

Young Buck

"Project N*****"

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(feat. Mobb Deep)

[Verse 1: Young Buck]

The sound of gunshots, the smell of swisha sweets
Keys of cocaine is all a nigga see (K'Yeah!)
And all these niggas be

Lookin' for a lick to hit

'Cause it don't look like we leavin' these bricks to quit
(Nah!)

On them hot summer nights

We servin' the white

On them cold winter days

We be shootin' AKs

You ain't safe 'round homie, you on the yard

It's everyman for himself nigga, livin' is hard (Git
moneyy!)

You see the cars, the broads, the ghetto superstars

Some niggas got money and forgot who they are
(Bitch!)

We rob, kill, steal, whatever

(Hey yo Don, when you gettin' out the hood?)

Never

My people need me, my heart is still here

And even though police be hatin' I'm still here (Still
here!)

I'm standin' on this corner 'till my pockets bigger

I'm goin' to my grave as a Project Nigga

[Chorus: Young Buck, (Prodigy)]

You can take me out the hood, but the hood still in me

A Project Nigga 'till The Lord come get me

(Yo we hood niggas, project niggas, everybody know
we some ghetto ass niggas)

You can take me out the hood, but the hood still in me

A Project Nigga 'till The Lord come get me

(Straight hood niggas, project niggas, y'all better know
we some ghetto ass niggas)

[Verse 2: Prodigy]

P is a triple threat VIP, Tha Don

P., bitch get a look at his arms

We mega stars
We got bullet-proof cars
And we ridin' in them shits, with the guns in the trunk
Balm, is the only thing we smoke
I ain't picked a seed out my weed since '94
In New York, The Projects is where we feel safe
Surrounded by the others like us, we embrace
All the bullshit, that you niggas avoid
This is our life, we ain't got no choice
But we enjoy ourselves in the middle of hell
Shots poppin', niggas might run up on you with a...
And blow you away you'll die with your gun on your
waist
That fast it'd be a cold case
Nigga you ain't got strength like The Mobb and G-Unit
In the ghetto, my niggas will run up in ya place

[Chorus: Young Buck, (Prodigy)]

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[Verse 3: Havoc]

Hey yo
The bullshit I go through these niggas that stay hatin'
Your blood I can taste it
Buck i'm losin' my patience
And fuck this rap shit, dudes got it fucked up boy
Don't you know we gettin' money so we got more toys?
I fucked your bitch and think nothin' off it
Got mad drama but we still out clubbin'
We still out gunnin', dumpin' them Mac clips
Homie we got this, and y'all ain't have this
Baby ain't nothin', you know I'm spittin' that crack shit
Like I'm still on the block, picture police flippin'
Like I'm still in the kitchen cookin', workin' that Trip
Beam
Have fiends baggin', watch them lick the plate clean
Do this for my niggas up North in them State Greens
Bustin' them hammers from Clinton to Sing-Sing
All my hood niggas don't worry just maintain
You know what it is, G-Unit what I bang

[Chorus: Young Buck, (Prodigy)]

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