

Feel It In The Air

The Lox

[Styles P:]

Sort of like the wind blowing
Man get shot in the head
That's the end for em
Like ghost face on da them purple tapes
Everybody working late
Tryin to make perculate
Like da kite on a *breazy day
Did things the fast way
To live like the esay way
But it don't sound right to me
So I gotta pray to god dat he show da light to me
Dat the cops going come soon
Real hot outside somebody ganna pop soon
Sombody get locked up tryin to get rich
So those bricks gettin chopped up
Like segal in the sell n***** he can feel the evil right now he up in hell n

U sayin go hard or go home
S*** you the gost stayin floating in ya own zone

[Jadakiss:]

Either U a Fellin
Or You dead
Or u tellin
Or runnin behind
A nappy headed bitch who be tellin
I don't want to relax with the stars
I just want the finances to match with the bars(come on)
The drought is commin
Bullets went through his back and out his stomach(Un)
The world keeps turnin B
One in the box and one in the infermory(yeah)
They goin always need cheebah
But dust juice is bite'n I need me a 3 liter
More money for me
Then I can really turn it up on Em'
With 20's a C
Hate'n in the worst ahy
Shorties commin home violate'n on they first day
Light'n the purple, Tight'n ya circle(un huh)
Cause when the hate'n commin frome home base
It hurt chu

[Sheek Louch:]

Ayo, I see the scheme'n
They think um dreamin
But I ain't sleepin
Um watchin them 2
I get out the car to get a cigar
They think it sweet cause I ain't with my crew(watup dawg)
The hammers on me but I don't want beef
I swear to god um just passing through(ain't Nun)
I hear them talkin about my chain
So If he go for it what umma do?
Can U feel it can u feel it
The time thy gone give me if this nigga try to steal

They think um rich they want my bitch
They want my car they think umma star
Police is watching they want me to clap
And kill this young boy and screw up my rap
Um hearin Sigel inside my head
He tellin me chill my eyes is red
DAMN DAMN!