

## **M.O.P. f/ Jay-Z**

### **"Put it in the Air"**

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Marxmen!

[M.O.P.]

C'MON! YAOW! YO! C'MON, C'MON!

It's the M, dot O dot P, ohh! M, dot O dot P, ohh!

M, dot O dot P -- FIYAH! FIYAH!

[Lil' Fame]

It's a must that I bust any mic you hand to me

I'm Fitzroy nigga (WHAT) First Family

Mo. P's, guns mo' bigga

B.K. up in this bitch - WHAT NIGGA?

"Stompdashitoutu!" Now that's whattup

Just relax yourself pa, you don't wanna

get yo' Mets hat twisted, get fo'-ifted

Hot balls poppin, gettin forklifted

[Billy Danze]

I was a fiend; you can ask my Home Team

Befo' I fell in love with the 'gnac I puffed green

Always focused and double toasted

When the shit pop off in the club we host it

So now, y'all niggaz get down (LAY DOWN)

And stay down (WE RIP POUNDS) and spit rounds

Spark it (M) dot (O) dot (P)

Dot we drop hip-hop awkward, stompin

[Chorus One: M.O.P.]

Roll up your trees and PUT IT IN THE AIR!

Puff puff, pass, PUT IT IN THE AIR!

Get'cha head back baby, PUT IT IN THE AIR!

I'm feelin like fuck the world, is you wit me?

Middle fingers up, PUT IT IN THE AIR!

Yeah, middle fingers up, PUT IT IN THE AIR!

Now, show me the hand you pop that thang with

Index fingers up, PUT IT IN THE AIR!

[Lil' Fame]

Fuck y'all with RuPaul dick, in the middle of Times  
Square

Get down or lay down, bitch boy, this our year

Last summer we jammed but this summer we hittin  
Totin Bernie Macs for all y'all summa'biches  
In the hood where it's ugly (IT'S UGLY)  
I trip with the pen, fuck it just call me Iceberg Chubby  
The illest the realest Brownsvillest the shit'll never stop  
In Brooklyn - home of the pop glocks

[Billy Danze]

You can find me on the back block; e'rybody know me  
I'm admired by the homey that's runnin the crack spot  
I love to see the shorties with a lil' G in 'em  
It's like lookin in the mirror I see a lil' me in 'em  
Stop buggin the homey said dig 'em (I never dug 'em)  
He disrespected this Family long enough so I slug him  
WARRIORZ! We earn our respect (SHIT)  
We come through yo' projects with shiny objects

[Chorus Two: M.O.P.]

Now, fill yo' cups up, PUT IT IN THE AIR!  
Lift your drinks up and PUT IT IN THE AIR!  
Get'cha head back baby, PUT IT IN THE AIR!  
I'm feelin like fuck the world, is you wit me?  
Middle fingers up, PUT IT IN THE AIR!  
Yeah, middle fingers up, PUT IT IN THE AIR!  
Now, show me the hand you pop that thang with  
Index fingers up, PUT IT IN THE AIR!

[Jay-Z]

You 'bout to witness the most intelligent ignorant shit  
you gonna hear in the miserable life that you livin; I  
hope that you diggin it  
I ain't no dif-fer-ent from any nigga livin in the hood  
whose attitude is "I wish a nigga would"  
Your fam might as well kiss you goodbye, they'll miss  
you for good  
No more Mr. Nice Guy, listen to the hook  
PUT IT IN THE AIR! Homey I'll put you in the air  
Feel the fury of a feather trigger nigga if you near  
The I gets sparked, Allah-u Akbar  
can't even save you I will break you what you high on  
puff?  
I kill niggaz with my own thoughts  
Yeah I'm guilty as charged, nigga it's my own fault  
Homey you walkin through hell with nylon socks, my  
nine pump cough  
I'll make you wind up in the basement with DJ Satan  
Your boy got the crown nigga, my replacement ain't  
been born yet  
Y'all realize this ain't a song yet?

[Chorus Two]

[ad libs to end]

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