

Project Boy

Joell Ortiz

Uh. Slow the music down just a tad
"The projects"
"Bwoyyyyy"
Uh. Yeah. That sound good right there
Joell Ortiz. Yaowa! Premier what up man? Uh
"The projects"

God damn it, I done did it again
I swear them cameras flash every time I pick up a pen
What y'all spit sugar coated, I be spittin' that phlegm
Cause where I come from, little dudes got guns bigger than them
And crack heads smoke anything that fit in that stem
And little girls do grown men just to sit in that Benz
I'm from the projects boy (what)
I'm from the projects boy (what)
If you're not from there listen close I drop some knowledge boy
Night, time you hear thunder from the hottest toy
If you upstairs you sayin' prayers hopin' it's not your boy
With police around, it ain't just to lock you up (naw)
They hope somethin' look like a gun so they can pop you up
See me, I play it smooth like a hockey puck
If I ain't writin', I'm in the room with a stocky slut
It ain't friendly outside
Cause like 'rybody po' for that doe you can go
Let me let 'rybody know this

"Now this here is for the projects"
"Bwoy!"
"Now this here is for the projects"
"It's wrong or not"
"This is rap"
"That's all you got"

See where I come from
Motherfuckers get home from up top
And the kids they used to send to the store own the spot
And them young boys don't give a what if you old or not
You talk that "listen shorty" shit and he will roast your knot
While you was gone, he got it on and moved that dope and rock
But before them roosters cock-a-doodle-do he post the block
Yeah that's a projects boy (what)
Yeah that's a projects boy (what)
If you ain't from here listen close I'll drop some knowledge boy
Snitchin'?
We don't allow that
Man, you tell and you dead
The repercussion be disgustin'
Put Joell in the Fed
Somebody clothes and shottie smoke till their melon is red
In the streets my name hold weight like elephant legs
I'm a projects boy
Crooper's P's be here
They let me in and now it's locked like pezzy hair
Oh you don't get it?
Let's please be clear
It's like I went celibate
Cause ain't nobody fuckin' with Ortiz this year

"Now this here is for the projects"
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Man, I love where I'm from
You can call it the hood
Call it the ghetto, call it the gutter, call it the slum
I'm callin' it home
That's where I roamed all my life
This trouble is all I know so that's all I write (listen)
My family my friends, we are not all alright (nope)
So when I pick up this mic, I rhyme with all of my might
I'm from the projects boy (what)
I'm from the projects boy (what)
If you ain't from there, listen close, I'll drop some knowledge boy
See I ain't got to listen close
You make a lot of noise
I hear your whole conversation
Every word
The project walls thinner than my Blackberry Curve
When I was young my moms and pops got on my every nerve
With all that arguin'
Until that check hit
And them food stamps held them down like a tec clip
Then daddy made an exit
Mommy couldn't accept it
In and out the crib for that next hit
That project shit nigga

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