

Walking On Air

Rittz

Here I come, fresh off tour, I bet I piss off more
Motherfuckers that thought I quit and I was just done for
But they was misin -- formed, cause I would just get warm
I'm back again to crack a thicker pack of sense in sword
I slid my tip in these pussies I'm 'bout to stick in the rest of it
Started raping the rap game; I was sick of molestin' it
Give me Crown and some Pepsi a xani bar and a Mescaline
Have an Adderall dissolvin' on my tongue like a peppermint, shit...
What you still on the fence? You still not convinced?
I'm next, what you feel like I'm too real for the trend?
Don't resent me when you see me with the tints on the Benz
You gotta sit on the bench, you smellin' sin and some scents, you jealous?
I ain't stoppin' 'til I'm hot as Adele is and you can try to derail us
We change the jealousy just try to compel us
We relish any clientele this a mafia wanna challenge us?
We'll put you in the ground with ya elders I feel like...

This is gonna be my year
Tension in the room when I appear
Other rappers they just don't compare
I think I got 'em scared, they hear me and it's clear
That I'm killin' it and
Feelin' like I'm walkin' on air (air!) [3x]
Haters like, "He's on top not fair," ya-uh yeah
And I still rock the freshed out gear
Chain hangin' like a chandelier
Walk in everybody stare
Maybe cause my hair, but I don't really care
Cause I'm killin' it and
Feelin' like I'm walkin' on air (air!) [3x]
Haters like, "He's on top not fair,"

I wear my Algierz tee, future famous is on
And for the hired I'm up in the Super 8, 'til it's super late
To an 8-ball, ain't chasin' but do it straight
Find about a lot of rappers duplicate what I do but can't
You should take notes, in the booth it's cake; it's nothin'
Study me and watch as I illuminate
Cock-roaches I got no choice I gotta fumigate
Accumulatin' dollars daily how much money you done made?
Off rappin' they got the nerve to call me ugly I'm offended
I'm a pimp and I could prob'ly fuck ya girlfriend now dog
Poke her like a cow prod, fuck her standin' up
Inside the bathroom got her grippin' on the towel bar, mouth wide
Do it for the money shot, what the fuck is up with guys?
Writin' comments below my pictures and shit
On Facebook, need to leave that to the bitches and chicks
And see cause why you busy dissin' me I been gettin' rich, I feel like...

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He drink a ginger ale, Jim Beam and Canada Dry, damn it if I
Ain't considered number one and I'mma lease this in a revive
Benign or somethin', cause I been runnin'
Circles around a rapper soundin' like it's amateur night
Screamin' like Janet and Mike on the mic, I'm champion-like
I'm prob'ly in ya city at the Hampton Inn high
'Dirty Diana' who I met at the show and she blowin' me
While I'm fumin' and actin' camera shy
And I been rappin' from Atlanta to Chi-town
To Boulder, Colorado from Seattle down to Albuquerque
Where they found me lurkin', with a ounce of purple
With some Diamond Turf Nikes and a Falcons jersey
Down in Bourbon Street drinkin', showin' out ya heard me?
Throwing beads at bitches, dirty rice, and Étouffée
We takin' over smellin' roses it's a fresh bouquet
You still with that douche bag? Ain't nothin' left to say, I feel like...

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