

# Aitch, Vibsing

I just stepped to the gal, like 'yo, what's good'  
Big back, wants all this wood  
Looking to link when she got in the club  
But we couldn't get ink and it said 'no hoods'  
Fuck it, back to the ends for a shubz  
Have you seen how I ride on the beat, it's fucked  
Still doing bits, still fucking it up  
Come through, gyaldem are still looking at us

Yeah, I'm just duppy in dubs  
Can't talk shit on the mic, call A-I  
Switch on the mic, I'm shutting him up  
Man just rip up the mic, bare fans  
Dem are feeling the vibe, I'm loving the love  
Big up the DJ's pulling it up  
I'll teach one about vibes and energies  
Just listen up and study the book

RB said 'shall we make another? '  
I said 'Dun know G, we'll lace it brudda'  
I swear, MC's better start taking cover  
And if he wants lyrical war, I'll  
Blaze another, you can take on L then take another  
When I'm with my donny, his phone don't stop  
Why the fuck do you think that he says that the haze is pukka?

Oi, positive vibes  
I only fuck with the positive guys  
Negative energies got man nowhere  
Only the positive rise

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It's 2018, please open your eyes  
I don't wanna hear 'bout 'white boy can't spit'  
Build up a team and choose your top 5  
I'll jump on the mic and they'll all get ripped  
Man's a machine when it's time to rhyme  
Yo, last years haters are calling me sick  
Man come clean when I chat to the gyal  
But all of their boyfriends call me a prick

Oh shit, quick time, jump in the whip  
With a bitch, get dipped, when she done  
That's it, I've dipped, ripping the shit outta 'dis  
And I'm riffing 'da 'riddim, got the sickest of lyrics and shit  
Don't make me get silly with it, watch how I'm delivering it  
Do more than kill it a bit, go old school  
Aitch, man, bap, bap, drill it with it

I just vibe on the beat and man still rate it  
White boy merkin the ting, just face it  
Man say 'safe' 'cause they think I'll make it  
But they weren't there when I weren't on the playlist  
Now they wanna chat 'cause they see me on stages  
Shut down places on places  
Every team mad now a man's got ratings  
Still don't care for the man that are hating

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I make other mans sets get cut  
'Cause the crowds all asking for me when a man's on stage  
Yeah, fuck it up, get cake  
Everyting blessed, buy a drink, get waved  
Mad, ay, nuff man are like 'brap'  
Bare gal are like 'Aitch, I love the way that you mash up the stage'  
Yeah, bless, safe

Aitch is back with that back to back  
Flip back like an acrobat type of flow  
I attack a track like 'ra-ta-ta-ta'  
Quickly pack my bag when it's wrapped and go  
So, back up, relax, just shack up the track  
Go stack up a rack, can't splash all your dough  
Graft for a gaff, spent bags on that  
Then watch how the piece then blow  
When the bitch get sold

Are you mad? Positive vibes only this year, you get me?  
Big up A1 in the studio, big up WhyJay in the studio  
All my brothers, you get me  
Miss me with all this negative shit, boom

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