

**Puff Daddy F/ Mase, Notorious B.I.G.**  
**"The Projects"**

Visit "[The Projects](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

"It may take a long time, but my house will last forever  
- and it will have been worth it.  
What are you going to build your house with?"

[Dove]

Yo I'm stayin where we gettin crazy love  
My noisy neighbors live just above me  
up in 13-A, there's drama e'ryday  
The Super say he gon' fix the heat for sure  
Tchk, I done heard it five times before  
Three locks on every door  
- cause some folks got the tendency to take  
It ain't Beverly Hills, more like Stephanie Mills  
I never knew love like this could ever exist  
Four corners in your metropolis  
Yo it's the Pjays pah!  
We exquisite like cars made in foreign  
See ain't a day out here, ever boring  
Where gunshots keep you up instead of heavy snoring  
Pipes dripping, instead of rivers pouring  
The elevator's broken down (daaaamn!)  
and man I'm needin a lift  
Thank God we don't stay up on the twenty-fifth  
- floor, yo we ain't always at war  
It's a lot about the Projects I do adore

Chorus: Dove, Del

But you wouldn't understand it  
The Pjays is like another planet  
Heavy like granite  
You wouldn't understand it  
The cops will catch you drawers down  
Red-handed, it's outlandish  
But you wouldn't understand it  
The Pjays is like another planet  
You wouldn't understand it  
The cops will catch you drawers down  
Red-handed, it's outlandish  
"Yo it's the Pjays.."  
{"cau.. cause where I come from.."} }

{"where we live is called the Projects" -> Pos}  
".. The Pjays.."  
{"cau.. cause where I come from.."}  
{"you might-might-might, might get done..")  
".. The Pjays.."  
{"cau.. cause where I come from.."}  
{"where we live is called the Projects" -> Pos}  
".. The Pjays.."  
{"cau.. cause where I come from.."}  
{"What was that you said?"}

[Del the Funky Homosapien]  
Come to our projects bout fo' in the morning  
So I can tell you what be goin on there  
One block gunshots some hot stuff  
Sell it to you for a buck, boy that ain't enough!  
(C'mon) Handcuffs on your brotherman; my wife's  
wonderin  
When you gonna fix that tenant's plumbing man?  
I'm tired - this ghetto's cool, but it's on fire  
I see this fool with a crack pipe, lookin wired  
Hookers for hire (what?) look at the plywood (look!)  
on the building where termites is living (EW)  
My wife sleeps peacefully, it ain't easy to me  
cause I'm tripping off these peoples with they thievery  
Black white chicano - hell if I know  
Every guy know about the stolen cell phone  
I got the hook-up - police got me shook-up  
in court, can't even fart  
It's okay though, I got the building, that pay dough  
But some tenants act like they can say no (hey)  
I'm gettin older in my years  
Feel me? I got a folder worth of fears (yup)  
But it's cool, we gotta make it better (make it better)  
Don't take my sweater (c'mon) y'all make my head hurt  
I ain't even gonna finish this song, it's too long  
I'ma watch Cops, in my La-Z-Boy, in my thong

Chorus

Visit [Puff Daddy F/ Mase, Notorious B.I.G.](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.