

# VIBEZ

## DaBaby

Let's go  
You know it's baby, nigga  
(Oh Lord, Jetson made another one)She wanna fuck with me but I don't got the time  
I just hopped off a private plane and went and hopped on 85  
Go call my chauffeur bitch, cause' I don't like to drive  
We in suburban's back to back and we gone fill em' up with vibesFill em' with vibes  
Get in the ride  
And no, a nigga not blind  
But I keep that stick and I'm firing  
Ain't met a nigga in life  
That's fucking with me  
Say he did then he lying  
We got so many vibes stuffed in the car  
We can fuck them hoes six at a time  
I make them hoes say that nigga so fine  
Girl he got that D you can feel in yo spine  
Yeah that's what they say about Baby  
You know them bitches don't play about Baby  
Baby should go run for president  
Look what God did, took his time with me  
Got a red and white hoe like a peppermint  
Pull up to the hotel, take the vibes in  
She gone fuck me and fuck on my brethren  
My brother and them  
Having three hoes in the king size  
I ain't finished yet, get another bitch  
Got her riding dick and screaming "He-hah"  
Make me proud girl, you a cowgirl  
She did a handstand, I'm like wow girl  
Got me fucking her upside down  
Yeah, we going dumb, say she wanna cum  
I'm looking like when? She looking like now  
Some mo' came in, say they want it too  
I tagged in my brother, bitch I'm out  
I know  
She wanna fuck with me but I don't got the time  
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We in suburban's back to back and we gone fill em' up with vibesShe wanna fuck on me but I  
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We in suburban's back to back and we gone fill em' up with vibes  
Look, let's get on a jet  
Come give me some neck  
She ain't picking up  
And her nigga just called, she gone send em' a text  
I don't need no doc  
Bitch, you know I'm a dog  
Better send me the vet  
Ever made you a million?  
I tell em' riddle me that  
Ain't offended me yet  
My bitch drink Bacardi  
I'm in this bitch feeling like Set  
Quarter-mill on my neck  
Over two on the crib  
Fo' hundred thou on the whip  
Dicking down yo lil' bitch  
I'm 'bout to go buy me a coupe  
Pull up, make the doors raise the roof  
Louis V army fatigue  
I'm 'bout with a pole like a troop  
Baby Ray Allen from three  
You leave me open, I'm shooting  
We like Martin and Pam at the hotel  
We kicking hoes out, get the boot  
These hoes catching bodies, they 'bout it  
We having new vibes in the lobby  
That's wherever we go ain't no problem  
I just told a bitch no, she was childish (Bye)  
Pulled up like  
She wanna fuck on me but I don't got the time  
I just hopped off a private plane and went and hopped on 85  
Go call my chauffeur bitch, cause' I don't like to drive  
We in suburban's back to back and we gone fill em' up with vibes

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>