

Nike boots

Dj Mo Beatz

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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