

Mac Miller - Nikes on My Feet

{Intro: Mac Miller}

Woah

Haha, yeah

{Chorus: Nas & Mac Miller}

And the Nikes on my feet keep my cypher complete

Nike-Nike-Nike-Nike-Nike-Nike-Nike-Nike-Nikes

And the Nikes on my feet keep my cypher complete

Nike-Nike-Nike-Nike-Nike-Nike-Nike-Nike-Nikes (Hey, hey)

Nike-Nike-Nikes (Hey), Nike-Nike-Nikes (Haha)

Nike-Nike-Nike-Nike-Nike-Nike-Nike-Nike-Nikes (We just some motherfuckin' kids)

Nikes on my feet keep my cypher complete (Just some motherfuckin' kids)

Nike-Nike-Nike-Nike-Nike-Nike-Nike-Nike-Nikes

{Verse 1: Mac Miller}

Ayy, lace 'em up, lace 'em up, lace 'em up, lace 'em

Blue suede shoes stay crispy like bacon

Nikes on my feet make my cypher complete, uh

I stay shining like the lights on the street in the night

Revis take me shoppin' 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 in LA eatin' twenty-two course

Young boss, bitch, paper in my pockets

I got a closet filled with shoeboxes

Mom said my spending habit little bit obnoxious

But a pilot stay fresh up in his cockpit

Used to rock hand-me-downs

Now I buy some clothes, wear 'em out

Hit the club, bitches pull they cameras out

Livin' in a dream, they beginnin' to believe

My hotel smell like cigarettes and weed

Shit, with what I'm spittin', they should give me a degree
Good liquor, what I'm sippin' isn't cheap, uh
Finna blow, don't snooze, don't sleep
All I really need is some shoes on my feet

{Chorus: Nas & Mac Miller}

And the Nikes on my feet keep my cypher complete
Nike-Nike-Nike-Nike-Nike-Nike-Nike-Nike-Nikes
And the Nikes on my feet keep my cypher complete
Nike-Nike-Nike-Nike-Nike-Nike-Nike-Nike-Nikes
Nike-Nike-Nikes (Hey), Nike-Nike-Nikes (Hey)
Nike-Nike-Nike-Nike-Nike-Nike-Nike-Nike-Nikes (Hey)
Nike-Nike-Nikes (Uh), Nike-Nike-Nikes (We just some motherfuckin' kids, haha)
Nike-Nike-Nike-Nike-Nike-Nike-Nike-Nike-Nikes

{Verse 2: Mac Miller}

I make 'em so mad, they got no swag
Pippens on my feet, they the throwbacks, look
My money good, but these hoes bad
So they stay attached to my gonads, uh
Wakin' up to a few L's
Open up my closet to that new shoe smell
I guess I'm doin' well
Smokin' 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're sellin' tapes out my shoebox
Any spot, just set up my shop
You're mad that your girl always says that I'm hot
She buyin' my t-shirts, but she spendin' your guap, uh
Say, "What up?" if you see me around
Nike Airs separate my feet from the ground, it's just

{Chorus: Nas & Mac Miller}

**And the Nikes on my feet keep my cypher complete
Nike-Nike-Nike-Nike-Nike-Nike-Nike-Nike-Nikes (Yeah)
And the Nikes on my feet keep my cypher complete
Nike-Nike-Nike-Nike-Nike-Nike-Nike-Nike-Nikes
Nike-Nike-Nikes, Nike-Nike-Nikes
Nike-Nike-Nike-Nike-Nike-Nike-Nike-Nike-Nikes
Nike-Nike-Nikes, Nike-Nike-Nikes**