

Livin In The Projects

Juvenile

I'm a nigga from the third with a helluva nerve,
And if you cross my line then you will get served,
I win, lose, or die this happens everyday,
Muthafuckas get killed in this game I play
I put these hands on a nigga cuz he talk too much,
He told my business to a bitch, I had to fuck him up
When I confronted this nigga, he got highly upset,
Took off his shirt, booted up, then looked down to my chest,
So I slammed his ass, the nigga started to kick,
I went to stompin' in his face, fuckin' up his shit,
Gave him a good ass whippin', then I started to steppin',
I saw him reachin' in his pants, I seen he was stressin',
The niggas was stuntin', but I had mine,
Five times through the chest, family outside cryin',
On the way back home, I saw this sharp ass lady,
Polo down, hair fixed, and some gold earrings,
I asked just where she's headed, she said "7th Ward",
Release the fine bitch out the St. Bernard,
She hopped in the ride, I take the hoe to Popeye's,
Got a three piece white, cold drink, and small fries
The hoe got full, we went to the Rochambeaux,
Took off her clothes and bust three nuts and after that I was t
hrough,
Took her halfway home and told the bitch "Get on",
Didn't give a fuck about her cuz I gave her the bone,
Everyday somebody else will get, hung by the gaffler,
Niggas roll down the ave., cuz I'm the neighborhood amp,
Fuckin' around with the Juvenile and you get your brains blown
out,
Cuz that's what livin' all up the project is all about