Project Niggas

Young Buck

[Verse- Young Buck](Prodigy)
The sound of gunshots, the smell of swisha sweets
Ki's of cocaine is all a nigga see
And all these niggas be lookin for a lick to hit
'cause it dont look like we leavin these bricks to quit
On them hot summer nights we be servin them whites
On them cold winter days we be shootin AK's
You aint safe around here or in the yard
Its everyman for himself nigga livin is hard
You see the cars, the bars, the ghetto super stars
Some niggas got money and forgot who they are
We rob, kill, steal, whatever
("Ayo dunn when you gettin out the hood"), Never
My people need me, my heart is still here
Even tho police be hatin im still here
Im standin on this corner till my pockets bigger
Im goin to my grave as a project nigga
[Chorus- Young Buck/(Prodigy)]You can take me out the hood but the hood still in me
A Project Nigga till the Lord convict me
(Yo we hood niggas, Project Niggas, everybody know we some ghetto ass niggas)
You can take me out the hood but the hood still in me
A Project Nigga till the Lord convict me
(Straight hood niggas, Project Niggas, yall better know we some ghetto ass niggas)
[Verse- Prodigy]P is a triple threat, VIP, the Dont
P, bitch get a look at his arm
We megastars, we got bulletproof cars
And we ridin in them shits, with the guns in the door
Baum, is the only thing we smoke
I aint pickin seed out my weed since '94
In New York, the projects is where we feel safe
Surrounded by the others like us, we embrace
All the bullshit, get you niggas a void
This is our life, we aint got no choice
Look we enjoy ourselves in the middle of hell
Shots poppin niggas might run up on you with and tell
Like blow you away, you'll die with ya gun on ya waist

Half assed in a bare cold case
Nigga you aint got strength like the Mobb and G-Unit

In the ghetto, my niggas rear run up in ya place
[Chorus- Young Buck/(Prodigy)]You can take me out the hood but the hood still in me
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[Verse- Havoc]Gun thru these niggas that stay hatin
Blood i can taste it, Buck im losin my patience
This rap shit, dudes got it fucked up boy
Dont you know we gettin money so we got more toys?
I fucked ya bitch, think nuthin of it
Got mad drama but we still out clubbin
We still out gunnin, dumpin the Mac clips
Homie we got this and yall aint have this
Baby aint nuthin you know im spittin that crack shit
Like im still on the block, bunch of police flippin
Still in the kitchen cookin, workin that Trip Beam
Have fiends baggin watch them lick the plate clean
Do this for my niggas up north from them state greens
Bustin them hammers for clippin my sing sing
All my hood niggas dont worry just maintain
You know what it is G-Unit's what i bang
[Chorus- Young Buck/(Prodigy)]You can take me out the hood but the hood still in me
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