

Air It Out

Papoose

Work with me, I wanna thank y'all for comin' out tonight
This is some real shit
Uh, huh first things first
When a nigga money ain't right
That makes things worst
Now he's just breathing he can barely manage
And he's way past starvin'
He's really famished
His right hand man is up north, that's hurtin' 'em
His cellphone bout to cut off, sprint jerkin' em
And his baby moms startin' to do her thing again
She left him for a nigga pumpin' E up in Bengaltown
If his money was right, than maybe he could diss her
But he can't, and niggas is breakin' his little sister
His pops just passed
His mom use to be an occasional sniffer
Then she started fuckin' with the glass
Dude use to be a star back then
He had the Benz CL something
But he just turned his car back in
Mad carrots pawned all his rings
Took a sting next thing I know
Money pawned all his bling
Now he just like everybody
With the same old plans
That can't get over the hump
With the same old grams
They was on the block making fun of him
He slid off came back with his hammer
And killed everyone of 'em
'Cause when I come through clear it out
Play the sideline and observe how a real nigga air it out
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When I come through clear it out
Play the sideline and observe
Me and B I go man to man

I know niggas with an asshole
Full of parole that go hand in hand
Fuck hot that's humidity
And you can't mix money with stupidity
Even though I get my coke from Columbia
My cars from Germany
And my guns from Sicily
Nothin' personal but I was raised different
Hold my joint sideways so I blaze different
Give it to anybody fuck an age difference
From niggaz in the world to those in the ca [unverified]
Rub the kite on your chest and swallow the stamp
At the end of the day they still gonna follow the champ
It ain't about being lyrical
'Cause when I get in the booth
I make miracles and I ain't spiritual
But I'm in tune with the hood so I'm better than you
And when you see me comin'
You know what is better to do
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When I come through clear it out
Play the sideline and observe
Can't lie all I got is my balls and my vocals
And the only security, I roll wit is my social
It don't look decent
It's like niggas left they crew in the hood
And went on the road with the precinct
Had it up to here with this fake shit
They don't even want a nigga to earn his
Just give and take shit
Just make sure you mention my name in da top brackets
And make sure they mention your name as the top faggot
Trust me this go around I will not have it
I'm puttin' niggas heads to bed like craftmatics
How you think your man died
More money than respect
And it wasn't close it was by a landslide
Listen my nigga your work is sloppy
And I don't love them hoes but the purple got me
If I don't do it with music I'mma do it wit poppy

Just play the sideline and observe and watch me, let's go
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Play the sideline and observe

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