

Coo Coo Cal, My Projects (Remix)

Projects
Worldwide
Remix

(Coo Coo Cal)
In my projects: 5x

(Verse 1: Coo Coo Cal)
Dawg my projects is sweet
Got strappin' up by the cut
Patrollin' the damn block like we walkin' the B
Talkin' to freaks on the spot-down
Yeah we gettin' action
And we taxin' to their ass like some clock hound
Who run the block now? The M-I-L
And if a nigga don' thru dat dawg he done BEEN-BY-HELL
But its my hood 'n gotta GET-MY-MAIL
If a nigga locked-up fo bustin' they gone SEND-MY-BAIL
And you got half of the apparell to back in
Soldiers (?) enough they cryin' comin' wit Mac-10s
Chin-checkin on their dizzay, uh
Can't leave until they see somebody breathin, I say "I'm strizzay"
Always act like cizzay, I say "fo sho", ha
Now got foul on this wet-ass floor for the 10-to-4
Ya'll betta give the hood respect
Cuz it pay to play for a day up in my projects

(Chorus:1x - Coo Coo Cal)
In my projects
My projects thick
In my projects everybody cooks bricks
In my projects
My projects thick
Don't come to my projects if you ain't wit dis clique
In my projects
My projects thick
In my projects everybody cooks bricks
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In my projects

(Verse 2: Trick Daddy)
You can call me state and raised, got state-paid
From the city from the M-I-A, in the County of Dade
To the wall to the alley
To the six to the sixth cell
You in the middle of the Pokebean Projects playa
We don't do dumb shit, we run shit
Gangbang and X, weed, and 'caine to slang
Thug Life but we live dangerous
And we hate (?), tinted window'll leave your head bangin
Momma was a playa
Daddy was a playa
And yeah they had me, the mutha fuckin playa
So if it weren't for the ghetto, what would I be?
A mobsta flaw, or even OD
But I'ma OG an Ol' P-L-A without the Y
Cuz I'm watched by the FBI
But I'm goodfella and untouchable
And mo' tephlon and you can't touch me bwoy

(Chorus: 1x)

(Verse 3: Kurupt)

I got 17 shots in the 4

Hop in the 4

You ain't where I'm from then your shop'll get closed

Shoppin' fo' clothes

Shoppin' fo' hoes, but don't pay

Might smile and joke, but we don't play

Some niggaz (?) and toke, but they don't spray

And if we don't roll and smoke, the hoes don't stay

In my projects shit happen everyday

And even if you ain't trippin' you can get it anyway

But anyway, walkin on foot I'm still gon' ride

And even if you don't see me, niggaz still go hide

(?) on they head these bars

Know these stars, pay bills and buy cars

In my projects the way controversy (?) we talk wit our hands

Escape one time, twice skipped court and I ran

Niggas bananas, red and blue bandanas

Had the news come in advancements

(Chorus:1x - Coo Coo Cal)

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(Verse 4:(?))

Ya betta holla at cha boy I'm bout that project livin'

First of the (month) ready to (stunt) and try to make a million

Ghetto dollaz outta fifteen cents

I got whatever you need, from A-to-Z in my residence

DVD's and flat-screen TV's

A Big Boy leather sofa that cost about six g's

I know it's hard to believe but you can get it in the ghetto

If they sell it in the ghetto

But ain't no credit in the ghetto

Uh, So keep your Visa and American Express

The only currency is cash, food stamps, and welfare checks

I like my freaks out the project stout

Bootylicious, hard head, wit a smart-ass mouth

Uh, I like my chicken and bologna fried hard

We project livin', ain't no grass in the yard

Don't get it twisted me and my kinfold livin' large

You see the po-po get the hell outta Dodge

(Chorus: 1x)

In my projects