# Nike Boots

## Lyriciss

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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