

P.R.O.J.E.C.T.S.

Killah Priest

Drizzle rained down my window pane
Up the block was the park and the subway train
We party every Friday 'til Sunday came
Then it was church, go in my pocket, here's a bunch of change
There's sister Johnson giving unusual [?] range
She limped in, sat down after she hung up her cane
But my mind was on block parties and the summer games
As the choir sang to the organ, a drummer banged
The preacher had us baptized, but we backslide
Born black with pride, afros high as The Jackson 5
Life here was no picket fence and apple pie
People relying on just enough cash to survive
Projects, the acronym we visualize
Projects, where drug dealers and criminals hide
The object, to keep us minimized
The process, remove fathers from mothers and children lives
I know a Blood who's sick but can't see the word "Crip" in the
word prescription

I know a Crip with high blood pressure, too much of salt he com
mitted
Now do we bang on each other, or do we bang on our symptoms?
Too much processed beef
Is it artificial sweet? We hypertension
The sickness, we need to fix it
Water to flush our system
Keep us from the morgue and out their prison
Stay off the hog and the chitlins
Hot Fries, Popeyes, where are they getting all of these chicken
s?
Turkey jive, Five Guys, it's [?] of addiction
To the place where our hopes and dreams try to fly like birds w
ith broken wings
That's why we smoke herb for our dopamines
Melanated culture beings
Celebrated with the host of kings
Projects, people relying on just enough cash to survive
That's why we stay high
Projects, we gaze at the sky
The project lives, we try to get by