Please Don’t Take My Air Jordans

By: Reg E Gaines

My air jordans cost a hundred with tax  
My suede starters jacket says raiders on the back  
I'm stylin . . . Smilin . . . Lookin real mean cuz  
It ain't about bein heard just bein seen  
  
My leather adidas baseball cap  
Matches my fake gucci backpack  
There's nobody out there looks good as me  
But the gear costs money it sure ain't free  
  
And i gots no job no money at all  
But it's easy to steal fresh gear from the mall  
Parents say i shouldn't but i know i should  
Gots ta do what i can to make sure i look good  
  
And the reason i have to look real fly  
Well to tell ya the truth man i don't know why  
I guess it makes me feel special inside  
When i'm wearin fresh gear i don't have to hide  
  
But i really must get some new gear soon  
Or my ego will pop like a ten cent balloon  
But security's tight at all the shops  
Everyday there are more and more cops  
  
My crew's laughin at me cuz i'm wearin old gear  
School's almost over summer is near  
And i'm sportin torn jordans and need somethin new  
There's only one thing left to do  
  
Cut school friday catch the subway downtown  
Check out my victims hangin around  
Maybe i'll get lucky and find easy prey  
Gots to get some new gear there's no other way  
  
I'm ready and willin i'm packin my gun  
This is serious bizness it sure ain't no fun  
But i can't have my posse laughin at me  
I'll cop somethin dope just wait you'll see  
  
Come out a the station west 4th near the park  
Brothers shootin hoops and someone remarks  
Hey homes . . . Where'd you get those def nikes  
As i said to myself. . . I likes em . . . I likes  
  
They were q-tip white bright and blinded my eyes  
The red emblem of michael looked as if it could fly  
Not one spot of dirt the airs were brand new  
Had my pistol knew just what to do  
  
Followed him very closely behind  
Waited until it was just the right time  
Made a left turn on houston pulled out my gun and screamed  
Gimme them jordans . . . And he tried ta run  
  
Took off fast but didn't get far  
I fired (pow) he fell between two parked cars  
He was coughin/cryin/blood dripped on the street  
And i snatched them air jordans off a his feet  
  
While layin there dyin all he could say was  
Please . . . Don't take my air jordans away . . .  
You think he'd be worried about stayin alive  
As i took off with the jordans there were tears in his eyes  
  
The very next day i bopped into school  
With my brand new air jordans man was i cool  
I killed to get them but hey . . . I don't care  
Cuz now. . . I needs a new jacket to wear  
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Read more at <http://www.lyrics.com/please-dont-take-my-air-jordans-lyrics-reg-e-gaines.html#JbHC6RUPIrYhPHLz.99>