

## Air It Out

Noyd, Big

Somebody gon' (na) die in this bitch  
We about to "air it out"

I don't know what convinced you to mention the mobb  
Must of been bent straight of the alcohol  
Once you crossed that path, fuck with that cash  
Quick, fast have a sick clique get up in that ass  
Gold Pee nigga with the cracks in his ass  
Pretty Tone homey with the mack in the grass  
They buck you then fuck your boo where she shit at  
Then we profit from it, and spit it on the tridack (track)  
Letting the world know you a bitch ass kidat (cat)  
And how your own hood disrespect you where you live at  
They be hey all day how you let him do that  
Noyd and his clique I think you better get at  
But don't gas your dog he ain't built for that  
I will spit 'em all right through his fitted kiddap (cap)  
Jump out with the midack (mack) on Broadway and Houston  
Right in front of thousand and put it in efidack (effect)  
I'm a pay!

The word is out, Noyd is out  
And he about to Air it out  
Oh y'all think it's a game, better bring those things  
He Gon' (na) show you what a gangsta's (a)bout

Ayo... Nigga better back up off please  
When you got tough, huh? thun you lost me  
You never grind enough you're a Mr. Softy  
Truly the Ruger will kill you softly  
Then we see then yeah who the boss be  
Smoke your little clique like a bag of the Hersey  
How the fuck it's all good, Nigga the hood is thirsty  
Peep the big six and you want to test me  
Gon' make my gun spit, y'all niggas kill me  
Gon' have my gun, sitting on your ear piece  
Having your bitch screaming please don't kill me  
I don't owe you shit and I ain't your daddy  
I don't own the six I own the "Navi"  
And I'm sitting deep this nigga sweet like candy  
You niggas want beef you know get right at me  
QB nigga that's why you can't stand me (You know cause...)

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See we don't back down we go pound for pound  
Tech for tech right on the block emptying clips  
Buck something leave motha fuckas hitting the deck  
And then one by one motha fuckas be dead  
The word is out, Noyd is out  
East coast, Weat coast down to the dirty south  
Catch anybody flossin' I'm airing it out  
With the nine hollow tips man I'm spittin' 'em out  
Listen out cause I'm emptying out for that bling

That watch and that chain put a bullet in your brain  
Not a thing I'm a gangsta this is what I do  
Go to war wuth the bangers and eat niggas food  
When I'm starvin' I'm robbin' that's how it is thun  
If I'm lying I'm flying word to everything I love  
Don't get it twist nigga cause I twist niggas cap back  
That QB gutter shit bringing it bidack (back)

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