Nikes on My Feet

Mac Miller

[Chorus]

And the Nikes on my feet keep my cipher complete Nike, Nike, Nike, Nike, Nike, Nike, Nike, Nikes And the Nikes on my feet keep my cipher complete Nike, Nike, Nike, Nike, Nike, Nike, Nike, Nikes Nike, Nike, Nikes Nike, Nike, Nikes Nike, Nike, Nike, Nike, Nike, Nike, Nike, Nikes Nikes on my feet keep my cipher complete Nike, Nike, Nike, Nike, Nike, Nike, Nike, Nikes [Verse 1] Aye lace them up, lace them up, lace them Blue suede shoes stay crispy like bacon Nikes on my feet make my cipher complete Uh, I stay shining like the lights on the street in the night Revis take me shopping when I'm up in New York Hit the shoe store, go and cop a few more You at the mall getting dinner at the food court I'm at LA eating 22 course Young boss bitch paper in my pockets I got a closet filled with shoe boxes Mom says my spending habit a little bit obnoxious But a pilot stay fresh up in his cockpit Used to rock hand me downs Now I buy some clothes, wear them out Hit the club bitches pull they cameras out Living in a dream they beginning to believe My hotel smell like cigarettes and weed Shit, with what I'm spitting they should give me a degree Good liquor what I'm sipping isn't cheap, uh Finna blow, don't snooze, don't sleep All I really need is some shoes on my feet[Chorus][Verse 2] I make them so mad, they got no swag Pippens on my feet, they the throw backs Look, my moneys good but these hoes bad So they stay attached to my gonads, uh Waking up to a few L's Open up my closet to that new shoe smell I guess I'm going well

Smoking all the weed that I used to sell
But, once my album goes in the shelves
It's going Nextel how it's finna sell
For now we selling tapes out my shoe box
Any spot just set up my shop
You mad that your girl always says that I'm hot
She buying my T-shirt, but she's spending your guap
Say what up if you see me around
Nike Airs separate my feet from the ground it's just[Chorus]

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