

Lived In the Projects

Kool Keith

Yeah, motherfucker, that? s right
The motherfucker in the house, Kool Keith
Fuck all the bullshit, let? s get to the real shit, yeahYour rhyme touch is soft kid like a stripper?
s ass
With a touch of plastic, writin' with a local style
Talkin' about competitive shit you never mastered
Youse a wannabe thug nigga, you ain? t bugged niggaI cut your bitch-ass up, leave your legs
under the rug nigga
Who want the whiplash? cigarette burns
Broken face hair pinned up in a AST
Me standin' on the top of your tour busButt naked with a fuckin' hockey mask
Slicin' your cashmere with a sharp 7-up glass
Don? t you know I? m sick nigga? Lick my dick, nigga
Forty-four caliber killer gun toter
Hide your kneecaps in a Lexus motor
Pack your stomach in a compartment
Old dingy fucked up Bronx apartment
Don? t piss me off with a tec nine loaded in a bullshit street argumentI don? t care how hard
you get
You just another man that never lived in the projects poppin' shit
You ain? t stoppin' shit, fuck that Batman and Robin shit
And what block you with, kneel downMake a nigga like you call me Big Ernest
Bake your intestines, throw your stomach in the furnace
Watch the thermostat, you ain? t no fuckin' fat catYou never lived in the projects
You ain? t no drug dealer
You never lived in the projects
You ain? t no drug dealer
You never lived in the projects
You ain? t no drug dealer
Rude bwoy with a temper like a Jamaican off a Haitian boat
Carribean ruckus with an Elvis wig
Slap the piss out of one of you untalented rap motherfuckers
Bodyguards won? t work with a thirty shot car bombUnder my Dominican shirt, sub machine
in the duffle bag
Watchin' sesame street with my daughter, peepin Ernie and Bert
With backstage passes, wearin a long trench coat
Get Morris in your projects and Jackson
In a Madison Square Garden concertReady for CBS and NBC, to do a big network
The average guy, havin' a product manager
And a female publicist wearin' a fuckin' bulletproof vest
I got time for motherfuckers actin' like Elliot NessWinchester sawed off blow your Rolex
through your fuckin' chest

Splatted body pieces while blood drips off your girl's dress
I'm ready for more progress, have your head sent home
And a piece of your leg sittin' on the record company desk
Extort like a mad nigga Western Union
You don't have a clue men how I get through men You never lived in the projects
You ain't no drug dealer
You never lived in the projects
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