

Max Martin/Andreas Carlsson/Kevin Richardson**"Kids in Da P.J.'s"**

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[chorus]

To the kids in the p.j.'s
ghetto children i know it ain't easy
ya'll wanting millions
sunshine turns to rain
its ghetto pain
when a one time raise
sometimes the young is slain

To the kids in the p.j.'s black babies
brought up in this world where it's wild and crazy child
of the Nile
future lifestyle looks hazey
dreams to drive a Mercedes
with a pile of ladies

[NAS]

Third grade singing star spangled banner
using proper manners
learnt to handle anger animal behavior
later on my block rocking with my jocks on
eating Bon Ton chesse popcorn
humming a KISS rock song
socks long to my knees
summer breeze running through the leaves playing
freeze tag
can I stay out please dad
can I hang out with my little gang out
hearing shots rang out
heard my moms call my name out
come upstairs run up stairs
take a bath shit stained underwear
wipe yourself with paper bad
little ass in my bed at 8:30 wash my plate
ate dinner up late
gazing at the wall praying basketball
was my future for this young one
hooping in the sun
proud to be where I come from
later shooting guns fantasizing
fascinated by gold rope chains

looking back at my hood days
but things aint changed

[chorus]

[Millenium Thug]

In my hood niggaz smoke wood
nothing is good
look at my eys and see what I could
living my life and feel what I felt
the hand that I was dealt
drama that my uncle Shabazz had
I was a little lad
niggaz shooting through my Grams window shattering
glass
had the chicken pox
on that toy horse that rocks
my moms grabbed me down to safety
everybody in the crib was going crazy
that was in the 80's
and now im 17
money cash dreams
niggaz be slave
I be brave spit like A.K.'s and S.K.'s
close range niggaz see brains
Millenium Thugs the name
but now it's slash cocaine
blast niggaz in vaine
satch yo' chain
cherrish the life
my niggaz got a fetish for ice
turn out the lights
I bust so I could spar up the night
uniting the pipes
Queensbridge niggaz is sheist
need no price body yall dudes on spite
who knew I would of spazzed out
little Nayshawn owner of the crack house
get my papes on
tired of 'friderators all the steaks gone

[Wiz]

Now picture this shit
with six Aunts five Uncles
thugging a double apartment out
kids, cousins, and brothers
there I go in the pamper by the radiator
cursing eatin first
little nigga with a appetite that got worst
firs day of school ten man cliq

all i'm learning is how to extort shit
'cuz class i forefit
graduated on another level
selling birds busting birds
fuck with the herbs
never we fuck up the herbs
make 'em pay like you
stick 'em up get down
since ten was taught to turn 'em around
rip they pockets out
bust two the way they run
I ain't give a fuck that's how I was
I was young

[chorus]

[Horse]
Horse was born as a brave child
big for my size
a bully to little guys
with chocolate miks and apple pies
the playground was mine
I stayed scarred up all the time
from shopping carts flipping
now we race to the finish line
hated playing cooties 'cuz that shit
wasn't fun all the honey's say i'm it
then they little ass run
I was sweared to put a hickey on the ones
that I caught
I was a nasty little nigga I learned to hump before I walk
kept a sling shot on my side to shoot
squirrles and cats
wanted to be Captain America with the
Shillinger hat I started getting older fell
more in love with the streets
infactuaded by the ropes and the shiny
gold teeth I was to big to break dance
fuck spiining on my back
my role models now run numbers and sell
crack this project child blessed
chasing ghetto success
he needs a name for himself
to ge the same respect

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