Project Roach (feat. The Last Poets)

Nas

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

It is absolutely silly and unproductive
To have a funeral for the word nigger when the actions continue
We need to have a movement to resurrect brothers and sisters
Not a funeral for niggers cause niggers dont dieUgh yeah, yo, Im creepy and crawling
In your sink and your toilet, Ill be drinking from your spit
Anything cause Im more less an insect with 4 legs
People come and I fake dead, correction, I got 8 legsClimbin on top your plate, bed where ever I smell food
It could even jail food, stale food thats molded
A roach is what I am fool, the ghetto is my land fool
Ima never be able to fly like a bumblebeeTry not to be underneath your sneaker, pitiful creature
Im not afraid of your pesticide or ray
Cause in Heavens my creator
I love it when the lights offEating from same knives, forks
From any man's dinner, see my antennas
You can't win, you cant stand
The crunchy sound I make if you squash meLearn to live with me
How much your roach motel costing?
You and the city but yo we everywhere
Check your house cause I bet we thereNiggas are like roaches, theyre never gonna go away
Learn from them what we should not become
Cause niggas dont die

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