

# 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