

# 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  
Ya'll betta give the hood respect  
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