

Moneybagg Yo, Vibes In LA

Ugh, yeah
YSL gang gang, you know what I'm sayin'
Ayy Gunna
I'm out here in Cali nigga, I'm feeling like you

Yeah, I got vibes in LA
Dimes in the bank
I keep rising the hate
Put blue stars in the Wraith
Two new cars, ain't no space
Do some wood, pop some Ace
Get to running, we can race
Used to starve 'til I ate

Yellow diamonds, I got clean piss
Perfect timing, a ice cream wrist
Risk your life for, for a beam miss
This bitch from England, don't know no English
I don't pay no mind to no sneak diss
Told the label I can't sign for no cheap trick
My block play with them pounds, shit like recess
Lot of chopper guns and F&N's and kill TECs
I'm sitting way back, in the back of that Maybach
Gold Rollie I paid cash, two tone for my main man
YSL we made it
Hit the gas, no brakes
I'ma speed up the Wraith
Young Gunna gettin' paid
Big house with a gate
Better save your money
I hope you don't have to find out the hard way
Take a loss and get it crackin', broad day
We just been gettin' rich relaxing, parlayin'
I put a bad bitch on Broadway
Tryna cop a mansion like Bill Gates
Count so many of them blue hundreds they feel fake
Cut that dope up just like Benihana's with no wait

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I go fed, you go state
Goin' to trial 'bout my case
I got bitches in the bay
Diamonds hit so hard they look fake
Hell naw, my shit came straight from icebox
I'm in Cali in the hills, with some hitters in a tanktop
Blindfold, I just counted a hundred grand with my eyes closed
Coming for a nigga like me, fuck 'round get exposed
This draco hold a hundred, they gon' aim it at your nose, nose
Keep that worrisome bitch out my place
Tom Anderson, give me my space
Promoter hit the line and he said he got a play
Told his ass 40K, lock it in I'm on my way, hey

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