

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 "l'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
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(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