

Nas

"Project Window"

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Black hoods, cops 'n projects
Sewers flooded with foul blockage
The gutter's wild and every child watches
Changin top locks with ripped off hinges

Doors kicked off, drunks stag off smidoff, wipe your
beard off
Crippled dope fiends in wheelchairs stare
Vision blurry, 'cus buried deep in they mind are stories
Bet he's a mirror image of that 70's era

He's finished for the rest of his life, till he fades out
The liquor store workers miss him but then it plays out
So many ways out the hood but no signs say out
Mental slave house where gats go off, I show off
Niggas up north, prison-ology talk, till they time cut off

You should chill if you short, prepare a deep thought
To hit the street again, get it on
Get this paper and breathe again
Plan to leave somethin' behind
So your name'll live on, no matter what the game lives
on

Lookin' out of my project window
Oh, I feel uninspired
Lookin' out of my project window
Oh, it makes me feel, so tired

Yo, if this piano's the cake then my words are the
candles
Light it up, make a wish and them angels will grant you
Impatient once tried but in those angels and bamboo
They lit it up, puff, puff, hit it up, puff

Now they dismantled, think the whole world is crazy,
got a 9
Watch where you walk, 2 dollar fine
Sign of the times here in New York
Hi satan, United Nations quietly taken
To own your soul, take it or leave it, just my evaluation

Stack loot and guns, teach the girls karate
School your sons not to hate but to stay awake
'Cus the scars a razor, makes is nothin' in comparison
To the gas left on this whole mass
If we don't get in control fast

Might as well be, laughin'
With Malcolm X's assassin as we die slow
Perishin', brain dead from a Erickson
Words are the medicine, two teaspoons for goons
A cup of it for those thuggin' it, y'all sing the tune

Lookin' out of my project window
Oh, I feel uninspired
Lookin' out of my project window
Oh, it makes me feel, so tired

Another day, another dollar, my mother will holla
She said, "go and see the world for myself
And my brother should folla'
Pops was smooth, from his top to his shoes
Sang the blues, guitar strings, he played smokin' his
kools

The pelican hat, picture this yo, seventies cat
He wrote his music in the back of the crib
I did my homework at night the windows were speakers
Pumpin' life out a fight, people screamin'
'Cus somebody pulled a knife out

So I look at this room, I'm hooked to this tune
Every night the same melody, hell sounded so
heavenly
But jail was ahead of me, the speed and
methenfedimines
Reading's what I should've done 'cus my imagination
would run

I was impatient to get out
And become part of the noise out there
I used to stare, five stories down
Basketball courts, shot up playgrounds

And I witnessed the murders and police shake-downs
Yo, the hustlas and hoes, drugs and fo-fos
This was the life of every kid
Lookin' out project windows

Oh, outta my window
Lookin' out of my project window
Oh, it makes me feel, so tired

Lookin' out of my project window

Oh, I feel uninspired
Lookin' out of my project window
Oh, it makes me feel, so tired
Lookin' out of my project window

Oh, I feel uninspired
Starin out of, of my window
Oh I, feel so tired
Oh yeah, outta my window

Oh, lookin' out, lookin' out
Lookin' out my window, oh yeah
Makes me, feel so tired
Outta my window, out my project window
Lord, I feel, uninspired

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