

Project

Turk

They got this nigga named Rob, and Rob is my dog
His people doin' bad, sometimes I break him off
I got love for the nigga - 'round my way, they doin' bad
Every time we come outside, we say, "Look at they dirty ass."
He ain't worried 'bout it, he just keep his head up
And say, "One day, I'ma be straight. Y'all just watch when I come up."
Some days, my dog don't have nothin' to eat
Man, that shit is cold, but sometime that's how it be
His momma on stones, daddy on hero'n
Whole household fucked up - all of them bitches gone
Dog, they know they gone, tryin' to score from me
Knowin' I be with they son every day of the week
But they don't care - fuck that, not gon' play it like that
That's my motherfuckin' round, so I'ma give him respect
Even though shit fucked up, my round still be chillin'
Gettin' it how he live in this project livin'

In the project, niggas don't wan' see you come up
You don't give 'em what they want, they gon' fuck your head up
Like a man, bruh - you know how it be goin' down
Nigga be straight project when they livin' uptown

In the project, you know niggas be stun'n, round
If a nigga don't play ya nigga, go lay your ass down
Like a man, bruh - you know how it be goin' down
Nigga be straight thuggin' when they livin' uptown

Look
Verse two, and I'ma talk about these project broads
Stealin' clothes, gettin' hustles, usin' them credit cards
Gettin' how they could, anyway that they can
Wearin' each other clothes, fuckin' each other man
Gotta respect they mind, let 'em do what they do
Broads like to look good, and they like to shine, too
Havin' babies like that ain't nothin' for niggas with names
Them hoes love a nigga with that project fame
Sittin' on the porch, just gossipin'
'Bout any and everything that be happenin'
This shit's real - get it how they live in the brick
You should know how it is if you live in the bricks
They do whatever it takes to keep a lil' cake
Catch them a duck, they want everything that he make
Yeah, they play it raw, but I ain't mad at 'em
I just let 'em do they thing, dog, I ain't mad at 'em

Everyday, it's the same old shit, but different toilets
Either you're hustlin' or you're starvin' like Marvin
Livin' from (??) to (?), beggin' niggas for jo's
Gettin' played like a junky, disrespected by hoes
'Cause ain't no nigga gon' give you shit, get it for yourself
Flip 'til you can't flip no more for yourself
Gotta get off your ass - make it happen, my nigga
Even if it come down to you pullin' that trigga
Nigga, look, don't worry 'bout the next nigga

They gon' hate ya anyway, and that's a fact, nigga
So while they hatin', you just keep doin' your thing
Nigga get outta line is when you let your nuts hang
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