

# 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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