

In the Air

Jeezy

Trey, woah-woah.

Yeah, yeah, you know y'all done fucked up right?

So this the type of shit to help a nigga when a nigga need the trap to go up nigga.

Y'all playing with dope, me and Snow gotta come back and do this shit again.

Y'all know this gon' be another 20 year run nigga.

Ay Snow these niggas playing with it, we gotta show these niggas who the best
Heard the streets is talking to them bitches I'm listening

Y'all gon' make me whip a quarter mil up

Whip my wrist and Shawty Redd got the beat banging Snow back on his Snow shit

The way I feel nigga I might call up my old bitch

Lexus it was bubble eye, I was paying 24

Transaction at the car wash across corner store

That was off of Calen Road, beside Dekalb Mall

Back when me and Shawty hit up Ts and had a damn ball

About the time I bought the coupe just to hung up out the roof

Drop them housing hoes on Madden Ave I duck and block that boy the truth

Then I picked that Bentley up 'cause frankly I ain't give a fuck

Snow pursue that rapping shit, your name is hot, you blowing up

Nigga Pump hit me up, a young nigga signed a bag boy

'Cause Jazzy had bag back then call me the Bag Boy

They was in them Breitlings but your boy was in that Rollie

Who else gon' talk them chickens like he working at Chipotle
If you're really 'bout your issues, three fingers in the air

If you got your pistol with ya, three fingers in the air

If you really ride foreign, three fingers in the air

Gettin' paper like you touring, three fingers in the air

And to all my real bitches, three fingers in the air

Don't affiliate with snitches, three fingers in the air

My young niggas riding leather, three fingers in the air

Twist it up and change the weather three fingers in the air
Bitch I paid two lawyer fees and drivers

Had the rental so long I had to buy a set of tires

Got popped in jack town was a little off the rap

My nigga Boo Raw seen it had to come and bail me out

What if they find two mil? Bitch y'all know that it was 3

Riding green Murcielago, y'all know that was me

I done had so many Lambs' that I'm Lambo'd out

I'mma have to buy a Cutlass I done already had

See I wear my Jacob to my first meeting with Def Jam

Walked in and told LA Reid "you see it"

Bald head, top down on Collins, I'm 2Pacing
They'll never find my prints on the rocks, I'm tube sockin'
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air
If you got your pistol with ya, three fingers in the air
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Gettin' paper like you touring, three fingers in the air
And to all my real bitches, three fingers in the air
Don't affiliate with snitches, three fingers in the air
My young niggas riding leather, three fingers in the air
Twist it up and change the weather three fingers in the air
All this watered down shit I keep hearing on the radio
nigga.
We going back to the streets nigga, the radio is the streets nigga.
Ay y'all know y'all done fucked up right? Trey

Songwriters

Jay Jenkins, Demetrius StewartPublished by

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patents pending.

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