

# Snoop Dogg, It's In The Air (feat. Uncle Murda & ...)

I need somethin' from David Ruffin right now  
Where you at, David?  
Kick some shit for me, cuh  
It's in the air  
Yeah  
It's everywhere  
Haha  
Yeah  
Uncle Murda  
I know you with me, nigga  
It's in the air  
It's in the air  
It's everywhere  
I smell you, nigga  
Haha  
Snoop, I feel it in the air  
West Coast, East Coast, you know the vibes

I used to be a soldier, nigga, I did what I was told  
Bossed up, got niggas under me now that I control  
Got interrogated for homicides, I ain't never fold  
Sold drugs, sold pussy, ain't never sell my soul  
Got shot, shot niggas, I been through all that shit  
Wanted Jordans back when my mama couldn't afford them shits  
Watching her struggle made me not wanna be a civilian  
Acquired the finer things in life by being a villain  
If you ain't played the field, you wouldn't understand my story  
All them robberies we committed back then was mandatory (They was)  
All your niggas might not be there for you when you need them  
You gon' find out who is who when you fighting for your freedom  
You in a gang, you'd be a fool to think everyone loyal  
My kids don't know nothing 'bout struggling, all of them spoiled  
That's why I do this shit, thought y'all niggas knew this shit  
If I can't put food on they table, I'ma start shooting shit

It's in the air  
It's everywhere  
Said, it's in the air  
It's in the air  
It's everywhere  
Ooh  
Let me in this motherfucker, Murda

When yo-yonder, we ponder, slip raindrops  
Shit don't stop, we be rocking 'til the pain stops  
Meditate, take a hit and levitate  
Sit your ass down, boy, let me get your head straight  
Look into my eyes 'til your pupils dilate  
And if you really want that smoke, then I must annihilate  
Fly away with no one  
'Pon my return, I'm on one  
Which leads me to plead the fifth  
On the sixth and the seventh, I was blowing an eighth  
On the ninth and the tenth, I was back in LA  
On the eleventh and the twelfth, I was in the UK  
Ask anybody, regulate it  
Separate it  
A tall glass of orange juice, concentrate it  
Spraying niggas down with the sucker repellent  
So you can smell what I'm smoking and you can see what I'm selling, nigga

It's in the air  
It's everywhere  
It's in the air

It's everywhere  
Ooh  
Yeah, it's in the air  
And I'm talking 'bout love, love is in the air  
See, love is a deadly word though  
It's a thin line between love and hate, my nigga  
See, 'cause a nigga could hate you so much, right?  
But he really love you