The Pj's

Wyclef Jean

PJ's
I was born in the PJ's
So I gotta rep for the PJ's
The elevators with the pissy hallways
Bangin' on the project walls all dayYo, if it wasn't for the PJ's, y'all probably never heard of me
Y'all be like, "Who the hell is Wyclef and what's a Fugee?"
I'd probably be standin' on a corner, watch you approach
Steal ya dope, sell ya coke, then snatch ya rope
Run for brokes with the cash and the jewels
Bows eye, I hold my breath when I shoot
The reason you should hold ya breath 'cuz most thugs
When they breathe and shoot tecs, they aim right but shoot leftNow they flesh being swept off the surface
If you ain't B.I.G, you ain't Notorious
So why ya man reckless, side-ballin' like he holdin' heat
Someone bring him a bed for the permanent sleep
Weight beneath Jacob's Latter and the Aftermath
Don't matter if you use a desert eagle as your armor
Blood splatter, glass shatter through the project slums
Another one in the obituary column, sonPJ's
I was born in the PJ's
So I gotta rep for the PJ's
The elevators with the pissy hallways
Bangin' on the project walls all dayPJ's
I gotta make noise for the PJ's
Wrote my first rhyme in the PJ's
You can hear it in my speech, I'm from the PJ's
The PJ's, PJ'sBefore I was signed, I used to move on the block
All I wanted to do was rhyme, rhyme, rhyme
Line for line, I make the blind man walk in a straight line to prison
And take a message to Shyne
Peace, God from the PJ's to Ground Zero
It's a "Hard knock Life" but "The Sun'll Come Out Tomorrow"
Walk with a shadow through ghettos playin' in every borough
You would think rap was rock, the way I carry heavy metalIt such a shame, cocaine in ya veins, screamin' "Team Spirit"
Grippin' the shottie like Kurt Cobain
In the projects God, nuttin' come easy
Gotta deal with the grimy, greasy, the sleazy
Move like a professional, young thug funeral

Wattchu thought this was another Pepsi commercial?
Nah, it's the art of war, when you least expected it
Wyclef the president, the PJ's elected himPJ's
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You can hear it in my speech, I'm from the PJ's
The PJ's, PJ'sYeah and to the teachers that said I wouldn't live
My remains would be found under the Verizano Bridge
Well I'm alive teacher, so put ya theory to rest
I ain't Makaveli but I might fake my death
Make no mistake, I'm a hip-hop artist
Before the diamond in the Billboard, the hood charted it
Suburbia bought it, we bootlegged it, we couldn't afford it
'Cuz in the PJ's, we underground like black marketsThe 'P' stand for public housing
The 'R's for respect that ya get when ya hold down ya set
The 'O's for ounces that we flip into ki's
The 'J's for the judgment handed by the jury
The 'E' is for enter at your own risk
You know the 'C', that's for the cats that's out to get rich
And the 'T', trust no one
And the 'S' for the snitchers you know the outcomePJ's
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You can hear it in my speech, I'm from the PJ's
The PJ's, PJ'sEveryone wants to be a cowboy, [Incomprehensible] at gunpoint
45 by my side do he live
[Incomprehensible]

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