Kick off My Trainers

Coach Jeets

The Shit that i read in the papers
don't even make me kick off my trainers...
You like the smell of Napalm?
You wanna get armed?
Raising up your ire.. now your aimless.. That's dangerous..
That shit that I read in the papers..
Don't even make me kick off my trainers...
Wasted days, in a doze, gettin blazed on the grade, home grown or self made, like a millionaire playboy,gettin played, on the peng leng, in the rich part of the poor ends.. at least he's consistent..

Lyrics Submitted by Gavin Freidus

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