

## Put It in the Air

### The Game

Who's hot, who's not; I been the hottest thing  
on the West, ever since the death of Tupac  
Kept my crack in clear capsules with blue tops  
And it's still nothin for me to get you shot  
You see him? Yup, the same ol' pimp  
Sky baller, and ain't nuttin changed but my limp  
Natural born player, mine not a lame or a simp  
The world is mine, you see my name on a blimp  
Stay Dolce Gabbana'd down, play the Bahamas now  
Youse a donkey, I'ma piranha clown  
I keep thick bread, in the pockets of my sweats  
While I'm drivin I get head in the cockpit of my 'Vette  
And my game is sharp as a mosquito's needle  
As far as the charts, young S be's the Beatles  
Purple haze smoke in the urr, blow in the wind  
The rims right there when I stop they still go and they spin  
I can teach you how to stunt boy, and pop that trunk boy  
Them city slickers ain't never been punks boy  
So fix your ice grill, and your mean mug  
Unless you wanna feel a few M-16 slugs

Nigga you got a blunt then put it in the air  
Nigga you got a gun then put it in the air  
Nigga you from a gang then put in in the air  
Play with Killa Cali if you want, muh'fuckers  
(2x)

I ain't got no time for fake ones, so don't think for a second  
I won't pull this 45 and put your stomach where your neck is  
If I tell you kiss the sky better respect it  
Or get yo' ass hog-tied, butt-ass naked  
I'm doin this for Eazy, like it or not  
I wouldn't even be rappin if Eric Wright wouldn'ta dropped  
I love this shit, I work and I'm good  
I ain't on corner fuckers but I'm still in the hood  
I'm poised to go platinum, that's what the magazines sayin  
Fuck The Source, I got my own magazines man  
I call her Shirley, she got a 32 round clip  
And she love hangin out wit'chu girlies  
I'm like them Philly nigs that come through "Early"  
Through your front door without knockin like Mr. Furley  
It's just me, you and the semi - "Three's Company"  
You want the crown, you be U.G.K. like Bun B

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I rock jewels, cop tools, I will not lose  
A million miles a minute is how my block moves  
I stay in the fast lane, never fakin, cheddar chasin  
I'm in the game for the cash mayne  
And bitches play this in they Benzes, Jeeps and G.O.'s  
They say I'm arrogant and got a big ego  
But they still love to swallow me up  
And every hotel suite, they wanna follow me up

But I ain't gon' put my dick in for free, nah ma  
You want the kid then you gotta pay this pimpin a fee  
And ain't no champagne left, so let's toast 'gnac  
Sky baller and Game 'bout to bring the West coast back  
I'm on that get dough shit, that Frank War{?} pimpin that ho shit  
In Cali smokin that 'dro shit  
I still push fishscale, and china white  
A lil' nigga with a big gun and I ain't tryin to fight

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