

Projects

Icewear Vezzo

Yeah

Ooh

You aren't even a cool breeze to my man Taz (Live From The 6)

Put your pussy lips on Live, I'll give you a thousand

I was on fire, they wanted to tie my hands (Yeah)

Used to get them cheap 'bows, thousand-dollar yams (Thousand dollars)

Put them bitches in the sky, show you how to land

All them pussy niggas died helpin' out the feds (Bitch)

Mixin' twenty-five hundred dollar eighthies (What?), twelve-

fifty zips (What?)

Ain't never build a crib, we only sell niggas bricks (Sell niggas bricks)

Bustin' down a bale, fishscale, them niggas shrimps

We ain't checkin' niggas' temp, fuck 12, get him blitzed

Search 'em at the door like, "Who you came with and who you here for?" (Nigg
a)

Got Bam Bam, Barney Rubble for that Flintstone

That Lam' fast, burnin' rubber when that fent' gone

I don't smoke Wham, purple Muffins 'cause it hits strong

Still thuggin' in the trenches (Yeah), Cullinan on sixes

Quarter chicken, half chicken, tryna double off a biscuit (Skrtrt)

Cut it up in zippers just to stuff it by the dishes

Bet I'll be up a hundred M's before you touch your first ticket

Multi-million dollar nigga in the projects (In the projects)

I'll bust this bitch down, yeah, this my shit (Yeah, this is my shit)

Got my daughter an AP, she wasn't five yet (Ayy)

Count the paper 'til the morning, I ain't tired yet (I ain't tired yet)

Multi-million dollar nigga in the projects (What?)

I'll bust this bitch down, yeah, this my shit (For real)

Got my daughter an AP, she wasn't five yet (Drank God)

How the fuck you think we opps and you ain't die yet? (You ain't die yet)

Turn the trap into the crib, use the side steps (Yeah)

My son playin' with a scale like it's an object (Vito)

We the ones that got it hot because we shine best (Shine best)

Jump back like hopscotch, can write a blind check (Ooh)

Twenty-million-dollar nigga in the trenches (What?)

Don't pillow talk to bitches (What?)

Purple-face Rollie look like Miller Lite and Trishy (Ooh)

Hundred round yopper in the crib right by the kitchen

Stash spot sit in the ceiling, fifty cartridge by the windows

Real ghetto boy, let me fuck for free (Let me fuck)

Dog nigga, ain't a bitch that don't fuck with me (Drank God)

Best dog in the city, cut the least

Nigga, fuck the peace

Cashed a million-dollar check and bought another piece

Multi-million dollar nigga in the projects (For real)

I'll bust this bitch down, yeah, this my shit (Yeah, this is my shit)

Got my daughter an AP, she wasn't five yet (Nah)

Count the paper 'til the morning, I ain't tired yet (I ain't tired yet)

Multi-million dollar nigga in the projects (What?)

I'll bust this bitch down, yeah, this my shit (Bitch)

Got my daughter an AP, she wasn't five yet (Drank God)

How the fuck you think we opps and you ain't die yet? Nigga (You ain't die y
et)

Live From The 6
In the trenches every day
This for all the real get-money niggas
All the real havin'-ass niggas
All the time