

Nas Featuring Ron Isley "Project Windows"

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Black hoods, cops 'n projects

sewers flooded with foul blockage

The gutter's wild and every child watches

Changin top locks with ripped off hinges

doors kicked off, drunks stag off smirnoff, wipe your
beard off

Crippled dope fiends in wheelchairs stare

vision blurry, cus buried deep in they mind are hidden
stories

Bet he's a mirror image of that 70's era

finished for the rest of his life, till he fades out

The liquor store workers miss him but then it plays out

so many ways out the hood but no signs say out

Mental slavehouse where gats go off, I show off

niggas up north, prison-ology talk, till they time cut off

You should chill if you short, prepare deep thought

to hit the street again, get it on, get this paper and
breathe again

Plan to leave somethin' behind

so your name'll live on, no matter what the game lives
on

(Chorus)

Lookin' out of my project window

Oh, I feel uninspired

Lookin' out of my project window

Oh, it makes me feel, so tired

Yo, if this piano's the cake then my words are the
candles

Light it up, make a wish, and them angels will grant you

Impatient once tried, but in those angels and bamboo

they lit it up, *puff* *puff*, hit it up, *puff*

Now they dismantled, think the whole world is crazy,
got a 9

watch where you walk, 2 dollar fine, sign of the times
here in New York

Hi Satan, United Nations quietly taken, to own your soul

take it or leave it, just my evaluation

Stack loot and guns, teach the girls karate, school your
sons not to hate

but to stay awake, cus the scars a razor make is nothin'
in comparison

to the gas left on this whole mass, if we don't get it
controlled fast

might as well be, laughin' with Malcolm X's assassin as
we die slow

perishin', brain dead from a Erickson

Words are the medicine, two teaspoons for goons

a cup of it for those thuggin' it, y'all sing the tune

Chorus

Another day, another dollar, my mother will holla

She said "go and see the world for myself, and my
brother Shafala"

Pops was smooth, from his top to his shoes

sang the rules, guitar strings he played smokin' his ?

? hat, picture this yo, seventies cat

He wrote his music in the back of the crib, I did my homework

At night the windows were speakers, pumpin' life out

a fight, people screamin' cus somebody pulled a knife out

So I look at this poem, I'm hooked to this tune

every night the same melody, hell sounded so heavenly

But jail was ahead of me, ?????

Reading's what I should've done, cus my imagination would run

I was impatient to get out and become part of the noise out there

I used to stare, five stories down, basketball courts, shot up playgrounds

and I witnessed the murders and police shake-downs

Yo, the hustlas and hoes, drugs and fo-fos

This was the life of every kid, lookin' out project windows

Oh, outta my window

Lookin' out of my project window

Oh, it makes me feel, so tired

Lookin' out of my project window

Oh, I feel uninspired

Lookin' out of my project window

Oh, it makes me feel, so tired

Lookin' out of my project window

Oh, I feel uninspired

Starin out of, of my window

Oh I, feel so tired

Oh yeah, outta my window

Oh, lookin' out, lookin' out

Lookin' out my window, oh yeah

Makes me, feel so tired

Outta my window, out my project window

Lord I feel, uninspired

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