

Read These Nikes

Geto Boys

(Oh my goodness!)
(Hit it)

[VERSE 1: Willie D]

Here I go again, another brawl, a conflict
Somebody finna get they ass kicked
If you ain't down with the Geto Boys
Get your happy ass outta dodge
The rumors you heard ain't slander
Willie D don't give a fuck about a goddamn by-stander
So when you see me clutch my fist
Get out the way or get t-rolled, bitch
I'm inclined to physically whip your ass
But if you wanna blast
Make a muthafuckin motion like you wanna reach
And you gon' have a damn funeral next week
>From the hardest to the softest
For me to beat a nigga down is a day at the office
See, my appearance is so damn fly
It makes em say, "Hm - he's a nice guy"
So a nigga try to play me like a hoe
Oh-oh, oh shit, damn, that's a no-no
I get dead on his ass, so when I'm strikin
He bet no fall, or I'ma make his ass read these Nikes

(Oh my goodness!)

[VERSE 2: Willie D]

You read these Nikes, cause you're fucked up, punk
Here's the definition of gettin your ass stomped
(I'm a nigga insane kickin ass extremely)
So you weak-ass hoes keep dreamin
Bushwick, can I get a witness?
(Fuck yeah, Nightquill that sickness!)
Yeah, and when I form this gesture
Don't call mama, cause the bitch can't help ya
Better yell for a paramedic
Or somethin that nature, cause I'ma try to break ya
Ass into muthafuckin particles
Let's see if I can get you in a newspaper article
To hell with emotions
I don't stop till I cream a muthafucka like lotion
Remorse - what the fuck is that?
I beat your mama ass and go get a six-pack
Gettin mild, I don't play that shit
Fuck havin mercy on a goddamn bitch
Nigga get beat, oh mama
But if she fucks with me
Her ass is gonna read these Nikes

[Bushwick Bill]

Yo D, I saw the way you stomped that muthafucka
And left your trademark upside his head

[Will]

Yeah man, that was one of my ??? Nikes
I usually leave the whole muthafuckin logo

[VERSE 3: Willie D]

I don't give a fuck who you hang with, trick
Friends ain't shit when you're gettin your ass kicked
But if your buddies wanna get in my mix
Chop-chop (*gunfire*) yo, bitch
It ain't nothin but a mere formality
Every sucker muthafucka is a casualty
I kick ass, you won't ever diss
Look at the bottom of my goddamn shoeprint
>From muthafuckas done donated blood to the kid
Now do you wanna make a bid?
I didn't think so, cause I'd have yo
Ass screamin just like a damn hoe
When I hit ya in your goddamn mouth
And show you what a real nigga's all about
When I dispose of your ass like waste
And nothin but my shoe is in your muthafuckin face
You're readin these Nikes

Look at you now, muthafucka!

(Oh shit!)

Look at...

(Oh! Aw, hold up, man

Hold up, shit, aw, come on...

Alright, man, alright, I quit, man

I quit, alright - aw shit)

...fuck with me!

(Oh man)

(Hit it)

[VERSE 4: Willie D]

Here's an incident that got me sent to the slammer
I'm at the club rappin to this hellas hammer
This bitch was holy, severely cut
So I'm rappin to her, right? To see if she'll fuck
I never asked if she was taken, cause honestly
That type of shit don't matter to me
Just when we was leavin out the goddamn door
Some trick-ass nigga fronted me bout the whore
I let the fool file with a diss or two
But the nigga kept pushin the goddamn issue
So I pulled out the 9mm
And bust his ass in the head, you could see the
Blood gushin out his goddamn skull
He played hisself, now his ass gettin drugged
I was charged with aggravated assault
But before I got off his ass
...I made him read these Nikes

(Oh my goodness!)