

## The Projects

Uncle Murda

It's that project shit, nigga  
East New York!  
Buckroll  
Brooklyn!

You know when niggas got beef with niggas and— and a nigga name come up nigg  
as be like "man, that nigga pussy, nigga"  
Fuck outta here, nigga

It's easier to go to war when you got your money up (It is)  
Was beefin' so much our only option was to run it up (Get money)  
It was kill or be killed wasn't no in between that shit  
Caught bodies when we was younger, lucky nobody seen that shit (Lucky)  
Would have caught a new charge if I had went on Rikers (Word)  
And I woulda blew trial, I'd be up north with the lifers (God)  
Gotta have experience in the streets for you to write this (You do)  
Had bitches holdin' drugs in they newborn baby diapers (Goo goo ga ga)  
Kept it real my whole life, I ain't never been a sucker (Never)  
Shootouts in the winter time leave the bodies droppin' in the summer (It's hot)  
Champagne and big blunts for all the shit I survived  
Hit niggas with head nods, I don't dap everybody five (Don't touch me)  
I show you the stuff, you show me where the money is  
I'm Scarface if the deal go bad, no funny biz  
I done robbed more niggas in the 90's than Puffy did (Damn)  
It was that or get a job but nine to five wasn't for the kid  
Got the FN with the switch on it, this ain't no lil strap (Nope)  
A nigga gon' die or lose a body part— he get hit with that  
Yeah I heard what went down, you know who side I'm on  
I don't care who died, I'm ridin' with my niggas whether right or wrong (On gang)

And now the projects, is talkin' that somebody gotta die shit  
It's logic, as long as it's nobody that's in my clique  
And now the projects, is talkin' that somebody gotta die shit  
It's logic, as long as it's nobody that's in my clique  
And now the projects, is talkin' that somebody gotta die shit  
It's logic, as long as it's nobody that's in my clique  
You can put your whole army against my team and  
I guarantee you it'll be your very last time breathin'

Yeah, look (Brrr!)  
Playin' with any of the Gz is out of the question  
Lil homie knockin' shit down like he got an obsession (Boom boom boom!)  
That boy trigger finger itch like it got an infection (Brrr)  
Puttin' on for my niggas locked inside the correction (Free the real ones)  
Bro ain't call home yet, he still in Elmira reception (Uh huh)  
Throttle on my hip, poppin' bottles inside of my section (Uh huh)  
Play tough guy, fix your face, you got a few seconds (I'll give you a few seconds, pussy)  
Yeah, I was blowin' them Ms, now I just make a lot of investments  
Sniff or rub it on your gums, that's how the product get tested (Uh huh)  
Broke niggas never got shit but a lot of suggestions (Hahaha)  
Might spend a dub, get my bitch some body adjustments (Talk to 'em)  
She copped the Lamb truck, look all the designer she dress in (Yeah)  
Niggas hate to see me eat, but they gotta respect it (Haa!)  
'Cause they'll get bodied for testin' (Boom boom boom!)

And now the projects, is talkin' that somebody gotta die shit  
It's logic, as long as it's nobody that's in my clique  
And now the projects, is talkin' that somebody gotta die shit  
It's logic, as long as it's nobody that's in my clique  
And now the projects, is talkin' that somebody gotta die shit  
It's logic, as long as it's nobody that's in my clique  
You can put your whole army against my team and  
I guarantee you it'll be your very last time breathin'