

## Hell Razah & 4th Disciple

### "Project Love"

Visit "[Project Love](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Intro: Hell Razah]

Pain, struggle, we gotta hold our head up, as a people  
Youknowwhatimsayin, we on a prowl  
Can't forget the struggle, son, we all go through  
G.G.O.

[Hell Razah]

This for the baby mothers, broken hearted  
Five seeds in a one bedroom apartment  
I feel the hunger of my brothers eatin' out the garbage  
And all my locked up and dead baby fathers, over lady  
heartaches  
We play with automatics and revolvers  
I know chain robbers could of been Vince Carters  
Can't ignore it, cuz the pain bother  
Different book, but the same author  
Recognize, we are the same father  
We just try'nna feed our family tree, so our seeds be  
insanity free  
Instead of locked up for scramblin' ki's  
OG's comin' home, he had it sowned  
But the corner payphone, in '89, but he stuck in that  
zone  
Little Tasha, eight months, and got a baby by the  
neighborhood chump  
Who'd rather smoke blunts, then bring home lunch  
Young ones bustin' they guns with gemstars under they  
tongues  
They got the fathers locked away from the sons

[Chorus: Hell Razah]

Every time I count money and I think about my dead  
homies  
(It be that hood love, that keep me healthy)  
Every time I read a jail letter, thinkin' it's gon' get better  
(It be that hood love, that keep me healthy)  
Every time I hear a seed dyin', more mothers cryin'  
(It be that hood love, that keep me healthy)  
It's nothin' like the hood...

[Hell Razah]

Drug shipments, welfare recipients worship Clinton  
Meanwhile, we got no food in the kitchen  
Grandmothers turned Christian, try to warn 'em but he  
ain't listen  
Now it's phone calls from prison, daddy little girl is  
missing  
Thirteen when she started kissing, she came in late  
pops was flippin'  
Momma's boy, sold his cracks, to be employed  
Not noticin' we caught in the trap, to be destroyed  
Lookin' out of cab window, same babies in the carriage,  
now sell indo  
Carry an info', the sore losers can't win, so they spread  
rumors  
Corrupt cops, either lock or shoot us  
We love the hood with a ghetto respect, Nat Turner  
The burner be the mind first amendment, say it, cuz I  
meant  
Don't care about those who get offended  
We rock like Jimi Hendrix, me and my kindred  
Street corner experts, in jeans and a sweatshirt  
Team mates kick dirt, for CREAM and a network  
Your back'll get stabbed for that cash money bag  
You ain't a thug, with your chain, gun and doo-rag  
New car, new lab, powerful weed from just two drags  
You coughin' on oregano, be careful who you follow bro  
Someone to push your Bentley, but they ain't ready  
though  
Someone to be an M.C., and on the radio  
Some sell yayo, it's tricks in the ghettio  
Chick where my cash go? You just like the last hoe  
Bloomberg fucked up the crack flow, we let gats blow  
Twisted colors on our capsule, turn projects to castles  
You ever heard of the black Jews? You seen us on the  
five o'clock news

[Chorus]

Visit [Hell Razah & 4th Disciple](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.