

## Nas "Kids In Da P.j.'s"

Visit "[Kids In Da P.j.'s](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[chorus]

To the kids in the p.j.'s  
ghetto children i know it ain't easy  
ya'll wanting millions  
sunshine turns to rain  
its ghetto pain  
when a one time raise  
sometimes the young is slain

To the kids in the p.j.'s black babies  
brought up in this world where it's wild and crazy child  
of the Nile  
future lifestyle looks hazey  
dreams to drive a Mercedes  
with a pile of ladies

[NAS]

Third grade singing star spangled banner  
using proper manners  
learnt to handle anger animal behavior  
later on my block rocking with my jocks on  
eating Bon Ton chesse popcorn  
humming a KISS rock song  
socks long to my knees  
summer breeze running through the leaves playing  
freeze tag  
can I stay out please dad  
can I hang out with my little gang out  
hearing shots rang out  
heard my moms call my name out  
come upstairs run up stairs  
take a bath shit stained underwear  
wipe yourself with paper bad  
little ass in my bed at 8:30 wash my plate  
ate dinner up late  
gazing at the wall praying basketball  
was my future for this young one  
hooping in the sun  
proud to be where I come from  
later shooting guns fantasizing  
fascinated by gold rope chains  
looking back at my hood days

but things aint changed

[chorus]

[Millenium Thug]

In my hood niggaz smoke wood  
nothing is good  
look at my eys and see what I could  
living my life and feel what I felt  
the hand that I was dealt  
drama that my uncle Shabazz had  
I was a little lad  
niggaz shooting through my Grams window shattering  
glass  
had the chicken pox  
on that toy horse that rocks  
my moms grabbed me down to safety  
everybody in the crib was going crazy  
that was in the 80's  
and now im 17  
money cash dreams  
niggaz be slave  
I be brave spit like A.K.'s and S.K.'s  
close range niggaz see brains  
Millenium Thugs the name  
but now it's slash cocaine  
blast niggaz in vaine  
satch yo' chain  
cherrish the life  
my niggaz got a fetish for ice  
turn out the lights  
I bust so I could spar up the night  
uniting the pipes  
Queensbridge niggaz is sheist  
need no price body yall dudes on spite  
who knew I would of spazzed out  
little Nayshawn owner of the crack house  
get my papes on  
tired of 'friderators all the steaks gone

[Wiz]

Now picture this shit  
with six Aunts five Uncles  
thugging a double apartment out  
kids, cousins, and brothers  
there I go in the pamper by the radiator  
cursing eatin first  
little nigga with a appetite that got worst  
firs day of school ten man cliq  
all i'm learning is how to extort shit

'cuz class i forefit  
graduated on another level  
selling birds busting birds  
fuck with the herbs  
never we fuck up the herbs  
make 'em pay like you  
stick 'em up get down  
since ten was taught to turn 'em around  
rip they pockets out  
bust two the way they run  
I ain't give a fuck that's how I was  
I was young

[chorus]

[Horse]

Horse was born as a brave child  
big for my size  
a bully to little guys  
with chocolate miks and apple pies  
the playground was mine  
I stayed scarred up all the time  
from shopping carts flipping  
now we race to the finish line  
hated playing cooties 'cuz that shit  
wasn't fun all the honey's say i'm it  
then they little ass run  
I was swearsed to put a hickey on the ones  
that I caught  
I was a nasty little nigga I learned to hump before I walk  
kept a sling shot on my side to shoot  
squirrles and cats  
wanted to be Captain America with the  
Shillinger hat I started getting older fell  
more in love with the streets  
infactuaded by the ropes and the shiny  
gold teeth I was to big to break dance  
fuck spiining on my back  
my role models now run numbers and sell  
crack this project child blessed  
chasing ghetto success  
he needs a name for himself  
to ge the same respect

Visit [Nas](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.