

Stevie Nicks % Rick Vito "Jorge of the Projects"

Visit "[Jorge of the Projects](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Tune in your sets
(Spark your cigarettes)
You don't need cable TV
(Just a window to see) Who, me?
The Kurious one in your backyard
(Monkey bars I'm swingin on)
(Check it)

[VERSE 1]

Okay, time period 5 B.C.
5 years before money and crack was a priority
(Authority) figures loomin like dark skies
(Sittin in class, second hand movin clock wise)
Patiently waitin for the bell to ring (ring)
There it is, I gather my things
(Backpack over my shoulder, like a soldier I troop)
Uptown, sportin a frown (cause you're wearin a corny
suit)
I metamorphasize from the shirt and ties
(What else?) laces in shoes ain't fly (it's a pack of lies)
Hm - now that's more likely
Pumas, mocknecks (and maybe like a pair of Lee's)
Yeah, I feel fantastic
Sneak out the house cause mama's rules was mad
drastic
("Boy, stay in the house," she says)
"Yo mom, no disrespect
And jetted out the door, you know that I jet
(Real quick outside) so I could be among
Yeah, my friends, how I miss bein young

Jorge, Jorge, Jorge of the projects (repeated)

[VERSE 2]

Fun years are over (and now here comes)
A period of time, respect is measured in lump sums
Of money (drugs, thugs are cool)
Word up, chumps get slung (kids droppin outta school)
Girls add fuel to the fire if you're a bum)
Word up, bottomline is: (kid, you're gettin none)
(No play at all) cause they want Shirlings

Fat bangle bracelets (the matching earrings)
Brothers, they be fallin victim to the trickin
The life is finger lickin good (just like the chicken)
Don't count em all (word up, until they hatch)
The story sounds good (shit, but there's a catch)
Jorge (Jorge of the projects)
Made the choice to gain material objects
(Pushin Ac Legends up the block)
Stock is on the rise (from the flip of a rock)
So he chills (in the fat-ass joint)
Point fingers (favors linger in the mind)
He got his (and you know I got mine)
But for now it's about that time

Check it out

Jorge, Jorge, Jorge of the projects (repeated)

[VERSE 3]

Humble, t-t-tumblin down (word up, the shit which
allows)
Someone to be a nice guy (Kurious Jorge)
Tell ya straight, respect (to my mother) like no other
(Cause I love you to death)
Trife (project life) yeah you might say that
Murder crimes and (drugs) man, they're goin way back
When (some by the pen straight out the ghetto)
(Expose the hate) but try to be a kind fellow
Still mellow is the trait I choose to uphold
(By means a peace died) . 45 (now hold)
(Go) Aiyo, Amp, spark the biff
(Come on, Jorge, what you be meanin?) Dummy - the
fat spliff
(I guess times are great, so celebrate the celebration)
Word up, vacation from the projects (cause the object
is inflation)
Of my bank book (which you don't have)
Shut up, cause maybe some day (sure you'll have a
whole lot of money)
(Aiyo, honey, no need to change the topic)
Word up, and Jorge'll be Jorge (Jorge of the projects)

Jorge, Jorge, Jorge of the projects (repeated)

Visit [Stevie Nicks % Rick Vito](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.