

# Nike Boots

Wale

I'm 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, KDAY, 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