They Say

The Internet OFWGKTA

growin up i was a knucklehead, boy you never listen to me! thats wat my momma said
im from the projects, i aint never had shit, me and my older brother, we had to share a mattress
no heat, no lights, had to keep them candles lit, my daddy left me at 8, in an out my life and shit
gang bangas dope dealers replaced my father, neighborhood hustlas taught me to get them dollas
thats when i became a problem, product of my environment, its hard to grow up be a doctor or a fireman
when you constantly seein that g ride tires screechin and them shots firin all the time it happens frequently
the hood inspired him to be a G, i bled for the game did it all for the letter B
the big homie gave me the name jay rock, this aint no rap gimmick its a real life story on watts livin nigga
(chorus)
you can take, me out the hood, but you cant take the hood out me, and thats the way it forever gon be, but i cant help it im gutta, i shoulda changed out, but all my life i been gang banged out
that project shit run deep in my veins now, and i cant help it, ooh who am i losin i cant help it
and all my life i been gang banged out that project shit runnin deep in my veins now
let me take you on a detour, eastside watts, niggas will go in projects follow me home to my black n white appartments, police roll thru with caution, scared to death
the homies got tats across them, capitol BH over they necks, since birth bangin the set, even the hoes bangin the set, some aint, but most is hood rats lookin for that buck
them trash cans lay in the street ghetto technique for drive bys, for the low them 5 dollas will get u high
dice games, white Gs, fist fights, six fo's, el co's, g rides, and mini bikes
might see a couple of zombies late night, off what? off pipe membrane dead right, no lie

somethin in the bushes, either the AK or the .45, no lie
raised in the ghetto, wit rats and roaches, smokers on porches, gettin high off yola its colda norther but my city's the coldest
where we aint bond is the city of mornin??
(chorus)
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that project shit run deep in my veins now, and i cant help it, ooh who am i losin i cant help it
you could take me out the hood but the hood will never leave me
im still bangin, im still hangin, the only difference is im not slangin nickles and dimes more like slangin these rap lines
verse is the truth when i step in the booth, niggas know i pour my soul out for the strugglin youth
for that fatherless son who needed love so he ran wit a crew, grew up before his older brother did
gin and juice, replaced the pain i knew, carryin them thangs to school
them niggas was trippin i wasnt bangin the blue, but they had to respect me i never ran from who? nobody
put my faith in god its amazin how i overcame them odds
on my momma this past year my life has slightly been revised, but notice i said slightly
cuz me bein absent from where i came from, thats unlikely

(chorus)
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