

## Sharp Vibes

Kodak Black

You niggas so fucked up, they think when you fucked up you realer  
That money move I ain't really gotta pull no trigger  
These bitches was sleepin' on me now they bitin' the pillow  
I ain't gotta prove no point niggas know I'm a killer  
These niggas so fucked up they think when you broke you 'bout that  
Say these niggas tweakin' I told 'em say less I got that  
These bitches be fucked up ain't got shit they nothin' but pretty  
He done killed half of the city but he lowkey a sissy  
I told my bitch if she cheatin' it better be worth it  
I know I keep breakin' yo heart but you better not hurt me  
And the way that my BM be movin' just pray for the bitch  
I had them turnt to a bass I stay with a stick  
I'm ridin' candy paint vert impala  
These bitches be fucked up gone ask you for 17 dollars  
I was just fucked up ain't had nothin' but soup in my locker  
W'in the county jail bid wearin' another nigga boxers  
Hopin' the CO bitch don't smell this dope  
See the wick in the vent then wanna pop my door  
I'm better off in Alaska, dark and cold  
Hope my son don't grow up like me wit' a evil soul  
I got some secrets I wonder if Jesus knows  
Only God knows all of the people I stole  
All the dope I sold, all the peace I stole  
All the moms cry cause I made they sons die  
Say bae I'm so fucked up, times I wonder why  
My heart so [?] sometimes I wanna fly  
Ain't seen it comin' the streets done turned me a vulture  
Incarcerated but it could be way worse  
Bae would you believe me, you the one I'm lovin'  
I know I fucked up so much times I make it hard to trust me  
But I can see the stars through this destroyed roof  
I took it way too far I killed his whole group  
Even state troopers tryinna [?] cause all the corners I bent  
I know the Devil gon' owe me for all the shit I sent  
Wonder if I die sittin' in prison is it what I get  
Will that be what I get, nigga leave my brain on this cement  
I done made a couple mill been on a couple drills  
Hit a million licks, ask all them jits they know I'm make no bitch  
Even state troopers tryinna [?] cause all the corners I bent  
I know the Devil gon' owe me for all the shit I sent  
Wonder if I die sittin' in prison is it what I get  
Will that be what I get, nigga leave my brain on this cement  
I done made a couple mil' been on a couple drills  
Hit a million licks, ask all them jits they know I'm make no bitch  
And any clique I ever ran with, I ran them shits  
And all the time them niggas was always my lil' niggas  
Them niggas ain't even wanna [?] 'less I was right there with em  
You'd think I work for eBay the way you gon' get your issue  
I know some real steppers ain't never spent a day in prison  
These niggas so fucked up think they gangster cause they got caught when you  
didn't  
Me and young money state of mind—fuck it we burnin' bridges  
He know I ran up in your house on Kamikaze missions