

In The Air

Tech N9ne

Sickology 101 futuristic B-Boyz shit
Your first lesson given to you by (Mr. Smith!)
KC MO stand up, young niggas represent

Ey, Ask me what I wanna be when I grow up
I ain't jus gonna blow up
Im a star I got astronomers tryna get a close up
Telescopes and cameras
Rappers wanna use glamors
But im gleamin from the planets, homie
Mine is called Kansas City
The cloud in my pocket's gotta rain on 'em
Such a star I saw Heaven's walls and wrote my name on 'em
So comfortable at the top I hopped on a plane and claimed Everest
You might as well say the boy is Himalayan
I rent my rooms on the moon Mr. Smith is comin' soon
The angels feedin' me cereal with a silver spoon
My hair line is Craig Smith Airlines
A ride from Kansas City to LA is as long as a fan line
I'm high as '08 gas prices
My votes are twice as high as Obama's & I ain't gotta ask nice
I'm high as Tech's tour bus
The light skinned one so if you're lookin for me dog look up and try to find
the sun

I'm in the air
High in the air
Im in the air
High in the air

Yeah
Don't mean to brag but I froze my piece
And I'm gettin higher then a nose bleed seat
Don't bring her to my session, if your ho sees me
She'll drop dead in the studio like ODB
It's the owner and I'm very cool
Plus this weed keep me higher than an air baloon
Copy cat
Like what I'm wearing dude?
I'm so fly, I walk around with a parachute
And even rappers lie too
But I'm the only human with an astronaut suit
See yo entire verse?
Say that your iron squirt
When you only shootin' in the air like fireworks (pussy)
If suckas still on that hatin' shit
I'll stuff 'em in a bag like potato chips
I'll bend they ass up like a paper clip
Tech, sign me and see how quick your paper flip

(I ain't gotta introduce myself yall know what it is)

Why call me underground when I rock the stars?
And even they can't see me with a pair of binoculars
My hip-hoppin gave a good side swipe to Mars
One-Third an extinction hit, Which left the limelight Ajar
You want your scripts to fly, Not in my solar system

Cause I'll dismiss 'em like they wished to die
Mack mother-nature and I ripped her, Why?
Civilian ladies love me
So bro, Excuse her while she kiss the sky
Call me master
More exalted than a priest, a pastor
Blasphemy have me blast fags fast with Magma
In the air like Dancer and Dasher
High in the sky, Above all mountains off in Alaska
Higher than a million heroin hits if it'll last ya
Super-Celestial when everyone's stuck off in the pasture
The wack, I will cast ya down
Below those who get caught up in my Rapture
Don't be callin me "dog" cause I want you to say it backwards