

Young Buck f/ Mobb Deep "Project Niggas"

Visit "[Project Niggas](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse 1: Young Buck]

Tha sound of gunshots, the smell of swisha-sweets
Ki's of co-caine is all a nigga see (K'Yeah!)
And all these niggas be lookin' fo' a lick to hit
'Cause it don't look like we livin' these bricks to quit
(Nah!)

On dem hot summa nites we be servin' the white
(Aiight!)

On dem cold winta days we be shootin' A.K's
You ain't safe 'round homie, you on the yard
It's everyman fo' himself nigga, livin' is hard (Git
moneyy!)

You see the cars, the brauds, the ghetto super stars
Some niggas got money and fo'got who they are
(Bitch!)

We rob, kill, steal, whateva
(Aye yo Donn, when ya gittin' out the hood?) - Neva!!
My people need me, my heart is still here
And even tho police be hatin' I'm still here (Still here!)
I'm standin' on this corner 'till my pockets bigger
I'm goin' to my grave as a Project Nigga

[Chorus: Young Buck w/ Prodigy]

You can take me out the hood, but the hood still in me
A Project Nigga 'till Tha Lord come git me
(Yo we hood niggas, project niggas, everybody know
we some ghetto ass niggas)

You can take me out the hood, but the hood still in me
A Project Nigga 'till Tha Lord come git me
(Straight hood niggas, project niggas, y'all betta know
we some ghetto ass niggas)

[Verse 2: Prodigy]

Triple threat, VIP, Tha Don
P., bitch git a look at his arms
We megastars, we got bullet-proof cars
And we ridin' in dem shits, wit' the guns in the trunk
Dome, is the only thang we smoke
I ain't pickin' seed out my weed since 9-4
In New York, Tha Projects is where we feel safe
Surrounded by the others like us, we embrace

All the bullshit, git you niggas a void
This is our life, we ain't got no choice
We enjoy ourselves in the middle of hell
Shots poppin', niggas mite run up on you wit' and tell
Blow you away, you'll die witcha gun on ya waist
Half assed in a bare cold case
Nigga you ain't got strength like Tha Mobb and G-Unit
In the ghetto, my niggas rear run up in ya place

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Havoc]

Aye yo
Tha thangs that I go thru, these niggas, they stay hatin'
They blood, I can taste it, Buck I'm losin' my patience
And fuck this rap shit, dudes got it fucked up boi
Don't ya know we gittin' money so we got more toys?
I fucked ya bitch and think nuthin' of it, and I
Got mad drama but we still out clubbin'
We still out gunnin', dumpin' mad clips
Homie we got this, and y'all ain't have this
Baby ain't nuthin', you know I'm spittin' that crack shit
Like I'm still on the block, picture police flippin'
Like I'm still in the kitchen cookin', workin' that Trip
Beam
Have fiends baggin', watch dem lick the plate clean
Do this fo' my niggas up North from dem State Greens
Bustin' dem hammers fo' clippin' in the sing-sing
All my hood niggas don't worry just maintain
You know whudd it is, G-Unit what I bang

[Chorus]

Visit [Young Buck f/ Mobb Deep](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.