

The Projects

Master P

Welcome to the CP3
(There's no limit for everything)

I'm from uptown where the bricks at
Where the niggas out and we flip that
Where the dope fiends and the crackheads and the dope dealers just sit
back
Cutthroat, where the niggas split your wig behind these chips
There's sharks in these waters, I advise you not to swim
Nigga, go to the pen and come home, nigga
And think they got the streets
Nigga, ten or twelve years old, nigga
Or put your ass to sleep
Ain't no love in these projects but thirty G's a keep
They get real on these streets tryna make it, slingin' the D's

A lot of niggas died tryna make it off them projects
A lot of mamas cried 'cause they seen these babies I shipped
I was only five when I seen them shots fired
Coming up in that project, had to man up to survive
Told myself that I'ma make it off the projects
Told me I'ma make it off the projects
Told myself that I'ma make it off the projects
Told me I'ma make it off the projects
Told myself that I'ma make it off

Told me Chris Paul, I started over there
In the motherfuckin' house, nigga
CP3, uptown on these streets
Nigga, stop it, where the hell turn that bitch into a key?
Now a nigga got the key to the motherfuckin' street
Nigga, I'm a fuckin' giant, you a motherfuckin' flea
Thirty-six, forty-nine and Raleigh Street where I was raised
Nigga, miss my fuckin' brother, put some flowers on his grave, kept it
there

A lot of niggas died tryna make it off them projects
A lot of mamas cried 'cause they seen these babies I shipped
I was only five when I seen them shots fired
Coming up in that project, had to man up to survive
Told myself that I'ma make it off the projects
Told me I'ma make it off the projects
Told myself that I'ma make it off the projects
Told me I'ma make it off the projects
Told myself that I'ma make it off

Make it off, make it off, make it off, make it off, make it off