

# Jadakiss "Air It Out"

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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 Bengalton  
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  
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 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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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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