

Nas

"Just Another Day In The Projects"

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I had a dream I was a gangsta,
drinkin moets, holdin techs,
make sure my cash come correct, then i step,
investments in stock,
strolling up the block to sell rocks
winnin gun fights with the cops,
custom made suits,
hands full of ice and gold,
makin thousand dollar bets on the dice I roll,
girls workin night patrol,
the whore market,
when i walk,
niggas is rollin out the red carpet,
now how good could a black man have it?
livin like a king is a habit,
i keep an automatic,
the whole crews life is love above word,
rumors about the way we make pay is well heard,
nicknamed the killa-clan,
soon to kill a man
if theres still a gram i shake my left hand,
and not do a minute on the rock,
cause if i do a minute on the rock,
the jurys gettin knocked,
about girls i kept braggin,
cause i owned all the runner ups in every states beauty
pagent,
inside my lamborghini pour your martini,
little kids in the streets,
they wanna be me,
im livin in a mansion,
holdin niggas wife for ransom,
im like a rich charles manson,
a new backyard,
about 40 acres,
you read about me in the papers,
i hit the jack pot,
every night from all my crack spots,
we attack cops for props,
i got suns with guns they all done crimes,
they so wild they even scare my ass sometimes,

other niggas on the blocks is so corny,
i got Madonna lookin like (another girls name)??? for
me,
mad bitches kissin my ass,
i got a few mill in the stash,
with beds made of cash,
but on my head was a price,
i made the bad guys in miami vice look nice,
all of a sudden i got raided, my crib was invaded,
but the nas still made it...
to the getaway car,
and now my driving skills gotta be up to par,
but the police caught the car,
and sprayed it till it was smoked up,
and thats when i woke up.

Piano Hook

"nas, nigga"
"word life kid"

The whole thing was a nightmare,
i fell asleep watching scarface laying in a chair,
standing on the block it was flooded with cops,
through the parks was the d's and the narcs,
watchin me walkin out my building,
staring and hawking shit,
but i was fortunate,
i usually be going out with the 9,
instead i had 10 bucks to buy a dime,
bag of weed never crack son i aint with that,
i bought buddha,
some phillies, and a kit kat,
now im walkin back through the drug infested area,
which was filled with hysteria,
when i cop yelled "come here black"
i thought to myself: what part of the game is that?
i didnt do no crime for you to be wasting your time,
with your antaganistic mind,
he said i was being smart and i better run,
he looked like a klansmen with a gun,
so i started floatin,
police in queens bridge they dont be jokin,
i ran up my crib in the nick of time,
rolled up a phillie and stashed the nine,
police later left i was outta breath,
and what not,
somebody got shot thats why its hot,
i called my man and told him the adventure,
and later i meet him at the community center,
i need a six-pack of becks,

its just another day in the projects!

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