

The Game f/ Sky

"Put it in the Air"

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[19 second instrumental to open]

[Sky]

Who's hot, who's not; I been the hottest thing
on the West, ever since the death of Tupac
Kept my crack in clear capsules with blue tops
And it's still nothin for me to get you shot
You see him? Yup, the same ol' pimp
Sky baller, and ain't nuttin changed but my limp
Natural born player, mine not a lame or a simp
The world is mine, you see my name on a blimp
Stay Dolce Gabbana'd down, play the Bahamas now
Youse a donkey, I'ma piranha clown
I keep thick bread, in the pockets of my sweats
While I'm drivin I get head in the cockpit of my 'Vette
And my game is sharp as a mosquito's needle
As far as the charts, young S be's the Beatles
Purple haze smoke in the urr, blow in the wind
The rims right there when I stop they still go and they
spin
I can teach you how to stunt boy, and pop that trunk boy
Them city slickers ain't never been punks boy
So fix your ice grill, and your mean mug
Unless you wanna feel a few M-16 slugs

[Chorus 2X: The Game]

Nigga you got a blunt then put it in the air
Nigga you got a gun then put it in the air
Nigga you from a gang then put in in the air
Play with Killa Cali if you want, muh'fuckers

[The Game]

I ain't got no time for fake ones, so don't think for a
second
I won't pull this 45 and put your stomach where your
neck is
If I tell you kiss the sky better respect it
Or get yo' ass hog-tied, butt-ass naked
I'm doin this for Eazy, like it or not
I wouldn't even be rappin if Eric Wright wouldn'ta
dropped

I love this shit, I work and I'm good
I ain't on corner fuckers but I'm still in the hood
I'm poised to go platinum, that's what the magazines
sayin
Fuck The Source, I got my own magazines man
I call her Shirley, she got a 32 round clip
And she love hangin out wit'chu girlies
I'm like them Philly nigs that come through "Early"
Through your front door without knockin like Mr. Furley
It's just me, you and the semi - "Three's Company"
You want the crown, you be U.G.K. like Bun B

[Chorus]

[Sky]

I rock jewels, cop tools, I will not lose
A million miles a minute is how my block moves
I stay in the fast lane, never fakin, cheddar chasin
I'm in the game for the cash mayne
And bitches play this in they Benzes, Jeeps and G.O.'s
They say I'm arrogant and got a big ego
But they still love to swallow me up
And every hotel suite, they wanna follow me up
But I ain't gon' put my dick in for free, nah ma
You want the kid then you gotta pay this pimpin a fee
And ain't no champagne left, so let's toast 'gnac
Sky baller and Game 'bout to bring the West coast back
I'm on that get dough shit, that Frank War{?} pimpin
that ho shit
In Cali smokin that 'dro shit
I still push fishscale, and china white
A lil' nigga with a big gun and I ain't tryin to fight

[Chorus]

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