

# Project Boy

Joell Ortiz

Uh. Slow the music down just a tad  
[Nas:] "The projects"  
[Flava Flav:] "Bwoyyyy"  
Uh. Yeah. That sound good right there  
Joell Ortiz. Yaowa! Premier what up man? Uh  
"The projects"

God damn it, I done did it again  
I swear them cameras flash every time I pick up a pen  
What y'all spit sugar coated, I be spittin' that phlegm  
Cause where I come from, little dudes got guns bigger than them  
And crack heads smoke anything that fit in that stem  
And little girls do grown men just to sit in that Benz  
I'm from the projects boy (what)  
I'm from the projects boy (what)  
If you're not from there listen close I drop some knowledge boy  
Night, time you hear thunder from the hottest toy  
If you upstairs you sayin' prayers hopin' it's not your boy  
With police around, it ain't just to lock you up (naw)  
They hope somethin' look like a gun so they can pop you up  
See me, I play it smooth like a hockey puck  
If I ain't writin', I'm in the room with a stocky slut  
It ain't friendly outside  
Cause like 'rybody po' for that doe you can go  
Let me let 'rybody know this

"Now this here is for the projects"  
[Flava Flav:] "Bwoy!"  
"Now this here is for the projects"  
[Royce Da 5'9":] "It's wrong or not"  
[Royce Da 5'9":] "This is rap"  
[Royce Da 5'9":] "That's all you got"

See where I come from  
Motherfuckers get home from up top  
And the kids they used to send to the store own the spot  
And them young boys don't give a what if you old or not  
You talk that "listen shorty" shit and he will roast your knot  
While you was gone, he got it on and moved that dope and rock  
But before them roosters cock-a-doodle-do he post the block  
Yeah that's a projects boy (what)  
Yeah that's a projects boy (what)  
If you ain't from here listen close I'll drop some knowledge boy  
Snitchin'?  
We don't allow that  
Man, you tell and you dead  
The repercussion be disgustin'  
Put Joell in the Fed  
Somebody clothes and shottie smoke till their melon is red  
In the streets my name hold weight like elephant legs  
I'm a projects boy  
Crooper's P's be here  
They let me in and now it's locked like pezzy hair  
Oh you don't get it?  
Let's please be clear  
It's like I went celibate  
Cause ain't nobody fuckin' with Ortiz this year

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Man, I love where I'm from  
You can call it the hood  
Call it the ghetto, call it the gutter, call it the slum  
I'm callin' it home  
That's where I roamed all my life  
This trouble is all I know so that's all I write (listen)  
My family my friends, we are not all alright (nope)  
So when I pick up this mic, I rhyme with all of my might  
I'm from the projects boy (what)  
I'm from the projects boy (what)  
If you ain't from there, listen close, I'll drop some knowledge boy  
See I ain't got to listen close  
You make a lot of noise  
I hear your whole conversation  
Every word  
The project walls thinner than my Blackberry Curve  
When I was young my moms and pops got on my every nerve  
With all that arguin'  
Until that check hit  
And them food stamps held them down like a tec clip  
Then daddy made an exit  
Mommy couldn't accept it  
In and out the crib for that next hit  
That project shit nigga

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