

Wyclef Jean "The PJ's"

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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

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 'cuz 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

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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

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 "Hard knock Life" but "The Sun'll Come Out
Tomorrow"
Walk with a shadow through ghettos playin' in every
borough
You would think rap was rock, the way I carry heavy
metal

It such a shame, cocaine in ya veins, screamin' "Team
Spirit"
Grippin' the shottie like Kurt Cobain
In the projects God, nuttin' come easy
Gotta deal with the grimy, greasy, the sleazy
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

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Yeah and to the teachers that said I wouldn't live
My remains would be found under the Verizano Bridge
Well I'm alive teacher, 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
Suburbia bought it, we bootlegged it, we couldn't
afford it
'Cuz in the PJ's, we underground 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 judgment handed by the jury
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' for the snitchers you know the outcome

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Everyone wants to be a cowboy, [Incomprehensible] at
gunpoint
45 by my side do he live
[Incomprehensible]

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