

Joell Ortiz

"Project Boy"

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[Intro] Uh. Slow the music down just a tad "The projects" - Nas "Bwoyyyy" - Flava Flav Uh. Yeah. That sound good right there Joell Ortiz. Yaowa! Premier what up man? Uh "The projects" [Verse One] God damn it, I done did it again I swear them cameras flash every time I pick up a pen What y'all spit sugar coated, I be spittin' that phlegm Cause where I come from, little dudes got guns bigger than them And crack heads smoke anything that fit in that stem And little girls do grown men just to sit in that Benz I'm from the projects boy (what) I'm from the projects boy (what) If you're not from there listen close I drop some knowledge boy Night, time you hear thunder from the hottest toy If you upstairs you sayin' prayers hopin' it's not your boy With police around, it ain't just to lock you up (naw) They hope somethin' look like a gun so they can pop you up See me, I play it smooth like a hockey puck If I ain't writin', I'm in the room with a stocky slut It ain't friendly outside Cause like 'rybody po' for that doe you can go Let me let 'rybody know this [Scratch chorus] "Now this here is for the projects" "Bwoy!" - Flava Flav "Now this here is for the projects" "It's wrong or not" - Royce Da 5'9" "This is rap" - Royce Da 5'9" "That's all you got" - Royce Da 5'9" [Verse Two] See where I come from Motherfuckers get home from up top And the kids they used to send to the store own the spot And them young boys don't give a what if you old or not We talkin' lizard shorty shit and he will roast your knot While you was gone, he got it on and moved that dope and rock But before them roosters cock-a-doodle-do he post the block Yeah that's a projects boy (what) Yeah that's a projects boy (what) If you ain't from here listen close I'll drop some knowledge boy Snitchin'? We don't allow that Man, you tell and you dead The repercussion be disgustin' Put Joell in the Fed Somebody clothes and shottie smoke till their melon is red In the streets my name hold weight like elephant legs I'm a projects boy Crooper's P's be here They let me in and now it's locked like pezzy hair Oh you don't get it? Let's please be clear It's like I went celibate Cause ain't nobody fuckin' with Ortiz this year [Scratch chorus] "Now this here is for the

projects" "Bwoy!" - Flava Flav "Now this here is for the projects" "It's wrong or not" - Royce Da 5'9" "This is rap" - Royce Da 5'9" "That's all you got" -Royce Da 5'9"
[Verse Three] Man, I love where I'm from You can call it the hood Call it the ghetto, call it the gutter, call it the slum I'm callin' it home That's where I roamed all my life This trouble is all I know so that's all I write (listen) My family my friends, we are not all alright (nope) So when I pick up this mic, I rhyme with all of my might I'm from the projects boy (what) I'm from the projects boy (what) If you ain't from there, listen close, I'll drop some knowledge boy See I ain't got to listen close You make a lot of noise I hear your whole conversation Every word The project walls thinner than my Blackberry Curve When I was young my moms and pops got on my every nerve With all that arguin' Until that check hit And them food stamps held them down like a tec clip Then daddy made an exit Mommy couldn't accept it In and out the crib for that next hit That project shit nigga [Scratch chorus] "Now this here is for the projects" "Bwoy!" - Flava Flav "Now this here is for the projects" "It's wrong or not" - Royce Da 5'9" "This is rap" - Royce Da 5'9" "That's all you got" -Royce Da 5'9"

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