

Livin In the Project

Juvenile

I'm a nigga from the third with a helluva nerve
And if you cross my line then you will get served
I win, lose or die this happens everyday
Muthafuckas get killed in this game I play
I put these hands on a nigga 'cuz he talk too much
He told my business to a bitch, I had to fuck him up
When I confronted this nigga, he got highly upset
Took off his shirt, booted up, then looked down to my chest
So I slammed his ass, the nigga started to kick
I went to stompin' in his face, fuckin' up his shit
Gave him a good ass whippin', then I started to steppin'
I saw him reachin' in his pants, I seen he was stressin'
The niggas was stuntin' but I had mine
Five times through the chest, family outside cryin'
On the way back home, I saw this sharp ass lady
Polo down, hair fixed and some gold earrings
I asked just where she's headed, she said,