The Projects

Handsome Boy Modeling School

It may take a long time but my house will last forever
And it will have been worth it
What are you going to build your house with?Yo I'm stayin' where we gettin' crazy love
My noisy neighbors live just above me
Up in 13-A, there's drama everyday
The Super say he gon' fix the heat for sureTchk, I done heard it five times before three locks on every door
'Cause some folks got the tendency to take
It ain't Beverly Hills, more like Stephanie Mills
I never knew love like this could ever existFour corners in your metropolis yo it's the PJays pah
We exquisite like cars made in foreign see ain't a day out here
Ever boring where gunshots keep you up instead of heavy snoring
Pipes dripping, instead of rivers pouringThe elevator's broken down
(Damn!)
And man I'm needin' a lift
Thank God we don't stay up on the twenty-fifth floor
Yo we ain't always at war it's a lot about the Projects
I do adoreBut you wouldn't understand it the PJays is like another planet
Heavy like granite you wouldn't understand it
The cops will catch you drawers down red-handed, it's outlandish
But you wouldn't understand it the PJays is like another planet
You wouldn't understand it the cops will catch you drawers down
Red-handed, it's outlandish yo it's the PJays('Cause where I come from where we live is called the Projects)
The PJays
('Cause where I come from you might, might, might, might get done)
The PJays
('Cause where I come from where we live is called the Projects)
The PJays
('Cause where I come from what was that you said?)Come to our projects bout fo' in the morning
So I can tell you what be goin' on there
One block gunshots some hot stuff
Sell it to you for a buck, boy that ain't enough(C'mon)
Handcuffs on your brother man my wife's wonderin'
When you gonna fix that tenant's plumbing man?
I'm tired this ghetto's cool but it's on fire
I see this fool with a crack pipe, lookin' wiredHookers for hire, look at the plywood
(What, look)
On the building where termites is living
(EW)
My wife sleeps peacefully, it ain't easy to me

'Cause I'm tripping off these peoples with they thieveryBlack white Chicano, hell if I know
Every guy know about the stolen cell phone
I got the hook up police got me shook up in court, can't even fart
It's okay though, I got the building, that pay doughBut some tenants act like they can say no
(Hey)
I'm gettin' older in my years feel me? I got a folder worth of fears
(Yup)
But it's cool, we gotta make it better don't take my sweater
(Make it better, c'mon)
Y'all make my head hurt I ain't even gonna finish this song
It's too long I'ma watch Cops, in my La-Z-Boy, in my thongBut you wouldn't understand it the PJays is like another planet
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