

Projects

Fat Joe

Anything you wanna let niggas know out there
On some real street shit
Where you ain't gotta hold your tongue
Kna' mean?
What's the deal?

Forgive me, I'm a nigga from the projects
Forgive me, I'm a nigga from the projects
Forgive me, I'm a nigga from the projects
Forgive me, I'm a nigga from the 'jects
No apologies for my fresh behavior
No preachers the church has could save ya
Shots ring out, you get stretched and laid up
Streets got drugs, guns, and sex for sale
So, forgive me, I'ma nigga from the projects
Forgive me, I'ma nigga from the projects
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Forgive me, I'm a milli from the projects
Drip team, triple beam, and the Pyrex
Suicide, it's a suicide
All these lights above my head, why are you surprised?
Every floor of my building got a precious
Now I'm gripping on the ice inside your precious
Get my movie on in that Louis Vuitton
Let my bitch make your bitch look like Precious, uh
And I ain't ever trust no chick
If she workin' at the club then that's not yo' bitch
All my niggas got Scarface tatted
Got hittas on deck and they not gon' miss

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From where they pick out all the NFL prospects
Either you rich or you poor—a simple concept
So cooking up a tote and a rocket wit' some progress
But these days, you gotta watch what you post
Tryna speak truth or power get you shot like ghost, whoa
But fuck it, I'm a nigga out the ghetto
Where when all else fails, you start hustlin' the Holy Ghost (Church)
You wanna be owners or an opponents
Freezer cold on, beaches sippin' Corona
You ain't a rebel, the second you choose a set, nigga
We call the cap on that bullshit you tryna petal, nigga

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