

Game

"Put It In The Air"

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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 skimp
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

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

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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 easy, like it or not
I wouldn't even be rappin' if Eric Wright wouldn't a
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 girlie's

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

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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 Benz's, 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 [unverified] pimpin' that ho shit
In Cali smokin' that 'dro shit
I still push fish scale, and china white
A lil' nigga with a big gun and I ain't tryin' to fight

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