

BOOTS - Alright

**You gotta gotta gotta keep
Back tracking and zig zagging and stack stacking
Stay off the glass ceiling they're crack-cracking
Steer clear of the meat heads at meat packing
Frat boys and dumb fucks need clap-clapping
Pardon me i take a second to dance
I never leave my weapons loaded leave protection to chance
If you could regulate your breathing when you fall in a trance
You back up to the b-boy stance
My dreams stay loaded
Degrees below freeze
Like a miley cyrus tongue these fuckers just stay coated
I'm misquoted
Gliding like james in clouds
Who's gonna come for that crown?
Record labels want a brand new whore
I preach to motherfucking chairs and leave respect at the door
I see them pulling out their hair until there ain't no more
I see them pulling out our names like a tech in the drawer
I see em suck the dick of fame no dames are dimes anymore
But if you treat us how you treat us, drop the mic on the floor
Choke a motherfucker out like we've been ready for gore
Washing up on shore dressed like i'm ready for war
Dressed up to the tens kid i can't be taught
It's just my brilliance escapes you cuz i won't be bought
Now
Everybody ask where i'm from
Everybody ask what i've done
1 million in one week: gold streets
Friday nights are ripe to fuck a gold piece
Condom wrappers are gold throw out the old sheets**

Pussy flow like waves are crashing over me

{hook}

May i kick a little flow like this some more

Can i kick it with a bad bitch some more

Can you pack it up drive up to my block

Knock knock on my door and drop your ass some more

Kick a little flow like this some more

Can i kick it with a bad bitch some more

Can you pack it up drive up to my block

Knock knock on my door and drop your ass some more

But i know what i know what i know what i know

Try to keep it real but we always fumble

Fuckers in my grill tryna make me tumble

I could reminisce bout the days of bliss

With my hands on your hips while your lips drip drip

Skip to the end when i sell my guitar

Waiting room chairs, front seat of the car

Take it in strife, i never made you my wife

I stay haunted with the dreams of an unborn life

Now here i am, there i go

There you are, here i go

Just so you know

See i grew up without a cent, just a chip on my shoulder

They told me i could move some mountains just to wait till i'm older

But when the days got shorter and my breath got colder

The world gets smaller, one day it's all over

Crocodile tears fear proctologist

Sky-rocket the spears who rock anonymous

Trap-rock, crack rock, rock-a-bye baby

And maybe i forget the days when we were crazy

My weapons are looking' hazy

My steppin' is like amazing

I'm caught between the basics of half-lives and daisies

The gates come up and baby it's poof out of the races

The youth out of our faces, the truth can't be erased

**Cuz i'm sick of all the racist, perverted, hurted, inverted and murderous c
onverted earnest**

The worst fiery furnaces

They're only stepping cuz the shots they fire flip the lid

That's why they're checking out their weapons on the younger kids

Crystal ceilings of feelings spilling my dealings

Now everybody is squealing like stuck pigs, they're kneeling

Don't move

{hook}

May i kick a little flow like this some more

Can i kick it with a bad bitch some more

Can you pack it up drive up to my block

Knock knock on my door and drop your ass some more

Kick a little flow like this some more

Can i kick it with a bad bitch some more

Can you pack it up drive up to my block

Knock knock