

PJ's

Wyclef Jean

Mmm... yeah

(PJ's!) I was born in the PJ's
So I gotta rep for the PJ's
The elevators with the pissy hallways
Bangin on the project walls, all day

Yo if it wasn't for the PJ's why'all probably never heard of me
Why'all be like, "Who the hell is Wyclef, and what's a Fugee?"
I'd probably be standin on a corner - watch you approach
Steal ya dope, sell ya coke, then snatch ya rope

Run for brokes with the cash and the jewels
Bows-eye, I hold my breath when I shoot
The reason you should hold ya breath; 'cause most thugs
When they breathe and shoot tecs, they aim right but shoot left

Now they flesh being swept off the surface
If you ain't B.I.G. then Notorious
So why ya man reckless, side-ballin like he holdin heat
Someone bring him a bed, for the permanent sleep

Weight beneath Jacob's Latter and the Aftermath
Don't matter if you use a desert eagle as your armor
Blood splatter, glass shatter through the project slums
Another one in the obituary column son

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(PJ's) I gotta make noise for the PJ's
Wrote my first rhyme in the PJ's
You can hear it in my speech, I'm from the PJ's
The PJ's! PJ's

Before I was signed, I used to move on the block
All I wanted to do was rhyme, rhyme, rhyme
Line for line, I make the blind man walk in a straight line
To prison - and take a message to Shyne

Peace God from the PJ's to Ground Zero
It's a "Hardknock Life" but "The Sun'll Come Out Tomorrow"
Walk with a shadow through ghettos, playin in every borough
You would think rap was rock they way I carry heavy metal

It such a shame, cocaine in ya veins, screamin
"Team Spirit" grippin the shottie like Kurt Cobaine
In the projects God, nuttin come easy
Gotta deal with the grimy, greasy, the sleasy

Move like a professional, young thug funeral
What ya thought this was another Pepsi commercial?
Nah it's the art of war, when you least expected it
Wyclef the president, the PJ's elected him

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Yeah, and to the teachers that said I wouldn't live
And my remains would be found under the Verizano Bridge
Well I'm alive teach! So put ya theory to rest
I ain't Makaveli but I might fake my death

Make no mistake, I'm a hip-hop artist
Before the diamond in the Billboard, the hood charted it
Surburbia bought it, we bootlegged it, we couldn't afford it
'Cause in the PJ's we undergroudn like black markets

The 'P' stand for public housing
The 'are's for respect that ya get, when ya hold down ya set
The 'O's for ounces that we flip into ki's
The 'J's for the judgement handed by the ju-ry

The 'E' is for enter, at your own risk
You know the 'see' - that's for the cats that's out to get rich
And the 'T'... trust no one
And the 'S' is for the snitchers - you know the outcome...

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