

# Timbaland & Magoo, Smoke In Da' Air

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 threatin, 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? (Ooooh)  
Can you feel me? (Ooooh)  
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