

## WWE John Cena & Trademarc "The Pj?s"

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Mmmmmmmmm... yeah

[wyclef]

(pj's!) I was born in the pj's  
So I gotta rep for the pj's  
The elevators with the pissy hallways  
Bangin on the project walls, all day

[verse 1]

Yo if it wasn't for the pj's y'all probably never heard of  
me  
Y'all be like, "who the hell is wyclef, and what's a  
fugee? "  
I'd probably be standin on a corner - watch you  
approach  
Steal ya dope, sell ya coke, then snatch ya rope  
Run for brokes with the cash and the jewels  
Bows-eye, I hold my breath when I shoot  
The reason you should hold ya breath; 'cause most  
thugs  
When they breathe and shoot teecs, they aim right but  
shoot left  
Now they flesh being swept off the surface  
If you ain't b.i.g., you ain't notorious  
So why ya man reckless, side-ballin like he holdin heat  
Someone bring him a bed, for the permanent sleep  
Weight beneath jacob's latter and the aftermath  
Don't matter if you use a desert eagle as your armor  
Blood splatter, glass shatter through the project slums  
Another one in the obituary column son

[chorus]

(pj's!) I was born in the pj's  
So I gotta rep for the pj's  
The elevators with the pissy hallways  
Bangin on the project walls, all day  
(pj's) I gotta make noise for the pj's  
Wrote my first rhyme in the pj's  
You can hear it in my speech, I'm from the pj's  
The pj's! pj's

[verse 2]

Before I was signed, I used to move on the block  
All I wanted to do was rhyme, rhyme, rhyme  
Line for line, I make the blind man walk in a straight  
line  
To prison - and take a message to shyne  
Peace God from the pj's to ground zero  
It's a "hardknock life" but "the sun'll come out  
tomorrow"  
Walk with a shadow through ghettos, playin in every  
borough  
You would think rap was rock they way I carry heavy  
metal  
It such a shame, cocaine in ya veins, screamin  
"team spirit" grippin the shottie like kurt cobaine  
In the projects god, nuttin come easy  
Gotta deal with the grimy, greasy, the sleasy  
Move like a professional, young thug funeral  
Wattchu thought this was another pepsi commercial?  
Nah it's the art of war, when you least expected it  
Wyclef the president, the pj's elected him

[chorus]

[verse 3]

Yeah, and to the teachers that said I wouldn't live  
And my remains would be found under the verizano  
bridge  
Well I'm alive teach! so put ya theory to rest  
I ain't makaveli but I might fake my death  
Make no mistake, I'm a hip-hop artist  
Before the diamond in the billboard, the hood charted  
it  
Surburbia bought it, we bootlegged it, we couldn't  
afford it  
'cause in the pj's we undergroud n like black markets  
The 'p' stand for public housing  
The 'r's for respect that ya get, when ya hold down ya  
set  
The 'o's for ounces that we flip into ki's  
The 'j's for the judgement handed by the ju-ry  
The 'e' is for enter, at your own risk  
You know the 'c' - that's for the cats that's out to get  
rich  
And the 't'... trust no one  
And the 's' is for the snitchers - you know the outcome...

[chorus]

