

Stepped on My J's

Nelly

Uhh... (ooooooooh)

Uhh, ha ha (uh, uh, listen)

Y'all know what this is! (let's go)

We used to ditch school and head straight up to the mall (mall)
Just so we could be the first ones with 'em on {c'mon}
Returned to school by lunchtime like, "Nigga what now?"
And today we in the club like, "Nigga what now?"
You better look down cause uhh, I know you see 'em {say what?}
I know you see 'em {say what?} I know you see 'em
I paid - a thousand for the jeans, I paid 200 for the shoes
And uhh, fuck a shirt, I'ma rock these tattoos (and uh)
You see my fitted mayne, I represent the crib
Cause even at the crib, I represent the crib
I, might pop my grill in - and I, might let my chain hang
And I, might wrap my wrist dang {go on derry do the damn thang}
I get 'em free {say what} but I pay
And if I want I rock a different year of J's e'ry day (uhh)
A different style, different color is a must
But uhh, it's all good until I get my first scuff and I'm like

Hell naw, ain't no way (what's wrong?)
Man he done stepped on my J's (what?)
Stepped on my J's, he done stepped on my J's
These just came out! He done stepped on my J's (uhh)
Hell naw, ain't no way (what's wrong?)
Man he done stepped on my J's (what?)
Stepped on my J's, he done stepped on my J's
I can't believe this shit! He done stepped on my J's

Uhh, I-I-I got 'em all (got 'em all) but they don't get no run
Like them 13's, 7's, number fo' and the 1's
I like, how they look with Dickies, how do Levi lay on 'em?
If you ain't got 'em when you see me you definitely gon' want 'em
If they knew I gotta get 'em first, old as a copper box
Hook 'em with a shirt, and the matchin color socks
I think the coldest was the black on black with leathers with the red bottom
Or the number 9's, you shoulda seen me when I got 'em
I was in my house (in my house) dancin in the mirror
Straight thinkin 'bout gettin out and how I'm 'bout to kill 'em
When you know you got a pair that ain't nobody got (body got)
You can't hold 'em back homie, you gotta rock (you gotta rock)
I'm a addict, a Jordan fanatic, little Morris Blackman{?}
I know when they comin, number, color, e'rything that's happenin
You know, a different style, a different color is a must
But uhh, it's all good until I get my first scuff and I'm like

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I-I-I, I see you lil' daddy you look sexy with them J's on

I pull up in the drop, and step out, with them things on
I got me the black and pink - patent leather with the grey
Matchin with the skinny jeans - off with the shades
I know you see me (I know you see me) my jeans be never slippin (slippin)
The paparazzi, I might stop and take a picture in 'em
Yeahhhhhh, we be fresh every day
And if you lookin for me lil' daddy you can find me in the store

I got the red toe 1's, uhh
{Then I bought the} 2's {and the} 3's {and the} 4's {uhh}
I had to order these, you can't find them in the store {nope}
Called up my stylist like, "Shorty send more"
And if you would please send 'em to me out on tour
{Uh-uh, uh-uh} They be here in a minute mayne
See I got that connect where I can damn near get like anythang
Plus all my hoes on 'em, then I'ma stroll on 'em
I call my hook-up at the store like "Put a hold on 'em"
Them Carolina number 9's matchin patent leather wristbands
Patent leather number 11's, we call 'em Space Jams
You in my space man, I'ma make you jump man
I'll make you jump, the jump, the jump jump man
See on my weekends, my J's play a part
I'm rockin these to the club and these to the park
I'm puttin these on now and these here tomorrow
A spare off in my car, just in case I catch star

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