

# Project Roach

Nas

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 don't die  
Ugh yeah, yo, I'm creepy and crawling  
In your sink and your toilet, I'll be drinking from your spit  
Anything 'cause I'm more less an insect with 4 legs  
People come and I fake dead, correction, I got 8 legs  
Climbin' on top your plate, bed where ever I smell food  
It could even jail food, stale food that's molded  
A roach is what I am fool, the ghetto is my land fool  
I'ma never be able to fly like a bumblebee  
Try not to be underneath your sneaker, pitiful creature  
I'm not afraid of your pesticide or ray

'Cause in Heaven's my creator  
I love it when the lights off  
Eating from same knives, forks  
From any man's dinner, see my antennas  
You can't win, you can't stand  
The crunchy sound I make if you squash me  
Learn 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 there  
Niggas are like roaches, they're never gonna go away  
Learn from them what we should not become  
'Cause niggas don't die

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