

Air It Out

Jadakiss

Work wit me
I wanna thank y'all fa comin out
Tonight
Dis iz sum reel' shit
Ah--hah

First things first
When a nigga money ain't right
That makes things worst
Now he's just breathing he can barely manage
And he's way past starvin
He's really famished
His right-hand man is up north, that's hurtin em
His cellphone bout to cut off, spring jerkin em
And his baby moms startin to do her thing again
She left him for a nigga pumpin e up in Binghamton
If his money is right than maybe he can diss her
But he can't, and niggas is breakin his little sister
His pops just past
His mom use to be an occasional sniffer
Then she started fuckin with the gas
Dude use to be a star back then
He had the benz CL something
But he just turned his car back in
Mad carrots pawned all his rings
Took this thing next thing I know
Money pawned all his bling
Now he just like everybody
With the same old plans
That can't get over the hump
With the same old grams
They was on the block making fun of him
He slid off came back with his hammer and killed everyone of em

R: Cause when I come through clear it out,
Play the sideline and observe how a real nigga air it out
When I come through clear it out,
Play the sideline and observe how a real nigga air it out
When I come through clear it out,
Play the sideline and observe how a real nigga air it out
When I come through clear it out
Play the sideline and observe

Me and B.I go man to man
I know niggas with an asshole
Full of parole that go hand in hand
Fuck hot thats humidity
And you can't mix money with stupidity
Even though I get my coke from Columbia
My cars from Germany
And my guns from Sicily
Nothin personal but I was raised different
Hold my joint sideways so I blaze different
Give it to anybody fuck an age difference
From those in the world to those in the ca****
Rub the kite on your chest and swallow the stamp
At the end of the day they still gonna follow the champ

It ain't about being lyrical
Cause when I get in the booth
I make miracles and I ain't stared at you
But I'm in tune with the hood so I'm better than you
And when you see me comin you know what is better to do

R:

Can't lie all I got is my balls and my vocals
And the only security I roll wit is my social
It don't look decent
It's like niggas left they crew in the hood
And went on the rode with the presint
Had it up to here with this fake shit
They don't even want a nigga to earn his
Just give and take shit
Just make sure you mention my name in da top brackets
And make sure you mention your name as the top faggot
Trust me this go around I will not have it
I putin niggas heads to bed like crapmadics
How you think your man died
More money than respect
And it wasn't close it was by a landslide
Listen my nigga your work is sloppy
And I don't love them hoes but the purple got me
If I don't don't do it with music imma do it wit poppy
Just play the sideline and observe and watch me
Let's go

R: