How he ran, he still alive? (What?)
We steady screamin' out "Free the guys" (What? What?)
I went from a million top five (Top five)
You know numbers they don't lie (No sir)
No I can't beef with these broke guys
Our mobs that they gon' die (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
I'm a rich nigga, wrist, call me six figures (Ice)
Eenie meenie miney mo, I choose a bitch, she get litter (Get lit)
Certified Glizzy, yeah I like to scratch niggas (God damn)
But who are you to say that I won't be the next trigger (God damn, God damn)
Now let me tell you 'bout myself
Yeah I'm the big boss if you didn't know (Boss)
And even before I had a check, I was pullin' up with them different hoes (Uh-uh)
I bet you have love for the opps but that ain't the way they see me though
I hit the opp block, hop out with that Glock and the finger roll (Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh)

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We 'bout to win, I can feel the vibe, damn