

Feel It In The Air (Radio Edit)

Beanie Sigel

I can feel it in the air
My spider senses is tinglin'
Feel somethin', got my radars up

Somethin' goin' on, I feel funny
Can't tell me nuttin' different, my nose twitchin'
Intuition settin' in like steel vision
I still close my eyes, I still see visions

Still hear that voice in tha back of my mind
So what I do? I still take heathe, I still listen
I still paint that perfect picture
I still shine bright like a prism

My words still skippin' through air, I know you can't, don't, won't get it
You niggas chose to ride that shit, 'sault wit it?
I'm still afloat, I ain't tha captain of tha yacht
But I'm on a boat, I ain't actin' what I'm not, knowin' that I don't

You niggas actin' like you will
But I know you won't, you won't
I read between tha lines of ya eyes to ya brows
Ya handshake ain't matchin' ya smile, you niggas foul

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I can hear it in your voice
I can feel it in the air

I sit alone in my four cornered room starin' at hammers
Ready to go bananas
Two vests on me, two techs, extra clips on me
I know my mind ain't playin' tricks on me

I ain't skitz, hommie, ain't nobody drop a mick on me
It's like they tryna plot a set on me
I hear this voice in tha back of my mind
Like mack tighten up ya circle before they hurt you

Read they body language
85 percent communication non-verbal
85 percent swear they know you, 10 percent you know they stories
Man, tha other 5 time to show you, just know you

Then pull they strings, you tha puppet master
Fuck them other bastards, man, watch who you puffin' after
Play ya cards, go against all odds
Shoot for tha moon, if you miss you still amongst those stars

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Can you feel it, can you feel it floatin'?
Foul picture quotin', scriptures from Revelation
Just talk shit an' got tha devil waitin'
Body get stiff, so levitate

Why do I speak blasphemy?
Knowin' one day that He'll ask for me
Ask for my sins, no one to feel His wrath for me
I go through it, so you wouldn't do it after me

As for me, I'm still circlin' tha block before I'm parkin'
Not bitchin', I'm just still cautious
Same black parka, same Uzi
Extra clips, still clappin' wit that same larkin'

Damn, I feel it in tha air, you not sincere
Nigga it ain't an us, or we, or I'ma thing
It's a good bad karma thing, this a song man
I'ma say, I swear I feel somethin' honestly

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