

Mercedes F/ A-Lexxus, Mr. Serv-On

"Gortex"

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Posse in effect, scramble up, new rhyme
Big Goretex, crushed down, two time
Rumble in the street, neighborhood shakedown
Emerald City posse, gonna take this town
Suckers gettin' mad, swift kick, broke rib
Serve it in a dish, name it up, rib-tip
Metal in the front, big stomp, crush neck
Punks on tip, call the boots, GoreTex

Laugh if you want, but you might get crushed
Walk through the dangerous Hilltop brush
Bullet-proof, steel-toed, down to kick butt
Roughin' up character who drop weak cuts
One twenty five was the price tag on 'em
Cool brothers buy 'em, even though they don't want
'em
Style is a must, but the style is rough
China Beach boots couldn't crush more stuff
Strap 'em down, lace 'em up, get in the bucket
Reach for the tongue, pull it out, then tuck it
Ten pound boots could destruct all comers
My whole posse wears them Fort Lewis runners

Death to a white pair of nikes - sound effect
Kickin' over big motor bikes - sound effect
Steppin' over puddles in the hood - sound effect
Girls laugh, but you know they look good - sound effect
Waffle-like prints in the snow - sound effect
Pulverize punks when we throw - sound effect
Salute to the group in the booths - sound effect
Bow, and we kick you in the snoot - GoreTex

Hollow-point nine, to the boots, ricochet
Leavin' mud prints when I romp in the rain
Draw black scars on the new gym floor
Pimps like to wear 'em when they kick them whores
This is it baby, big shiny black boots
Runnin' over punks like Iranian troops
Trample, crush, hittin' like a dump truck
Jump in my face and a size twelve get stuck
In your butt, 'cause you wanted to box

One-two punch and the GoreTex drops
On your toe, your brother got caught
By GoreTex boots from the GoreTex shop

Git it!

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