

## Vibe 2 It

Chris Webby

Just vibe to it, watch how I do it  
Rolling windows down, and then ride to it  
Dealing with the seat back, and recline to it  
Just turn the volume high, and then vibe to it  
Now vibe to it, watch how I do it  
Turn it up, and party the whole night to it  
Throw some weed in the bong, and get high to it  
Just turn the volume high and then vibe to it

I keeps a bunch of different colored hoes, yo I miss match  
Homies outside of my clique that carry click-clack  
Got 'em sayin' I'm the truth 'cause I spit facts  
So these niggas really can't see me like it's pitch black  
Nigga, this that, oh you runnin' shit? I missed that  
The tables turned, now you wonder where your bitch at  
They like, "Sap, we know you do it, don't overdo it"  
'Cause I'm bringin' way too much liquor to the kick back  
Hoes love me like Denzel with no five  
I trust no ho, doin' well with no job  
That weak shit you makin' requires a slow nod  
You beggin' for spares, niggas get played with no prob  
Just because they know I'm, dope with no cosign  
Screamin', "Sap it's yo time, turn this into show time"  
But step back and let me do just that  
I'm getting' off like I do just rap, so turn it up and just

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See the white boy back up in this bitch, and now I'm 2.0  
And ain't nobody makin' all the fuckin' noise that I be  
Drive real slow with them seats down low  
Rims shinin' like the leaves on poison ivy  
Smoke is all up in my vehicle so, you know I be gettin' bent like origami  
But this life of mine is like Life of Pi  
Yeah, I gotta hang tough when the water choppy  
Vibe to it, I'm the vibrator, 'bout to blow so big I'ma leave behind craters  
Tell 'em, "Hi hater"  
If you like it or not, my song's stuck in your head like I wrote 'em on fly  
paper  
Ain't no time taken stressed out  
We turnin' up until your head bounce  
And burn another from my fresh ounce  
Vibe right and I'm takin' it slow, doin' me the only way that I know  
So everybody go and

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