

# Wings

## Eight Seconds

I was seven years old, when I got my first pair  
And I stepped outside  
And I was like, Momma, this air bubble right here, it's gonna make me fly  
I hit that court, and when I jumped, I jumped, I swear I got so high  
I touched the net, Mom I touched the net, this is the best day of my life  
Air Max's were next,  
That air bubble, that mesh  
The box, the smell, the stuffin, the tread, in school  
I was so cool  
I knew that I couldn't crease 'em  
My friends couldn't afford 'em  
Four stripes on their Adidas  
On the court I wasn't the best, but my kicks were like the pros  
Yo, I stick out my tongue so everyone could see that logo  
Nike Air Flight, but bad was so dope  
And then my friend Carlos' brother got murdered for his fours, whoa  
See he just wanted a jump shot, but they wanted to start a cult though  
Didn't wanna get caught, from Genesee Park to Othello  
You could clown for those Pro Wings, with the velcro  
Those were not tight  
I was trying to fly without leaving the ground, cuz I wanted to be like Mike, right  
Wanted to be him  
I wanted to be that guy, I wanted to touch the rim  
I wanted to be cool, and I wanted to fit in  
I wanted what he had, America, it begins  
Chorus:  
I want to fly  
Can you take me far away  
Give me a star to reach for  
Tell me what it takes  
And I'll go so high  
I'll go so high  
My feet won't touch the ground  
Stitch my wings  
And pull the strings  
I bought these dreams  
That all fall down  
We want what we can't have, commodity makes us want it

So expensive, damn, I just got to flaunt it  
Got to show 'em, so exclusive, this that new shit  
A hundred dollars for a pair of shoes I would never hoop in  
Look at me, look at me, I'm a cool kid  
I'm an individual, yea, but I'm part of a movement  
My movement told me be a consumer and I consumed it  
They told me to just do it, I listened to what that swoosh said  
Look at what that swoosh did  
See it consumed my thoughts  
Are you stupid, don't crease 'em, just leave 'em in that box  
Strangled by these laces, laces I can barely talk  
That's my air bubble and I'm lost, if it pops  
We are what we wear, we wear what we are  
But see I look inside the mirror and think Phil Knight tricked us all  
Will I stand for change, or stay in my box  
These Nikes help me define me, but I'm trying to take mine, off

Chorus:

I want to fly  
Can you take me far away  
Give me a star to reach for  
Tell me what it takes  
And I'll go so high  
I'll go so high  
My feet won't touch the ground  
Stitch my wings  
And pull the strings  
I bought these dreams  
That all fall down  
They started out, with what I wear to school  
That first day, like these are what make you cool  
And this pair, this would be my parachute  
So much more than just a pair of shoes  
Nah, this is what I am  
What I wore, this is the source of my youth  
This dream that they sold to you  
For a hundred dollars and some change  
Consumption is in the veins  
And now I see it's just another pair of shoes