

Feel It In The Air-Cordae Lyrics

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"Feel It In The Air"

[Intro]

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

[Verse 1]

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' DiGiorno's
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

[Interlude 1]

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

[Verse 2]

Ayo
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

[Interlude 2]

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

[Verse 3]

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

[Outro]

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

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