

Rahsaan "Sneaker Store Terrorist"

Visit "[Sneaker Store Terrorist](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

1ST VERSE:

God's Favorite... in them exclusive Rod Laver's
Now I scream, u scream we all scream for Ice Creams I
got 'em all flavors
My two-tone uptowns piss off a racist
New York Style, I criss cross my laces
Top to bottom, lotta "sole" inside 'em
And niggaz be jelly they don't know where I got 'em
They be like... "where u get them homey?"
Fuck up out my biz lil' nigga u don't know me
I copped from a spot where the price don't matter
And if u rock them shits right, u got a nice lil' swagger
Blow a digit in a minute on some brand new kicks
Did u see the bahama joints with Bamboo stitch
That pair right there will run u a buck 50
My shoe game mean, can't a nigga fuck wit me

Hook:

Excuse me Ms. Therapist
I confess I'm a sneaker store terrorist
I'm addicted to fly kicks need medicine
So can u help me I'm fresher than I ever been (2x)

2nd VERSE:

Now All Day I Dream About Sex
Can't wait til payday spending my paychecks
Fresh is a habit, what u expect
If I rock 'em when I'm fuckin I'm havin' some great Sex
If my jeans saggin it's cool, my belt's holdin' 'em
When I step back on the scene I'm shell toe'n 'em
No laces in 'em like a real B-Boy
\$40 on canal street you'll copp decoys...
Nah yo, that ain't me pop
I'm a Nike Head never did copp no reeboks
Unless it was 54-11 for my wifey
On some grown man shit, Stan Smiths excite
Plus, I'm fuckin wit Diadora to Fila
Puerto Rock air force one's my nigga mira
This shit is a sickness I got a feevah
I'ma spend whatever it takes for me to be Fly

Hook:

Excuse me Ms. Therapist

I confess I'm a sneaker store terrorist

I'm addicted to fly kicks need medicine

So can u help me I'm fresher than I ever been (2x)

3rd VERSE:

My old school poppin

I'm gold tooth rockin'

Hands start to sweat when I go shoe shoppin'

Step up in the spot, pocket full of ends

I'm lookin at the nigga like... Gimme all of them

Size 8? 7 and a half?

Too many boxes can't fit 'em in my bag

Backin' up the whip Now I gotta pop the trunk

I spent \$500 on some skateboard dunks,

Damn!

I'm stuck on these shits like white on rice

Summer time's here u need ya white on whites

I pull words out NIKE AIR, I don't write

Matter fact, I ain't seen a pair that I don't like

So...

Ms. Lady tell me what I'ma do

I'm layin on ya couch and I'm thinkin' of shoes

Fat tongues and swooshes

I'll tell ya what the truth is

I don't get a new pair soon then I'm through

Hook:

Excuse me Ms. Therapist

I confess I'm a sneaker store terrorist

I'm addicted to fly kicks need medicine

So can u help me I'm fresher than I ever been (2x)

Visit [Rahsaan](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.