

Rebecca Wheatley

"Check the Vibe"

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[Dred Scott]

Yeah.. check it out.. check it out..
Check my vibe, I check that vibe
I check my vibe, I check that vibe
I check my vibe, I check that vibe
I check my vibe, I check that vibe

[*uncredited singer*]

{Sometimes, I don't know if I'm here..
Sometimes, I don't know if I'm there..
Sometimes, I look and see the sadness in your eyes
Sometimes, I don't know if I care..}

[Dred Scott]

Check my vibe, I check that vibe
I check my vibe, I check that vibe
I check my vibe, I check that vibe
I check my vibe, I check that vibe
I check my vibe, I check that vibe
I check my vibe, I check that vibe
I check my vibe, I check it out, check it out
Check it out, check it out, check it out, check it

Wakin up the mind, wakin up the soul
Sunshine from the brother, let's take a stroll
A jeep goes boom, a mother holds an infant
I hear some buckshots goin off in the distance
I see the visions of my brothers no longer here
I hold back a tear, wind whispers in my ear
The kids in the middle of the street I see 'em playin
catch
Make it from the one cause the socks don't match
But with the ancestor both the young kings are blessed
A man and a woman leave the church overdressed
Far from the Lord, close to the Benz
My mother hit the lotto now she got a lot of friends
A young girl starin in the car to the right
I smile back, taken by my own sense of sight
The cops drive by to do some more good deeds
and a young black male spits the sunflower seeds in
the air

[*uncredited singer*]

{Sometimes, I don't know if I feel..
Sometimes, I don't know if I'm real..
Sometimes, I look and see the sunlight in the sky
Sometimes, I don't know if I care..}

[Dred Scott]

Check my vibe, I check that vibe
I check my vibe, I check that vibe
I check my vibe, I check that vibe
I check my vibe, I check that vibe
I check my vibe, I check that vibe
I check my vibe, I check that vibe
I check my vibe, I check that vibe
I check my vibe, I check that vibe
Check it out, check it out, check it out, check it

Tests of the strength as the young mack stare
A black queen is judged by the length of her hair
Self-hate grows and it flows like a flood
The light-skinned black's lovin the slavermaster's blood
To be grown up is what the young girl want
See the childhood is short like the life of a blunt
Fertilize your egg cause he whispered in your ear
But you won't have his kid cause he got nappy hair
To the game I'm true like the sun first rose
I'm real like my man Michael Jackson's first nose
Wind blows let the tiny baby take the first step
but at the same time the old man takes a last breath
from the air

[*uncredited singer*]

{Sometimes, I don't know if I'm here..
Sometimes, I don't know if I'm there..
Sometimes, I don't know if I feel..
Sometimes, I don't know if I'm real..
Sometimes, I look and see the sunlight in the sky
Sometimes, I look and there's a sadness in your eye
Sometimes, I look and ask myself I wonder why
Sometimes, I don't know why..
Sometimes, I don't know}

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