

Marque

"Gunz In Da Air"

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{*Down Leezy does a 22 second intro*}

[Noreaga]

Yo, yo, yo, yo

I told them cats, niggaz better cop some mac's

Now they stuck with them handguns

I thug it out with T.B., and Johnny Handsome

I hand none niggaz no credit, you see I'm iller than most

I'm kinda illy with the hands, but I'm iller with toast

My guns go pow, so how you like me now?

Been in your hood, niggaz ain't that gangsta

Yeah y'all overrated, so we gonna do it or not?

Or we can go to Iraq on M.U. block

I have my pitbulls tear you up

I have my lil' homies in the hood, come and just, scare you up

You don't - be in the hood, you a weak-ass clown

And when you come through, you have your niggaz holdin you down

And when - I hold heat I just hold it for delf

Why ask a - nigga to shoot when I'ma buck myself?

I keep my gun by my dick so I can touch myself

[Chorus]

It go guns in the air, guns in the air

Us Thugged Out niggaz keep our guns in the air

Guns in the air, guns in the air

Us M.U. niggaz keep our guns in the air, what?

[N] Bout to lock the whole shit down, so holla at the dog

[N] Bout to lock the whole shit down, so holla at the dog

Aiyyo guns in the air, guns in the air

Us grimy-ass niggaz keep our guns in the air, what?

[Noreaga]

Yo, I keep chapped lips, I smoke Persian blunts

I used to shop in Albee Square..

but now I shop in Queens, I tell my niggaz I'll be here

On M.U. block yo cause I don't care

With my nigga Mike (?) blow 'dro through the sunroof

Jeckyll'n'Hyde and purple haze

And I still be in Brooklyn, and party with Maze
I got a ghetto pass, yo and still I let the metal blast
Click click click, niggaz is assed
We Thugged Out, them niggaz that'll steal your stash
If you a bitch, yo we niggaz that'll slap your ass
Whattup cliqua? We can be lah, M-A
And stab these niggaz up, no problem-a
And leave 'em leaked out, stab him in his ass have a
cheek out
Have 'em trapped in the room, can't sneak out
With a sign on the door, that say keep out

[Chorus] w/ minor variations

[Noreaga]

Yo.. I made a song about "Hed" and now bitches love
me
They knowin they can give me head but they can't fuck
me
I ran trains for Nino, even my old C.O.
I even ran trains with my A&R Gino
Sometimes, I drink Smirnoff without no juice
And I'ma ride for my niggaz, Baby D and Dukes
Thugged Out and M.U., we just tripled our troops
We added more niggaz, and gave 'em gats and boots
And for the niggaz that bend down get minks and
goose
See me, I'm not greedy, not at all
Hit me at the office, yo 2-1-2, 5-6-3, 8-4-8-4
So why y'all niggaz gon' wait for, runnin out of state
for?
Money faulty, why you wanna cop an eight for?
Been through, too much drama and too much war
Hurryin, for so long, now it's time to score, it go

[Chorus] w/ minor variations

[Noreaga]

Gangsta.. we just thugs.. we just hustlers.. M.U. what?
We just gangstaz.. we just thugs.. we just hustlers.. M.U.
what?
Has been nigga..

{*unknown voice from intro does outro*}

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