

Livin' In the Projects

Lil Scrappy

[Verse 1]

Growin' up on Section 8, momma in the other room cryin'
Cuz she got bills to pay, and it ain't no chores to play
Only thang outside is a sand box and a gate to hate
And the show ain't gon' show money, soul of a show money
Only thang around town, Brooklyn is dat dope money
Dem boys on the corna, and they pockets gittin' stronga
Momma did it fo' the hunger
We sold about a hundred, err'body still runnin'
And we sittin' on the block
Cuz the dope feigns rollin'
Videos, I ain't trynna be no rapper
I ain't trynna be no actor
I'm tryin' to make a stack up
I ain't gotta call practice
So if I'm on the streets, then come greet or tear my back up
The police betta call back up
Cuz if I can't feed my daughter - I'mma come and rob ya (And I was...)

[Hook - 2Pac w/ Lil Scrappy ad-libs]

Livin' in the projects (Aye)
Livin' in the projects (Aye)
Livin' in the projects
Broke, with no lights on (And I was)
Livin' in the projects (Uh-huh)
Livin' in the projects (Aye)
Livin' in the projects (What's goin' on)
Broke, with no lights on (And you was)
Living in the projects (Aye)
Living in the projects (Aye)
Living in the projects (Aye)
Broke, with no lights on (And we was)
Living in the projects (Aye)
Living in the projects (Aye)
Living in the projects (Yea)
Broke, with no lights on

[Verse 2]

Rememba when the food stamps used to look like dollars
"I ain't have no clothes so the ho's wouldn't holla

K-mart gear was all ah nigga wore
When I hit 'em lights all the roaches hit the flo' (Damn)
Momma had got in to a accident
It's fucked up, mayn she can't even pay the rent
And the heat and light been out eva since
So you know when a nigga gone, it git cold in the bitch
You know what I'mma do? - I'mma go git rich
Put on my ski mask and go hit me a liq
It's all you could do when you young and from Tha Bricks
I'm from the hood, lil' shawty, I'mma represent (And I was...)

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

Now it was neva eva 'posed to be like this
My teacha told me I wadn't gon' be shiit
A surely young nigga when his dad got rich
A-Town ho' you can suck my dick
Now you made it outta Tha Projects
A young nigga gittin' cash
Gotta keep dat steady flow runnin' while the time pass
Can't let 'em git you down, move in or move out
Gotta git dat money shawty, dat whudd I'm talkin' bout
When time git hard betta pray to God
Don't stretch the dope game on the boulevard
No (No), my daughter neva will
And if I have to kill, she gonna git anutha meal
Shiit, play the hand I was dealed
And if a man stepped to me I got a right to grab the steal
Chyea, I'm on top and I still rememb-a
Those cold ass days in Decemba, and I was

[Hook]

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>