

Pete Rock f/ Masta Killa, Raekwon

"The PJ's"

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[Intro: Raekwon]

Yo man get ya ass in here man
You know the fuckin' Police lookin' for you man
Come on man, them niggaz just left here man
Come on man you know we got mad fuckin' blow
Up in the Motherfuckin' lab son
This nigga's off the hook man
Yo Chef talk to these niggaz man

[Raekwon]

We baggin' ounces in the back of the Maz'
Ostrich on, Wollriches, three Quarter-ness
A.D.I.D.A.S. wit Stan Smith's
The grant's on the Stove
And Aunt Lo about to come to the Lab-o
She givin' me some credit for clothes
That's the slang work for bricks, dicks
Analyze you neva know who lookin'
It's deranged world - wit snitches is Enterprisin'
Black Man hold on, like Magnums in the Wind
Cuz when it get cold, parole give a homey like ten
What's the prognosis: drugs, guns, and ounces of Gold
fish
Fly reefer out-town, bitches is stone six
And birds back in 18 and played C.R.E.A.M
Gray beam, it's lean new A.D.I.D.A.S
jackets, flippin' up small dean
Visualizin' portraits, fresh cuts
Brand new Porsche's
Going wit hand-to-hand, servin' the Source
Yo, runnin' from the Police
This day-to-day lifestyle where niggaz get arraigned
And get chain, it's like Psycal (??Psycho??)--blao!!

[Hook: Pete Rock]

Drug Dealers, Star and Celebrities (Ghetto Celebs)
Even dudes wit a few felonies (A few felonies)
In 'The PJ's' this what they tellin' me (Tellin' who?)
Sniffin' real hard but you not smellin' me (Smell me)
The crowd yellin' for 'Chef' 'Killa' and 'Pete Rock' (Pete
Rock)

Got 'em movin' like the Millennium beat box (Beat Box)
Shit is all hood 'til they hear the heat cock (Whooo!)
Fall back and let the beat rock

[Masta Killa]

Degrees of experience qualifies me to speak in certain
areas
Where many can't reach, so I prepared a speech for
ya'll
To then listen while I spit the hot venomous shit
My whole Clique sick, infested wit the itchy tigger
finger mob related
Noodle-leanie universal flag Beanie
Son you wouldn't want to see me black down, Masta .4
pound
Clip full of hallow tip round
Turn the fuckin' sound up
My cup runneth over Hennessey, the Bill Bixby
Ninja Scroll, niggaz that roll
My son did four in the hole
Tenant population, neva told, facin' Parole
Sipped the old gold style, beat it in trial
My mild-mannered .9 Bandit, flow drunk
Look at Skunk weed stickin'
Razor sharp rip 'em, bites lift 'em
We at the Jam direct
The Ghetto Gospel, collaboration
One word could change the nation
No doubt!

[Hook: Pete Rock]

[Raekwon]

Tuna Salad and Puma rackin' (??)
pushin' through the projects, captain
Get your money, yo show me no slackin'
We drive the meanest joints
shoot through Medina wit a Evisu Jeans and Nina's
Stop by Juniors we hittin' cheeba
Briefly, crackers observe
You got the undercovers
Niggaz just love us, we know they suckers
You know what? - What? Mosey don't be nosey yo!
Watch these fake niggaz wit these Thank You cards
Them shits is bogey
Snitches in the hood up to no good
We would kill alot of Motherfuckers but the timin' ain't
good
So while my bankroll climbin'
I be out on consignment, breezin'
Ki's wit 29 letter melted cheeses

All of my papers now in real estate
White folks been doin' this since '69
It's billions and killer weight
So prosperous moves wit the jewels, wit Wu Nikes on
It's cool don't eva act like niggaz ain't who (??)
One!

[Hook: Pete Rock]

[Outro: Raekwon]
Yea! we just sit back - in the Luxury Toasters
Slidin' through the Motherfuckin' projects
Stand away from you fake ass Motherfuckers
Layin' out in the BarberShop, gettin' fucked up cuts
We don't respect ya'll (Don't respect ya'll)
Knew'sayin'? This is Shala Lewis Rich
Pete Rock, Masta Killa, The Vatican
One! I'm gone

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