

Feel It In The Air

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My spider senses is tingling
Feel something, got my radars up

Something going on, I feel funny can't tell me nothing different
My nose twitching
Intuition setting in like STI visio
I still close my eyes, I still see visions
Still hear that voice in the back of my mind
so what I do? I still take heed, I still listen
I still paint that perfect picture,
I still shine bright like a prism
My words still skipping - through air
I know you can't, don't, won't get it
You niggas chose to ride that ship, sunk with it
I'm still afloat, I ain't the captain of the yacht but I'm on a boat
I ain't acting what I'm not
Knowing that I don't, you niggas acting like you will but I know you won't,
you won't
I read between the lines of your eyes to your brows
your handshake ain't matching your smile
I'll holla, you niggas foul

I can feel it in the air
I can feel it in the air
I can feel it in the air
I can hear it in your voice
I can feel it in the air

I sit alone in my 4 cornered room staring at hammers
Ready to go bananas
2 vests on me, 2 techs, extra clips on me
I know my mind ain't playing tricks on me
I ain't skitz hommie
Ain't no body drop a nick on me
It's like they tryna plot a set on me
I hear this voice in the back of my mind like mack tighten up your circle
Before they hurt you
Read they body language
85% communication non-verbal, 85% swear they know you
10% you know they story, man the other 5... time'll show you, just know you
Then pull they strings, you the puppet master
**** them other bastards
Man watch who you puffing after
Play your cards, go against all odds
Shoot for the moon if you miss, you still amongst those stars

I can feel it in the air
I can feel it in the air
I can feel it in the air (I ain't scared nigga I ain't going no where)
I can hear it in your voice (can you feel me?)
I can feel it in the air (can you feel me?)

Can you feel it, can you feel it floating?
Without picture quoting, scriptures from revelation
Talk **** and got the devil waiting
Body get stiff, so levitate
Why do I speak blasphemy?

Knowing one day that he'll ask for me
Ask for my sins
No one'll feel his wrath for me
I go through it, so you wouldn't do it...after me
As for me
I'm still circling the block before I'm parking
Not bitching, I'm just still cautious
Same black parka, same uzzi, extra clips, still clapping with that same lark
ing
Damn, I feel it in the air, you not sincere
Nigga it ain't an us, or we, or ima thing
It's a good/bad karma thing
This a song man the honest sing
I swear I feel something honestly

I can feel it in the air
I can feel it in the air
I can feel it in the air
I can hear it in your voice
I can feel it in the air