

Kill My Vibe

XXXTentacion

Yeah

Okay, kill my vibe, yeah, yeah
You gon' die, yeah, yeah
Wrist on ice, ain't it nice?
Fuck the price, yeah, yeah
Kill my vibe, yeah, yeah
You gon' die, yeah, yeah
Wrist on ice, ain't it nice?
Fuck the price, yeah, yeah

Smoking right, it don't lie
I been that nigga, like, this whole time
Alarm clock, nigga was sleep 'til I iced my wrist
Now my charm's up
Street shit, that's my genre
Sippin' this drank like Starbucks
'Less you sharin' them cookies, babe
What the fuck you got in this car for? We grown
I keep a secret, fuck you, then send you back home to your people
My niggas trappin', and swipin' the Visas
Stackin' and flippin', you know the procedure
Now he shakin' like a seizure
Say you ballin', but we don't believe ya
Bought the champagne for achievement
Shoot the pistol, just give me a reason, oh

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I'm so high, I'm so fly, I'm so lit
Man, my jeweler ice me like a game of freeze tag, and I'm it
Ayy, y'all niggas duck-duck-duck
Your bitch love me, and I love her too
She text me heart eyes and a tongue emoji
I bend her over, enjoy the moment
Then catch a flight
Hating niggas like bugs, the crib full of pesticide
I'm gettin' extra racks, I rep the set for life, yeah, yeah
We got the streets on lock, eternal sleep for opps
Taught me to pull up and cock
V12's what we slide, yeah, they wanna kill a nigga vibe, yeah

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