

Ras Kass

"Air 'Em Out"

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[Ras Kass]

Jea! Re-Up! A J-Classic classic. Razzy... rest in peace
Justo
I'm about to air these niggaz out one time

[Verse 1]

Yo yo, ain't no nigga like the one right here
Spit flames, leave bloodstains on one night gear
G-Star jeans, gun right near
Now homey X just fucked us his bitch like "Yeah!"
Dawg I'ma spit the hottest shit
Fuck a dentist, eat a fire department and prop colleges
Ras Kass, King of the West, acknowledge this
And get a piece of the rock like meteorogologists
What Dame Dash and hapha is
645 Coupe the same color Chewbacca is
And you's a nigga everybody hates like Jar Jar Binks
That clown at the bar buying hot bitches drinks
What you passin' on to me?
What you know about Chinchilla minks? Ten killers
deep
Skittle flavored diamonds, first it's blue, then it's pink
Candy painting was off, dog we floodin' the streets

[Hook 1]

I
WILL
NOT
LOSE
I (RE-UP about that fetti)
WILL (Load up your glocks, get ready)
NOT
LOSE (haha... jea jea jea!)

[Hook 2]

Hood niggaz if your arms up, bear it out
Niggaz ain't scared, if it's drama, we gon' air 'em out!
If your whip on chrome, what you carin' 'bout?
Drop the top, do a buck 10, dawg, air 'em out!
Who spit flame, nigga never doubts?
No problem, it's nothing, I'ma air 'em out

East, West, up North to the Dirty South (air 'em out)
I'ma (air 'em out), I'ma (air 'em out)

Yo

[Verse 2]

I keep shit off the chain
Like broken clasp, medallions fallin' off
And yall niggaz hopin' Ras go play on the freeway
But I'm that agent in the Matrix: Reloaded
Jumpin' out movin' cars, smashin' your hoods for the
keys, man
And not the ones that open doors
Por fa vor, I'm talkin' ki, mayne
Silencer on the SPK, fuck BDS them fuckin' at
VVVJs(???)
R&B singers, new found fact
Got a 9 inch dick, tell your bitch to SoundScan that!
And my Down South cats be like "What it do?"
Cause my little cousin's bein' Memphis classic blue
And niggaz still ga-not ga-knowin' as Gary ga-
Knew(???)
Plus I'm more Chris Real so long with Big Punished brew
Downstairs in Jimmy's Cafe, album released
Young nigga in the belly, but now I'm a beast
And it's like Sin City, every town holdin' heat
So I'm like the yellow nigga, kid it's foul when I speak
And my baby moms said I need to cut down on my
cheatin'
Started fuckin' midgets, kept creepin'
You ain't gotta tell me, I know you feelin' this shit
I hear what I'm sayin' you know I'm killin' this shit, nigga

[Hook 2]

[Verse 3]

Sometimes it all seems fucked up though
Rest in peace, cause what's mixtapes without Justo?
Sip the' Grey Goose, thinkin' about that ride on the
Gray Goose
Ankles chained, headin' to Beirut
Crucified next to some nigga named Jesus
Died ressurected, bustin' blue, still trey-deuced
So yall niggaz better respectognize shits real
When my mixtape's hotter than every album this year

[Hook 1] + [Hook 2]

