

Lived In the Projects

Kool Keith

Yeah, motherfucker, thats right
The motherfucker in the house, Kool Keith
Fuck all the bullshit, lets get to the real shit, yeah Your rhyme touch is soft kid like a strippers ass
With a touch of plastic, writin' with a local style
Talkin' about competitive shit you never mastered
Youse a wannabe thug nigga, you aint bugged nigga I cut your bitch-ass up, leave your legs under the rug nigga
Who want the whiplash? cigarette burns
Broken face hair pinned up in a AST
Me standin' on the top of your tour bus Butt naked with a fuckin' hockey mask
Slicin' your cashmere with a sharp 7-up glass
Dont you know Im sick nigga? Lick my dick, nigga
Forty-four caliber killer gun toter Hide your kneecaps in a Lexus motor
Pack your stomach in a compartment
Old dingy fucked up Bronx apartment
Dont piss me off with a tec nine loaded in a bullshit street argument I dont care how hard you get
You just another man that never lived in the projects poppin' shit
You aint stoppin' shit, fuck that Batman and Robin shit
And what block you with, kneel down Make a nigga like you call me Big Ernest
Bake your intestines, throw your stomach in the furnace
Watch the thermostat, you aint no fuckin' fat cat You never lived in the projects
You aint no drug dealer
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You never lived in the projects
You aint no drug dealer Rude bwoy with a temper like a Jamaican off a Haitian boat
Carribean ruckus with an Elvis wig
Slap the piss out of one of you untalented rap motherfuckers
Bodyguards wont work with a thirty shot car bomb Under my Dominican shirt, sub machine in the duffle bag
Watchin' sesame street with my daughter, peepin Ernie and Bert
With backstage passes, wearin a long trench coat
Get Morris in your projects and Jackson
In a Madison Square Garden concert Ready for CBS and NBC, to do a big network
The average guy, havin' a product manager
And a female publicist wearin' a fuckin' bulletproof vest
I got time for motherfuckers actin' like Elliot Ness Winchester sawed off blow your Rolex through your fuckin'
chest
Splatted body pieces while blood drips off your girls dress
Im ready for more progress, have your head sent home
And a piece of your leg sittin' on the record company desk

Extort like a mad nigga Western Union
You dont have a clue men how I get through men You never lived in the projects
You aint no drug dealer
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You aint no drug dealer

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