

Big Noyd, Air it Out

(Noyd Talking)

Somebody gon'(na) die in this bitch
We about to "air it out";

(Noyd Verse 1)

I don't know what convinced you to mention the mobb
Must of been bent straight of the alcohol
Once you crossed that path, fuck with that cash
Quick, fast have a sick clique get up in that ass
Gold Pee nigga with the cracks in his ass
Pretty Tone homey with the mack in the grass
They buck you then fuck your boo where she shit at
Then we profit from it, and spit it on the tridack (track)
Letting the world know you a bitch ass kidat (cat)
And how your own hood disrespect you where you live at
They be hey all day how you let him do that
Noyd and his clique I think you better get at
But don't gas your dog he ain't built for that
I will spit 'em all right through his fitted kiddap (cap)
Jump out with the midack (mack) on Broadway and Houston
Right in front of thousand and put it in efidack (effect)
I'm a pay!

(Havoc - Hook 2X)

The word is out, Noyd is out
And he about to Air it out
Oh y'all think it's a game, better bring those things
He Gon'(na) show you what a gangsta's (a)bout

(Noyd -Verse 2)

Ayo...Nigga better back up off please
When you got tough, huh? thun you lost me
You never grind enough you're a Mr. Softy
Truly the Ruger will kill you softly
Then we see then yeah who the boss be
Smoke your little clique like a bag of the Hersey
How the fuck it's all good, Nigga the hood is thirsty
Peep the big six and you want to test me
Gon' make my gun spit, y'all niggas kill me
Gon' have my gun, sitting on your ear piece
Having your bitch screaming please don't kill me
I don't owe you shit and I ain't your daddy
I don't own the six I own the "Navi";
And I'm sitting deep this nigga sweet like candy
You niggas want beef you know get right at me
QB nigga that's why you can't stand me (You know cause . . .)

(Havoc - Hook 2X)

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(Noyd - Verse 3)

See we don't back down we go pound for pound
Tech for tech right on the block emptying clips
Buck something leave motha fuckas hitting the deck
And then one by one motha fuckas be dead
The word is out, Noyd is out
East coast, Weat coast down to the dirty south
Catch anybody flossin' I'm airing it out
With the nine hollow tips man I'm spittin' 'em out
Listen out cause I'm emptying out for that bling

That watch and that chain put a bullet in your brain
Not a thing I'm a gangsta this is what I do
Go to war wuth the bangers and eat niggas food
When I'm starvin' I'm robbin' that's how it is thun
If I'm lying I'm flying word to everything I love
Don't get it twist nigga cause I twist niggas cap back
That QB gutter shit bringing it bidack (back)

(Havoc - Hook 2X)

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