

# The Projects

## Hi-Fidelity Lounge

Peace God  
Peace to the Gods  
How you God?  
Studyin' one-twenty right now  
Mmm  
Call me back at the God hour The fuck?  
It's just the new way of thinkin'  
Light up the broccoli kid  
Throw the relish in my back pocket  
Keep your eyes open  
Push your seat back, just flow  
That's how we doin' it Bound by honest sword, take over the set  
Rap from here to Que-bec  
Throw up the tech, crash your intellect select a vet  
Swimsuit mammal handle, yo, every fly vandal go to project  
Slam you like Hamill's wife 'fore the scandal  
Wally sandal just a sample, my niggaz fertilize thoughts  
Yo, mad support drink a quart then bamboo When nasty can blew, my pen sterile won't perform  
If I'm not lampable  
Askin' my man'll get you slapped down, play the anthem  
Lit it who wit' it champagne get it, that's the ticket  
Solid nines soundin' like crickets snatchin' worker shipment  
Pull the air, long dick it, we talk right before we left lifted  
Just like a long sleeve, guess who rip it? Projects  
My niggaz survive, just like a movin' target  
Projects  
Where niggaz live and some sell garbage that's  
Projects  
Try to escape the flyin' shells dodgin'  
New York projects  
I'm livin' large, yo, stop miragin' Sign of the times, conspiracy to overthrow the mind  
Behind every fortune there's a crime, this technique is tech-9  
Blast at any Close Encounter of the Third Kind  
This be the evil that man do, we dismantle, any adversary  
Them niggaz all thumbs and can't handle, my flurry  
Hear me, you jam all you want to scare me  
Don't even kid me, shit in my coke aimin' at cha kidney  
Pressure, Red Hot like Chili Pepper Black 'n Decker, hardware avoid the leper  
Five o'clock shadowboxer, hold down the sector

Bet ya bottom dollar lecture, be hard to swallow  
Double oh, seven mark  
The secret agent that Maxwell and Get Smart  
Through entertainment  
Welcome to The Killin Fields, with Johnny Dangerous  
Headbanger boogie niggaz goin' through changesProjects  
My niggaz survive, just like a movin' target  
Projects  
Where niggaz live and some sell garbage that's  
Projects  
Try to escape the flyin shells dodgin  
Projects  
I'm livin' large, yo, stop miragin'Suck my dick, it's the kid with the fat knob  
I bust all into ya face, plus it come in globs  
Quick get on your knees, with yo' sweet pussy let it breathe  
Two fingers is all in your hole, think I can fit three  
Your pink lips, spread it in shit, let me throw my dick in  
Grab my shit and place it gently on your clit  
Ping-pong pussy, wide world of wombs titty saggin'Stomach on some scriveled up prune shit  
Too much air in your pussy you screamin', that it's  
Talkin' to you daddy, fart's breathin' out  
Your lips splashin' my dick badly  
Use vinegar, to try to tighten up your ginger  
All-mighty dick, ran in with a cape, some call him engine  
Lightning rod bob, black candy cane attached to GodThick like a great adventure cigar in your garage  
Pregnant pussy have you fall out like Remi on the house  
Watch the teeth for slobbin' my shit  
You bit it on the couch, dry pussy leave the friction burns  
Plus beef I hone, the condom broke  
Bitch, you got AIDS, I'm shakin' in my bones

Lyrics provided by

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