

## John Rich

### "My Projects"

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[Hook]

In my project (5x)

[Verse 1]

Dawg my project is sweetin  
But if you ain't from where I'm from, like some dawg  
don't come or you gettin beatin  
Yeah we cheatin dog that's automatic  
We greedy, plus we try'n feed the needy dawg wit all  
the cabbage  
Steal from the rich and give to the poor  
We sell a few drugs, bust a few slugs, and pimp a few  
hoes  
Don't let us find a bit in higgity  
Dawg we turn them into stiggidies  
With shorties off in riggidies  
So if you ain't from here or wit my guys  
Don't even roll thru playa cuz all the traffic gettin  
minimized  
Cries for help cuz you got carjacked  
Niggaz roll for a minute then pass it to the hypes to sell  
the car back  
And once she get it, it be stripped down  
Thugs, they got your system and your dubs and want  
your crib now  
Ya'll betta give the hood respect  
Cuz it pay to play for a day up in my projects

[Chorus]

In my projects, my project thick  
In my projects, everybody cooks bricks  
In my projects, my projects thick  
Don't come to my projects if you ain't wit dis clique  
In my projects, my project thick  
In my projects, everybody cooks bricks  
In my projects, my projects thick  
Don't come to my projects if you ain't wit dis clique

[Verse 2]

Now let me tell you bout them kingpins  
Droppin Y2K Benz on them rims, bringin 15 in

They dishin it out, they keep it in circulation  
They dodgin the Fedz, and suckas is playa hatin  
They got the whole hood stacked up  
And now the po's walkin on the showroom floor buyin  
'Lac Trucks  
They stuck in the ghetto by choice  
But if they go, it's jacuzzis and condos, with a Rolls  
Royce  
Now voice your opinion  
You heard about the 'War On Drugs'  
now won't you tell me who you think winnin  
Spendin money by the piles throwin dubs,  
on the 'burbans with the subs,  
and they twerkin bumpin Coo Coo Cal  
And the hood love hoodrats  
On the bus-stop shakin it like it's hot with some good  
cat  
Ya'll betta give the hood respect  
Cuz it pay to play for a day up in my projects

[Chorus]

In my projects, my project thick  
In my projects, everybody cooks bricks  
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[Verse 3]

Dawg, go on and sum it up between the grind with  
dimes  
Crimes and rhymes, ya'll we comin up  
From sundown to sun-up, ha  
The block watch, peekin out the attic in case you run up  
Wit diamonds and furs, he's and her's  
Shoppin sprees with ease to fill up a 2000 Suburb, ha  
Dawg my projects got taste,  
Although the rent ain't nuthin but two-fifty  
We sportin five thousand dollar drapes  
Makin it happen, wit snappin to avoid that - anchor  
Hook me up with plenty tracks to keep a playa rappin  
So put my city on the map  
Hook me up wit million dollar vocal cords,  
I can afford a million on a track  
You do the addin and subtractin  
Wastin time just to figure out, without a doubt, that we  
stackin  
Ya'll betta give the hood respect  
Cuz it pay to play for a day up in my projects

[Chorus]

In my projects, my project thick

In my projects, everybody cooks bricks

In my projects, my projects thick

Don't come to my projects if you ain't wit dis clique

In my projects, my project thick

In my projects, everybody cooks bricks

In my projects, my projects thick

Don't come to my projects if you ain't wit dis clique

In my projects (\*repeat 5x until end of song\*)

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