

# Nike Boots

## JD Era

Im just doin' what I gotta' do flyin' with the rest of em' still got my Nike Boots  
flyin' with the rest of em X5  
still got my nike Boots  
South side what up  
Uptown What up  
B&g what up  
The revolution will proceed  
unification of the dmv I will achieve indeed  
I decree I'm forming a new alliance  
oppose the one poisoning the minds  
they lying  
I am only a fighter  
in the form of a writer  
in the form of a poet  
potency in the mic  
I blank out then I approach it  
turn me up and I go in  
haters learn to Bear  
I'm Lovie Smith with the vocals  
lord i'm so focused more focused than I ever been  
so slightly passed em, like the letter "n"  
it's DC, black jeans, black tee  
this that North Face rap, WALE, you better get me  
PG, Riverdale, Largo, Temple Hills, Cap Heights, 124, Landover, Everywhere  
Saratoga, 640, Berry Farms, 1-4, KDY, every corner, everybody got em on  
flyer than the rest of em  
no congressional reppers, no respectable rappers  
it's the way we've adapted, don't forget I made it happen  
the most opinionated city you can make it in  
and still a nigga made it here  
i'm Neo in the matrix  
knees dug deep into the pavement  
DMV so we used to the waiting  
nobody seems to care we so complacent with the vacancy  
see, the love is gone with one another, it's hard  
nobody rep for the skins, they busy cheering them stars  
it's ironic, it's the same for the artists  
rather than buy our songs, they busy cheering the stars

a lot of drama  
a lot of beef  
we have so much in common, starting at the feet  
Goadome Nikes, the cortazone of the poem writer  
none like us  
so none like us  
flyer than the rest of em  
this where the haters is  
this why they hate us here  
this why i hate it here  
though love it, I made it here  
we all here, from the dealers to the kids  
to the squares to the fly  
one thing we are aligned with  
black on black Nikes  
that represent the lifeless lives  
and it reflects the plight of those fighting so  
if we ain't right and always at the throats  
of one another at least we got our Goadome Nikes a  
metaphor, for the insecure  
if you ain't wearing no color, can't nobody say nothing  
one can never be judged when he dress like his brothers  
melancholy we are though we all learn to love it  
pessimistic we are  
carry odds like luggage  
and thru all our troubles  
we still walk around walk around  
(flyer than the rest of em)  
flyer than the rest of em  
flyer than the rest of em  
and still got my Nike Boots

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