

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, gyal dem 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

Like, like positive vibes
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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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