

Swoop G "Projects"

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f/ Juice, Keita Rock

(Verse 1)

Me and Keita Rock, off to our spot in the PJ's

Where our niggas hold rocks... and glocks and AK's

Put our little homies up on game...

Give 'em some change

2 months passed, they move 32 whole thangs

Keys... OG's, set up shop

And let the BG's hold the block

And work the spots

And tote them glocks

So you might get shot

Them little niggas in the projects be bangin' a lot

Now... don't you know that you was trippin' when you
came through?

Tryin' to buy your work and wasn't framed up with no
blue?

Got jacked, couldn't react...

Don't get back

Left you naked in the parking lot, holdin' your sack

And that's... just... how the shit go

So don't be fuckin' with them projects on the West

Coast

Yeah... you gotta bad bitch, huh?

You wanna roll through the projects get your dick
sucked, and get fucked?

But you got fucked in the wrong kind of fuck-in

Wrong color car, niggas saw your car and start bustin'

No questions askin'

Just niggas who be mashin'

In Watts... they got some real cold assassins

(Chorus - Swoop G)

Yeah, Wilmington Arms...

Where my niggas got the straps

Nickerson Gardens...

Where my niggas got the sacks

Jordan Downs...

That's when my niggas kick it at:

In the projects...

In the projects...

Yeah...

I said, Wilmington Arms...

Where my niggas got the gats

Nickerson Gardens...

That's where them niggas got the sacks

Jordan Downs...

That's when my niggas kick it at:

In the projects...

In the projects...

(Verse 2 - Juice & Swoop G)

Pull up to the curb in that fresh, wet tint

Yup, they 100 spokes, ghetto fabulous

Remmy in my cup

Bangin' my own shit

Go and get a cup... what up?

(I ain't seen you in a minute)

On the D-L livin' it up

(Ay, Juice...)

What?

(You know what happened to cup?)

(They caught him paper chasin', he wasn't givin' a fuck)

(You got them sacks on deck?)

Yup, you know it...

20's, 50's, 100's, you know the streets, we run it

I'ma get mine

Everytime

Hold to make a knot

What cha got on the drink?

Headed to the store, across the street from the projects

Gun play... that shit still crack

Some get hit and don't hit back

Front-back, side-to-side

3-wheel motion

We floss the most and it's on

Representing the projects

(Chorus)

(Verse 3 - Keita Rock)

Swoop G, let me put you up on some project shit

In Southern California, niggas call 'em the bricks

Some bang Blood... some bang Crip

I met a bad ass, yellow-bone, project bitch

So you know, like I know

That I'm assed-out to the Pablo's

In the blue Ford

Blue Khaks

Blue Chucks, with the tongue fold

Pablo's ??? from the parkin' lot

A nigga life on the line, for a piece of cock

So I grabbed my 4-5, out the stash spot

Put it to my side, and hang through the parkin' lot

Little niggas like: "Blood, that's Keita Rock...

He fucks with the big home boy Stutter-Box"

So back the fuck up, nigga

You're crowdin' my space

It's the nigga with that L.A. Dodger face

Death Row blew a flame

Piru, 60 gang

And every project that I bang through, respect my
name

(Chorus)

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