

T. Rex

"My Air Forces"

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[T.I. talking]

Bet yall niggas don't remember these wit Run-DMC...
Naw, I ain't wit dem no mo...What they is now...MY AIR
FORCES

[Verse One]

Walk through the hood at night
I don't like 'em laced tight, but they feel alright
Outta sight, all white, steeping swaging my strap
I got the four in my lap cause I stay in the trap
Like guess and heavy starch thrity-four in the way
With thrity six so I can fit this forty-four on my waste
If I waste something one 'em I'ma throw 'em away
Pull a fresh pair out the trunk, and buy some more in a
day
And I wear'em like I bought 'em, I don't lace 'em or
nuthin'
Got bitches wonderin' why I don't call, I don't chase 'em
or nuthin'
Funky fresh MC, I bet you see
T.I.P with a fresh new pair of Nike Airs on his feet
And when you see me in the streets, you know you
looked at a star
The way the Congo and Polo the checks is even
matching my car
Ahhhh, back to the subject though
I just letting you know about my air forces

[Chorus]

Don't care how many shoes I get, when all else fails
dem the shoes I pick
And I walk like so I don't bruise my kicks
I got a lot but none fit like my Air Forces
Brand new O-Eyed Benz
Where in less there ain't a pair in every store I been
Gotta outfit, wanna make sure I'm fresh
Well you know I gotta go get my Air Forces

[Verse Two]

All white trimmed in gray
Bubbled laced to the top on with me

All day, collecting pay in the ass of a jay
Or any sucka nigga trying to get in my way
Stay kicking this muthafucking G.A. clay
With a limp and a sway and I don't play
Hoes keep asking pimp why the the same 'ol shoes?
Bitch, I'm four pairs deep and I done paid my do's
(My Air Forces)
Call number one like me
Hanging out the Chevy door when I stomp on the street
Concaine white leather feel good one my feet
Heyyyy, they ganranteed to keep you from the police
With bold they aint scuffed
The strap holding me up
My shoulder boy-cut
Who need platuim wwith super Dave, when dem boys
be stuntin'
Nigga I'm just ballin' it up in my Air Forces

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

Stepping in my Air Force Ones, hat to the right plus I
got my gun
Headed to the weed house to cop me a sack
Bumped into this bitch I knew from way back
Now I'm smoking good kicked back and I'm ridin'
Police pull me over and I had to jump up out it
Bail to the spot, had to shake these damn polls
Forces fucked up and I done lost my dro
All white and gray with dem bubble shoe laces
Even got dem blue ones for the special occasion
ATL fitted with the guess get a map
Pussy ass twiddled em put a hole in my lap
Now I gotta situation at hand
Guess I gotta take it back to the old plan
Forces get my payment trying to catch a ride
That's why I stay down wit my Air Forces

[Chorus]

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