

Vibe

Axe Murder Boyz

Burn it to the ground
Burn that bitch down
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And the brain was good but the head ain't right
So I had to dip, baby girl don't trip
Lemme light my spliff and put it to my lip
Smoke it up now chill, baby I'm too real
Don't let the vibe get killed, now I don't do no pills
And I don't need no lean, I just smoke my green
I ain't with all of that overdose, comatose, holy ghost
Ride the folks, motherf*ckers better have my money
Tell 'em vamanos, anybody living in negativity gotta go
I ain't with all of the hostility I could body those dead
Tell 'em what the OG said
Keep it in your clique, get bread
If I gotta paint this whole bitch red
Walk around with my enemy severed head
I would rather live free and prosper, f*ck the gossip
Smoke another L out the backward coffin
To millimeter I don't call her Sarah McLachlan
Send you to the arms of the angels boppin'
I ain't with the same old show
Whats the point of making a mistake if a man can't grow
Studying the knowledge of all the ancient scrolls
And looking for inner peace while I'm chasing dough
And I know that this a party
You ain't wanna hear me wax poetic
But every now and again I get started
But I know you won't forget
Old heads been said I'm dope, everywhere I go
Motherf*ckers wanna know where I get it from
Where I'm headed to the top, pedestal
I ain't tripping off of nothing except Lexapro
I don't need a GPS to address a hoe
They see me coming up on a check then I bless a hoe
Hit the stage and wreck the show and get the dough
Anything less unacceptable
I was born for it
You motherf*ckers outdated like a .RAR torrent
You f*cked up like Lil Xan huffing on chloroform at 4 in the morning on tour
with the Osborn's
And I'm sitting back watching with the popcorn
Rappers want the juice but I got more, marijuana connoisseur
Never was an honor student
Came from the bottom to a well-known ninja
Ain't nobody harder do it ooh, can't nobody handle my crew
Young guns really wanna shoot, got the milli in the coupe
Y'all sound silly in the booth
Small circle but they keep me in the loop
Business

Act like I ain't getting mine but I got it

Act like I ain't with the shit but I'm bout it
On the road, breaking bread, doing mileage
This is death, board the jet, I'm the pilot

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What your mom's don't want you to know
Is that I don't live long at all
You might as well make it your mode
They're afraid of ending it all
Act like I ain't with the shit but I'm bout it
But I'm bout it

So I go for the row
I don't even know how the f*ck I got up in this bitch yo
But I'm in slow while everything else sped up kinda like Tim Frope
Bonezilla the killa making dough
And I never look back to how I kinda live before
Cause I'm moving on up to the moon
Motherf*cker don't matter how far I think I can go
Cause I'm bringing that gasoline
And I burn that whole bitch down
And I got my brother with me
And we smoking up on that loud
Eyes wide shut, never give a f*ck
Come and get some, I got plenty to give
Ima take a shiv, stick it in your rib
How I gotta live, cut it out, then dip, dip
Money be the root of all evil but you know that I'll never be broke again
Ima f*cking win, ima be the shit, never quit, never quit
Now I'm sick, now I'm sick, I'm sick, but not the flu
Ima do me and let you do you
I rage, up on stage, kicking it like Johnny Cage
Hey, Sonya, I wanna be on ya, let's go to California
Maybe in Seattle, or in Colorado
Where they gonna let me blaze
Like the Dead Man, my homie, and The R.O.C, we go way back
GV and G-Mo Skee, me and L.A.R.S. got the same gats
And Twiztid's the shiznit, Turncoat Dirty my brother too
Bitch I thought you knew, knew
What the f*ck you gonna do about it, nothing
Ima come up like pushing daisies
Foaming at the mouth like rabies
Underground like Hades baby

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Whip it up, gon' whip it up
Only dope, that's the camp
Only dope shit when I bust
A-M-Bop it, you know that I got it
A-M-Bop it, and you know that I got it
Whip it up, gon' whip it up
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