

# PJ's

## Wyclef Jean

Mmm... yeah

[Wyclef]

(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 day

[Verse 1]

Yo if it wasn't for the PJ's why'all probably never heard of me  
Why'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; 'cause most thugs

When they breathe and shoot teecs, they aim right but shoot left

Now they flesh being swept off the surface

If you ain't B.I.G. then 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 son

[Chorus]

(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 day

(PJ'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's

[Verse 2]

Before 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 "Hardknock Life" but "The Sun'll Come Out Tomorrow"  
Walk with a shadow through ghettos, playin in every borough  
You would think rap was rock they way I carry heavy metal

It such a shame, cocaine in ya veins, screamin  
"Team Spirit" grippin the shottie like Kurt Cobaine  
In the projects God, nuttin come easy  
Gotta deal with the grimy, greasy, the sleasy

Move like a professional, young thug funeral  
What ya 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 him

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Yeah, and to the teachers that said I wouldn't live  
And my remains would be found under the Verizano Bridge  
Well I'm alive teach! 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  
Surburbia bought it, we bootlegged it, we couldn't afford it  
'Cause in the PJ's we undergroundn like black markets

The 'P' stand for public housing  
The 'are'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 judgement handed by the ju-ry

The 'E' is for enter, at your own risk  
You know the 'see' - that's for the cats that's out to get rich  
And the 'T'... trust no one  
And the 'S' is for the snitchers - you know the outcome...

[Chorus]

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