

T.I., My Air Forces

[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 dont 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 thirty 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 alot but none fit like my Air Forces

Brand new O-Eyed Benz

Where in less there ain't a pair in every store I check

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
Thats why I stay down wit my Air Forces

[Chorus]