

Handsome Boy Modeling School, Projects, The (F

(feat. Del, Dove (De La Soul))

"It may take a long time, but my house will last forever
- and it will have been worth it.
What are you going to build your house with?"

[Dove]

Yo I'm stayin where we gettin crazy love
My noisy neighbors live just above me
up in 13-A, there's drama e'ryday
The Super say he gon' fix the heat for sure
Tchk, I done heard it five times before
Three locks on every door
- cause some folks got the tendency to take
It ain't Beverly Hills, more like Stephanie Mills
I never knew love like this could ever exist
Four corners in your metropolis
Yo it's the PJays pah!
We exquisite like cars made in foreign
See ain't a day out here, ever boring
Where gunshots keep you up instead of heavy snoring
Pipes dripping, instead of rivers pouring
The elevator's broken down (daaaamn!)
and man I'm needin a lift
Thank God we don't stay up on the twenty-fifth
- floor, yo we ain't always at war
It's a lot about the Projects I do adore

[Chorus: Dove, Del]

But you wouldn't understand it
The PJays is like another planet
Heavy like granite
You wouldn't understand it
The cops will catch you drawers down
Red-handed, it's outlandish
But you wouldn't understand it
The PJays is like another planet
You wouldn't understand it
The cops will catch you drawers down
Red-handed, it's outlandish
"Yo it's the PJays.."
("cau.. cause where I come from..")
[Pos] ("where we live is called the Projects")
".. The PJays.."
("cau.. cause where I come from..")
("you might-might-might, might get done..")
".. The PJays.."
("cau.. cause where I come from..")
[Pos] ("where we live is called the Projects")
".. The PJays.."
("cau.. cause where I come from..")
("What was that you said?")

[Del the Funky Homosapien]

Come to our projects bout fo' in the morning
So I can tell you what be goin on there
One block gunshots some hot stuff
Sell it to you for a buck, boy that ain't enough!
(C'mon) Handcuffs on your brotherman; my wife's wonderin
When you gonna fix that tenant's plumbing man?
I'm tired - this ghetto's cool, but it's on fire
I see this fool with a crack pipe, lookin wired
Hookers for hire (what?) look at the plywood (look!)

on the building where termites is living (EW)
My wife sleeps peacefully, it ain't easy to me
cause I'm tripping off these peoples with they thievery
Black white chicano - hell if I know
Every guy know about the stolen cell phone
I got the hook-up - police got me shook-up
in court, can't even fart
It's okay though, I got the building, that pay dough
But some tenants act like they can say no (hey)
I'm gettin older in my years
Feel me? I got a folder worth of fears (yup)
But it's cool, we gotta make it better (make it better)
Don't take my sweater (c'mon) y'all make my head hurt
I ain't even gonna finish this song, it's too long
I'ma watch Cops, in my La-Z-Boy, in my thong

[Chorus]