In The Air

Ben Grim

[Intro: Tech N9ne, (Craig Smith)]Sickology 101, Futuristic B-Boy shit
Your first lesson given to you by (Mr. Smith)
KCMO stand up, Young niggaz represent
[Craig Smith]Hey,
Ask me what I wanna be when I grow up
I aint just gonna blow up
I'm a star, I got astronomers tryin to get a close-up
Telescopes and cameras
Rappers wanna use glamours
But I'm gleamin from the planets, homie
Mine is called Kansas City
A cloud in my pocket 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 mine as well say the boy is Himalayan
I ripped my rooms on the Moon
Mr. Smith is comin soon
The angel's feedin me cereal with a silver spoon
My heir line is Craig Smith Airlines
A ride from Kansas City to L.A. is as long as a fan line
I'm high as 08' gas prices
My votes are twice as high as Obama's and I aint gotta ask nice
I'm high as Tech's tour bus
The light skinned one, So if you lookin for me
Bow, Look up and try to find the sun
[Hook] [2X]Shoo-Be-Doo-Be-Doo-Be-Doo-Be-Doo
(I'm in the air)
Shoo-Be-Doo-Be-Doo-Be-Doo-Be-Doo
(High in the air)
[Nesto The Owner]Yaa,
Don't mean to brag but I froze my piece
And I'm gettin higher than a nose bleed seat
Don't bring her to my session
If your hoe see me
She'll drop dead in the studio like O.D.B.
Yaa, It's The Owner and I'm very cool
Plus this weed keep me higher than a air balloon
Copycat, Like what I'm wearin dude?

I'm so fly, I walk around with a parachute
Huh, And even rappers lie, too

But I'm the only human with an astronaut suit
See, Your entire verse say that your eye aint squirt
When you only shoot in the air like fire works
Huh, Them suckers 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
[Hook] [2X]Shoo-Be-Doo-Be-Doo-Be-Doo-Be-Doo
(I'm in the air)
Shoo-Be-Doo-Be-Doo-Be-Doo-Be-Doo
(High in the air)
[Tech N9ne]Why call me underground when I rock the stars?
And even they can't see me with a pair of bi-noculars
My hip-hoppin gave a good side swipe to Mars
One-Thirth 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 wish 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 exulted 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
[Hook] [2X]Shoo-Be-Doo-Be-Doo-Be-Doo-Be-Doo
(I'm in the air)
Shoo-Be-Doo-Be-Doo-Be-Doo-Be-Doo
(High in the air)
[Outro: Tech N9ne]Your first lesson for the day, mane
That was it, Sickology 101, Yadidimean?
Craig Smith, Nesto, Tech N9na, nigga
In the air, muthafucka
Sound like a bird flyin around
Yeah, Wyshmaster on the track
We out this bitch

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