

**Royce Da 5'9 F/ Twista****"Air it Out"**

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[Jadakiss]

Work wit me

I wanna thank y'all fa comin out

Tonight

Dis iz sum reel' shit

Ah--hah

[Jadakiss]

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, spring jerkin em

And his baby moms startin to do her thing again

She left him for a nigga pumpin e up in Bengaltin

If his money is right than maybe he can diss her

But he can't, and niggaz is breakin his little sister

His pops just past

His mom use to be an occasional sniffer

Then she started fuckin with the gas

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 this thing 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

[Hook]

Cause when I come through clear it out

Play the sideline and observe how a real nigga air it out

When I come through clear it out

Play the sideline and observe how a real nigga air it out  
When I come through clear it out  
Play the sideline and observe how a real nigga air it out  
When I come through clear it out  
Play the sideline and observe

Me and B.I go man to man  
I know niggaz with an asshole  
Full of parole that go hand in hand  
Fuck hot thats 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 those in the world to those in the ca\*\*\*\*  
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 stared at you  
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

[Hook]

[Jadakiss]  
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 niggaz left they crew in the hood  
And went on the rode with the presint  
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 you mention your name as the top  
faggot  
Trust me this go around I will not have it  
I putin niggaz heads to bed like crapmadics  
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 don't do it with music I'ma do it wit poppy  
Just play the sideline and observe and watch me

Let's go

[Hook]

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