## 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 Vibin' with my clique Vibin' in this bih Vibin' with my clique 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 Vibin' with my clique Vibin' 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 ask the police to protect me Never 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 Vibin' with my clique All she wanted was to take a pic But now she gettin' hit In the club, vibin' in this bih Vibin' with my clique Vibin' in this bih Vibin' with my clique 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 Vibin' with my clique Vibin' in this bih Vibin' with my clique

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