

Nikes on My Feet

Mac Miller

And the Nikes on my feet keep my cipher complete
Nike, Nike, Nike, Nike, Nike, Nike, Nike, Nike, Nikes
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Nikes on my feet keep my cipher complete
Nike, Nike, Nike, Nike, Nike, Nike, Nike, Nike, Nikes
Aye lace them up, lace them up, lace them up, lace them
Blue suede shoes stay crispy like bacon
Nikes on my feet make my cipher complete
Uh, I stay shining like the lights on the street in the night
Revis take me shopping when I'm up in New York
Hit the shoe store, go and cop a few more
You at the mall getting dinner at the food court
I'm at LA eating 22 course
Young boss bitch paper in my pockets
I got a closet filled with shoe boxes
Mom says my spending habit a little bit obnoxious
But a pilot stay fresh up in his cockpit
Used to rock hand me downs
Now I buy some clothes, wear them out
Hit the club bitches pull they cameras out
Living in a dream they beginning to believe
My hotel smell like cigarettes and weed
Shit, with what I'm spitting they should give me a degree
Good liquor what I'm sipping isn't cheap, uh
Finna blow, don't snooze, don't sleep
All I really need is some shoes on my feet
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I make them so mad, they got no swag
Pippens on my feet, they the throw backs
Look, my moneys good but these hoes bad
So they stay attached to my gonads, uh
Waking up to a few L's

Open up my closet to that new shoe smell
I guess I'm going well
Smoking all the weed that I used to sell
But, once my album goes in the shelves
It's going Nextel how it's finna sell
For now we selling tapes out my shoe box
Any spot just set up my shop
You mad that your girl always says that I'm hot
She buying my T-shirt, but she's spending your guap
Say what up if you see me around
Nike Airs separate my feet from the ground it's just
And the Nikes on my feet keep my cipher
complete
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