

Check The Vibe

Audio Push

Back in the days on the streets of the Inland
We used to kick routines and the precense 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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