

Kool Keith "Lived In The Projects"

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Yeah, motherfucker, that's right
The motherfucker in the house, Kool Keith
Fuck all the bullshit, let's get to the real shit, yeah

Your rhyme touch is soft kid like a stripper's ass
With a touch of plastic, writin' with a local style
Talkin' about competitive shit you never mastered
Youse a wannabe thug nigga, you ain't bugged nigga

I cut your bitch-ass up, leave your legs under the rug
nigga
Who want the whiplash? cigarette burns
Broken face hair pinned up in a AST
Me standin' on the top of your tour bus

Butt naked with a fuckin' hockey mask
Slicin' your cashmere with a sharp 7-up glass
Don't you know I'm sick nigga? Lick my dick, nigga
Forty-four caliber killer gun toter

Hide your kneecaps in a Lexus motor
Pack your stomach in a compartment
Old dingy fucked up Bronx apartment
Don't piss me off with a tec nine loaded in a bullshit
street argument

I don't care how hard you get
You just another man that never lived in the projects
poppin' shit
You ain't stoppin' shit, fuck that Batman and Robin shit
And what block you with, kneel down

Make a nigga like you call me Big Ernest
Bake your intestines, throw your stomach in the
furnace
Watch the thermostat, you ain't no fuckin' fat cat

You never lived in the projects
You ain't no drug dealer
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You ain't no drug dealer

Rude bwoy with a temper like a Jamaican off a Haitian
boat

Carribean ruckus with an Elvis wig

Slap the piss out of one of you untalented rap
motherfuckers

Bodyguards won't work with a thirty shot car bomb

Under my Dominican shirt, sub machine in the duffle
bag

Watchin' sesame street with my daughter, peepin Ernie
and Bert

With backstage passes, wearin a long trench coat

Get Morris in your projects and Jackson

In a Madison Square Garden concert

Ready for CBS and NBC, to do a big network

The average guy, havin' a product manager

And a female publicist wearin' a fuckin' bulletproof vest

I got time for motherfuckers actin' like Elliot Ness

Winchester sawed off blow your Rolex through your
fuckin' chest

Splatted body pieces while blood drips off your girl's
dress

I'm ready for more progress, have your head sent
home

And a piece of your leg sittin' on the record company
desk

Extort like a mad nigga Western Union

You don't have a clue men how I get through men

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