

Coo Coo Cal, My Projects

In my project (5x)

(Verse 1)

Dog my project is sweet 'n
But if you ain't from where I'm from, like some dog,
don't come or you gettin beatin
Yeah we cheatin dog that's automatic
We greedy, plus we try'n be the needy dawg wit all the Cadillacs
Steal from the rich and give to the poor
We sell a few drugs bust a few slugs and pimp a few hoes
Don't let us find a bit a higgidy
Dog we turn them stiggidies
With shorties off in riggidies
So if you ain't from here or wit my guys
Don't even roll through playa cuz all the traffic gettin minimized
Cries for help cuz you got carjacked
Niggaz 'll roll for a minute then pass it to the hypes to sell the car back
And once she get it, it be stripped down
Thugs, they got your system and your dubs and want your grip now
Ya'll betta give a hood respect
Cuz it pay to play for a day up in my projects

(Chorus)

In my projects
My projects thick
In my projects everybody is rich
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 is rich
In my projects
My projects thick
Don't come to my projects if you ain't wit me
In my projects

(Verse 2)

Now let me tell you bout them kingpins
Drop Y2K Benz on dem rims, bringin 16 in
They dishin it out, they keepin the circulation
They dodgin the Fedz, and suckas who's playa hatin
They got the whole hood stacked up
And now the po's walkin on the showroom floor buyin 'Lac Trucks
They stuck in the ghetto by choice
But if they go, it's jacuzzis and condos, With a Rolls Royce
Now voice your opinion
You heard about them war on drugs, now won't you tell me who think winnin
Spendin money by the pounds on dubs,
on the 'Burbans with the subs,
and they twerkin bumpin Coo Coo Cal
And the hood love hoodrats
On the bus-stop shakin it like it's hot with some good cat
Ya'll betta give the hood respect
Cuz it pay to play for a day up in my projects

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(Verse 3)

Dawg, go on and some it up between the grind with diamonds
Crimes and rhymes, ya'll we comin up
From sundown to sun-up, ha
The block watch, peekin out the attic in case you run up
With diamonds and firms, He's and hers
Shoppin sprees with ease to fill up a 2000 Suburb, ha
Dawg my projects got taste,
all that rent ain't nuthin but two-fifty
We sportin five thousand dollar drapes
Makin it happen, wit snappin to avoid that - anchor
Hook me up with plenty tracks to keep a playa rappin
So put my city on the map
Hook me up wit million dollar vocal cords,
I can afford a million on a track
You do the addin and subtractin
Wastin time just to figure out, without a doubt, that we stackin
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