

# 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  
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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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You never lived in the projects  
You ain't no drug dealer  
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