

## Check The Vibe

Audio Push

Back in the days on the streets of the Inland  
We used to kick routines and the presense was fittin'  
It was I, The Bishop

And me the young great  
We're known to make the heads nod and all the rumps shake  
Ayo, Price, you remember that routine  
Where we used to go to Gotham in them skinny jeans

Oh back when I had the lip ring and niggas would say  
"Skinny Jeans is gay" but now they all rock 'em today  
[Oktane:] Yeah you on point Price?  
[Price:] All the time, Okt  
[Oktane:] You on point Price?  
[Price:] All the time, Okt  
[Oktane:] You on point Price?  
[Price:] All the time, Okt  
[Oktane:] Well, just grab the microphone and let the rhyme rock

Now here's a simple introduction to how nice I am  
They call me Price and God put lightning in my writing hand  
I spread love when I hop on stage and recite the jams  
But I got that type of temper to hop off and fight the fans  
I'm workin' on me  
Cause them ain't the steps that Christ would plan  
But you know I gotta get it right  
Ain't gon' happen over night  
It feel like Moses partin' the seas when I hold the mic  
Been nice since my white tees was oversized  
Ditchin' highschool for the cypher kickin' the coldest rhymes  
Ask 'em if they know the guy, bet they like "Sure, you right"  
Late night I kissed my girl 'til she close her eyes  
Dear Good Vibe Tribe you know I gotta hold you high  
From writin' with Hit-Boy, rappin' to old beats  
To thuggin' at B-Nice's crib, nigga got no sleep  
Up all night thinkin' bout all the times I dodged death  
And I dodged committin' crimes cause I was out kickin'

The Vibe don't lie, the Vibe don't lie  
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The Vibe, the Vibe don't lie  
Elevation at your high with the Good Vibe Tribe  
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Back in the days on the streets of the Inland  
We used to kick routines and the presense was fittin'  
It was "Hi! I'm Juju"

And me the young Bishop  
We here to bring the peace no need to make your guns lift up  
Yo Okt, your remember how I used to go?  
When we would dance everytime we rock at every show

Yeah that was back when I had braids we was passin' out flyers

You know my memory sucks but let's try  
[Price:] Here we go, you on point Okt?  
[Oktane:] All the time, Price  
[Price:] You on point Okt?  
[Oktane:] All the time, Price  
[Price:] You on point Okt?  
[Oktane:] All the time, Price  
[Oktane:] Okay well grab the microphone and go and get the world some life

Alright, pen to the pad cause the pad reflects the mental  
The bopper's in my pocket so I gotta keep it simple  
Need the groove on it, there it is, got it on my snap  
I.E. where you [?] got you on my back  
How you feelin' baby? Got it groovy everytime I rap  
Cause my richness is not riches if it ain't helping my pack  
People used to hate that city, now that city on the map  
If we don't start gettin' plaques back to back to back to back  
They don't deserve timeless, man my words vomit  
Keep my words honest with niggas that just need the word ride it  
Man I get high and listen to Earth, Wind & Fire  
Cause new music blows  
You look surprised, there ain't much music sold  
If you won't say it, I will, man music ain't been cold  
Man I remember when that new music ain't get old  
They had them horns on it  
That make you perform with your mama through the storm warning  
Now that sound cold, don't it?  
Man these rappers keep rapping  
Like this rap shit ain't savin' their life  
Say what you want, man, but say that I'm right  
What the fuck did you choose?

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