

# Lonely Vibes

Shy Glizzy

(I know that you miss me)  
(But you got too much pride)  
(Thought you're not able)  
(Then love being lied to)

I heard another nigga got left last night  
That's why I gotta keep a heater on my right side  
Woke up to a phone call, a nigga said my homie died  
Feel like the realest of 'em all, I'm only on my lonely vibes  
I, I get so high  
Oh my, I get so fly  
Blood all in my eyes, I seen real life  
I seen thugs cry, I seen doves fly

Aye, let's count bodies, you ain't got none  
Aye, must not know Glizzy he's a teflon  
Aye, you play with Gigi, get your head blown  
Oh, Ahk went on the move and now he dead and gone  
They took 30 and it killed my soul  
I do anything to protect my bros  
I'm trappin' bags bitch, you ain't tryna go to war  
Just send the addy, bet we pop up at your door  
Imagine mama puttin' yo ass down in the floor  
Shoot you with my Rollie on, like, "Bitch it's time to go"  
They call it Glizzy 'cause them Glock's is what we tote  
I sell that shit, goin' in your nose, bitch, this street shit all I know

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All rats go to Hell, you know it ain't no tellin'  
And you know what they say, that all thugs go to Heaven  
We got tre-57's, Glock 9's and Mac 11's  
Don't matter where I go, it's still forever Tre Seven  
I got niggas bust ya melon  
I just make the damn call, my nigga, he a felon  
I turned into to a damn boss  
All them ain't fuckin' with me, fuck they think, I'm playin', dawg?  
It was a big shoot out and you got caught in the damn cross  
Come and sweep that whole block, yeah, like a damn mop  
Skrtrt off in a stolen Lamb, we call that a "Lamb chop"  
Two bitches on the West Side, make 'em suck the same cock  
Hit 'em from they best side, I think they got the same dock, uh

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(I know that you miss me)

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(Then love being lied to, oh, oh, oh, oh)