

# 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

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

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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