

Trife Diesel f/ Freeway, Termanology

"Project Leaders"

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[Intro: Trife Diesel] For all my goons man, Trife Diesel
AKA the Project Pope, You know why... [Trife Diesel]
Niggas around my way call me the Project Pope Cause I
always rep my hood and gave the projects hope I used
to stand on the block sling'n project soap Laugh'n on
the bitches snap'n, Telling project jokes The Ds rush,
Niggas scatter like a project roach Whoever got caught
got thrown in a project yoke At fifteen me and my team
took a project oath T.M.F., Who rep Stapleton projects
the most This one's for all my bloods and my project
locs Mixing in the kitchen, Playing the Pyrex close Fuck
a yacht, Staten Ferry was the project boat Up town back
and forth cop'n that project coke I met Ghost in a park
blowing on project smoke He told me Trife live your
life, Don't leave these projects broke Will I ever leave
these projects, Nope I put it on the line so now the fans
is listening to project soaps Thanksgiving no turkey, No
project roast Winter time when it was cold we shared
our project coats Four finger ring blinging with my
project rope Play with my bread and get burnt like
some project toast [Chorus: Trife Diesel] We some
democratic project leaders Fame magazine Don, Diva,
Profile readers Who keep dope in a vice like
Condoleezza All you non-believers blowing trial In
these gold dash streets, Here's your subpoena We
some democratic project leaders Ex-Divas, Tech
squeezers Staying above water like jet-skiers School
dropout, Felons who copped out, Under achievers No
matter the outcome we prepare for our next leader
[Freeway] Trife pass the mic right to Freezer, The track
eater Big rock fiend pleaser, Way before Roc-A-Fella
Bag'n have a brick in the basement, Crack slinger
Blaze'n every track replacing your favorite rap singer
So to bang at forty Smith you know I got the Nina That's
right my man lost his life around the corner from the
steamer On German Town Ave., So we wear the vest-es
when we come around Never put the burners down
either Far from a project leader, Feeling different
Bunch of little blocks where niggas sell rocks and
smoke reefer It's so evil, You can war with a nigga two
blocks down Tote glock four pounds, But you know you

gone see em Squeeze on em and leave em, Watch the
cops come round Motherfuckers pointing fingers, Jakes
serving subpoenas He hit your man who hit him, Now
you even But now the law is hunting you, Where do you
go to now, Uhh [Chorus] [Termanology] My Momma
from the projects like Project Pat So yeah nigga I know
where the projects at The Beacons, The Bradfords,
Yeah we live by that The Essexs, The Hancock Stadium
and all of that Them the projects in the six mile radius
in my hood Jam packed with illegal aliens, Dominicans,
Puerto Ricans Black and white, Like Pac said they all
smoke'n crack tonight And this is where I live so this is
what I love A project roach on my project rug A project
hoe from a project club Smoke'n project dope from a
project thug My man Trife hit my on the celly and he
said I got this project if you wanna get it in The beats
on knock and the concept is How you rep your hood
and I rep Stapleton, I'm in [Chorus]

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