

# Geto Boys, Read These Nikes

(Oh my goodness!)

(Hit it)

[VERSE 1: Willie D]

Here I go again, another brawl, a conflict  
Somebody finna get they ass kicked  
If you ain't down with the Geto Boys  
Get your happy ass outta dodge  
The rumors you heard ain't slander  
Willie D don't give a fuck about a goddamn by-stander  
So when you see me clutch my fist  
Get out the way or get t-rolled, bitch  
I'm inclined to physically whip your ass  
But if you wanna blast  
Make a muthafuckin motion like you wanna reach  
And you gon' have a damn funeral next week  
&gt;From the hardest to the softest  
For me to beat a nigga down is a day at the office  
See, my appearance is so damn fly  
It makes em say, "Hm - he's a nice guy"  
So a nigga try to play me like a hoe  
Oh-oh, oh shit, damn, that's a no-no  
I get dead on his ass, so when I'm strikin  
He bet no fall, or I'ma make his ass read these Nikes

(Oh my goodness!)

[VERSE 2: Willie D]

You read these Nikes, cause you're fucked up, punk  
Here's the definition of gettin your ass stomped  
(I'm a nigga insane kickin ass extremely)  
So you weak-ass hoes keep dreamin  
Bushwick, can I get a witness?  
(Fuck yeah, Nightquill that sickness!)  
Yeah, and when I form this gesture  
Don't call mama, cause the bitch can't help ya  
Better yell for a paramedic  
Or somethin that nature, cause I'ma try to break ya  
Ass into muthafuckin particles  
Let's see if I can get you in a newspaper article  
To hell with emotions  
I don't stop till I cream a muthafucka like lotion  
Remorse - what the fuck is that?  
I beat your mama ass and go get a six-pack  
Gettin mild, I don't play that shit  
Fuck havin mercy on a goddamn bitch  
Nigga get beat, oh mama  
But if she fucks with me  
Her ass is gonna read these Nikes

[Bushwick Bill]

Yo D, I saw the way you stomped that muthafucka  
And left your trademark upside his head

[Will]

Yeah man, that was one of my ??? Nikes  
I usually leave the whole muthafuckin logo

[VERSE 3: Willie D]

I don't give a fuck who you hang with, trick  
Friends ain't shit when you're gettin your ass kicked  
But if your buddies wanna get in my mix  
Chop-chop ( \*gunfire\* ) yo, bitch  
It ain't nothin but a mere formality  
Every sucker muthafucka is a casualty

I kick ass, you won't ever diss  
Look at the bottom of my goddamn shoeprint  
&gt;From muthafuckas done donated blood to the kid  
Now do you wanna make a bid?  
I didn't think so, cause I'd have yo  
Ass screamin just like a damn hoe  
When I hit ya in your goddamn mouth  
And show you what a real nigga's all about  
When I dispose of your ass like waste  
And nothin but my shoe is in your muthafuckin face  
You're readin these Nikes

Look at you now, muthafucka!  
(Oh shit!)  
Look at...  
(Oh! Aw, hold up, man  
Hold up, shit, aw, come on...  
Alright, man, alright, I quit, man  
I quit, alright - aw shit)  
...fuck with me!  
(Oh man)

(Hit it)  
[VERSE 4: Willie D]  
Here's an incident that got me sent to the slammer  
I'm at the club rappin to this hella hammer  
This bitch was holy, severely cut  
So I'm rappin to her, right? To see if she'll fuck  
I never asked if she was taken, cause honestly  
That type of shit don't matter to me  
Just when we was leavin out the goddamn door  
Some trick-ass nigga fronted me bout the whore  
I let the fool file with a diss or two  
But the nigga kept pushin the goddamn issue  
So I pulled out the 9mm  
And bust his ass in the head, you could see the  
Blood gushin out his goddamn skull  
He played hisself, now his ass gettin drugged  
I was charged with aggravated assault  
But before I got off his ass  
...I made him read these Nikes

(Oh my goodness!)