

# Cordae, Feel It In The Air

Yeah, uh-huh, no funny  
This is real, real, real, real shit right here, man  
Yeah, now check it

Fuck this industry I'm currently a part of, everybody is fake  
Ulterior motives, they'll lie in your face  
I seen friends turn to enemies, become distant memories  
Everybody's janky, they just not who they pretend to be (Nah)  
I'm tryna find my way out this production deal  
Stupid me, young and dumb, I thought the love was real  
Man, I don't even go outside without touchin' steel  
One bad decision and I can get my muffin peeled  
I know a couple niggas probably had they glasses filled  
I'm sorry, I don't make music for the mass appeal  
New crib got six baths, no Jack and Jill  
But fuck the braggatory raps, boy, this shit get real  
Never mind, I could tell you some shit with clever rhymes  
But this year I thought of killin' myself like seven times  
And that ain't normal, and fuck all that keepin' shit formal  
It felt like yesterday, when we was eatin' [?]  
And mama ain't have no internet to watch porno  
So I ain't have shit to do, but write inside my journal  
And that's why you can feel this pain I'm feelin'  
I'm still renegotiatin' shit with James McMillan  
Negotiations ain't gettin' no further  
I'm a boss nigga, never a worker, not a soft nigga, just an observer  
Fuck the industry and fuck all my enemies  
It's crazy, but we asked for all this shit, nigga, didn't we? (Yeah)  
I wouldn't change a damn thing, except for all the snake shit (Uh)  
Except for all the contracts, except for all the fake shit (For real)  
Except for all the people I showed genuine love to  
Just spat in my face, know that I still love you (Haha)  
Nah, fuck 'em, I am not that evolved  
But if you ever got a problem, we can lock in a call  
They say I'm at the Benz dealership, nigga, how you shop at the mall?  
But still none of my problems is solved

Ah, yeah  
Man, yesterday, I was just textin' Nas  
He hit me up, you know what I'm sayin'?  
He fucked with my Leakers freestyle, man, just shit like that  
That's still like—, it just keep me goin'  
'Til I had them

It seem like it's good people bad things always happen to  
When life get hard, it almost feel like God mad at you  
The trust that I had in my heart, people shattered you  
My goddamn drummer was a rat and I ain't have a clue  
I just want my girl to wake up without an attitude (For real)  
I just wish them niggas around me would show gratitude  
The love I've shown is never reciprocated (Never)  
I'm 'posed to be filled with joy, 'cause niggas made it  
I thought the nigga Ralph was real, but he wrote a statement  
And every time I get on the Gram, I'm in the matrix  
And it's crazy how I call Dave Chappelle, on some homie shit  
Especially when I realize that he don't owe me shit  
I lost my first granny, same day we lost Kobe, shit  
Glad I got to meet him at the U.S. Open, shit  
We had a dope convo, though I'm never disclosin' it  
It's certain key moments when I die that I'm goin' with

Yeah, did you get that first part?  
You know, some things are best left unsaid, you know  
Not everythin'—, it's like, I try my best to be transparent

But also, I'ma find some cooler shit to say, haha  
Ayy, check it, now, listen

Why does my compassion get treated as weakness?  
Niggas showin' they true colors, that's as a reset  
All alone in this mansion, know I'm prone to expansion (For real)  
My profound use of language, I hold this advantage  
Medicore-ass albums, they callin' 'em classics (What?)  
Give it time, foolish statements are always retracted  
Force-fed algorithms that fall in the masses  
Advertisements are planted, based on the demographics  
Uh, ten-thousand cash in my denim jacket  
Often reminisce for times when we didn't have it  
But who am I to dwell? My job is to excel  
A hundred bands I put on Microsoft, I'm doin' well  
Investment returns, live more lessons and learn  
I sent a long text message if the catch a concern  
Although never replied, 'least it's better than lies  
Niggas crave this fame shit, whether dead or alive

Huh, y'all can have this shit, man, you hear me?  
Let me keep the bread though  
But like, all this other like, fame, extracurricular shit, man  
Fuck 'em, I don't fuck with none of these industry-fame niggas  
I don't fuck with none of these bitches  
Man, I fuck with my tribe and my tribe only  
And that's it, everybody else eat a dick, Hi Level shit