

Turk

"Smoke In Da' Air"

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Timbaland:

To my niggas
How you feel?
Can we chill?
Or do we have to pop that steel?
Cause it's a hot day around our way
We got the pistols around our waist
Hate to kill a nigga, why?
Cause my nigga style he's got that killa, what?
What do you mean killa?
I mean that bee
Those ganja trees
Those cut up leaves
Please... can I get a puff? What?
Please... can I get a puff? What?
With my wiatch
Pretend that I am riach
Please, please, can I, can I lick that cliat
You can go down
You can go down, go down
You can go down, girl I was just playing around
Now
Back to my focus
Y'all gonna be my soldiers
And I'm gonna be the bank broker
What?

Chorus:

All I smell is smoke in da' air
Nuthin but thefools downstairs (drag stairs)
Yeah
All I smell is smoke in da' air
Nuthin but the fools downstairs (drag stairs)
Yeah

Timbaland (behind the chorus):

Say what?
Ha ha, say what? Say what?

Like dat
Like dat
Like dat nigga
Say what?
Say what? Say what? Say what?
Magoo what?

Magoo:

You know we got plenty of smokin'
Open for pussy pokin'
Clown but we ain't jokin'
2 pound of weed token
Beep me at 12 noon
After my cartoons
Later a peach moves cause you gonna be high soon
Now you got your bowl shorty
Nursin' a cheap forty
Lordy was shootin' dice
Point and you winn forty
Six be a damn point
Roll and you hit the joint
Lookin for blazing dude
Your head was a juke joint
So you get two dimes
Cause you got two highs
Two niggas want to smoke
So you got two lies
Think you see two hoes
Cause hoes got to smoke too
Hope you got ten yards
Cause this blunt will never due
See I remain true
Only toke two lies
Just to the two guys
No shake with my damn fries
Open your freakin' eyes
Cause blunt my grand prize
Smokin was no surprise
I'm out with my true lies

Chorus

Timbaland (behind the chorus):

Say what?
Say what? Say what?
Say what? Say what?
Say what? Say what?

Static:

Playa's knockin, rockin
Hoes clockin, jockin
Yeah sweatin, gettin
Thugs threaten, beatin
Dice shootin, smokin
Hootie hootin, loukin
Gun, I got your token
Lick, I got hoes open
No chumpin, bumpin
Timb's speakers thumpin
Making your moves somethin
Rode, it would be jumpin
Hoe humpin, freakin
Hoes silly, leakin
Hook it up, weekend
All night freakin
Which trick I'm dickin
Hope she lickin
My Kentucky chicken
Damn this enough pickin
Just groupin, chillin
Ready able, willin
If they blunts, they fillin
Party people you dealin with another level

Chorus

Timbaland (behind chorus):

Say what?
Say what? Say what?
Say what? Say what?
Ride it

Timbaland:

Ride it bitch
Ride it
Ride it bitch
Say what?
Yo babe, come her
Now let me get that (Ooooooh)
Say what? (Ooooooh)
Say what? (Ooooooh)
Say what? (Ooooooh)
Say what? (Ooooooh)
Can you hear me? (Ooooooh)
Can you feel me? (Ooooooh)
Can you hear me? (Ooooooh)
Can you feel me? (Ooooooh)

Say what? (Ooooooh)
Say what? (Ooooooh)
Say what? (Ooooooh)
Say what? (Ooooooh)
Get off baby (Ooooh)
(Ooooooh)
Check this switch out baby (Ooooh)
Let me talk to you for a minute (Ooooh)
(Change beat to "Can We" by SWV)
Can we get kinky tonight
I got so many things on my mind
I never seen a girl so fly
I want you to do me, do me

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