

Nas, Project Windows

Black hoods, cops 'n projects
sewers flooded with foul blockage
The gutter's wild and every child watches
Changin top locks with ripped off hinges
doors kicked off, drunks stag off smirnoff, wipe your beard off
Crippled dope fiends in wheelchairs stare
vision blurry, cus buried deep in they mind are hidden stories
Bet he's a mirror image of that 70's era
finished for the rest of his life, till he fades out
The liquor store workers miss him but then it plays out
so many ways out the hood but no signs say out
Mental slavehouse where gats go off, I show off
niggas up north, prison-ology talk, till they time cut off
You should chill if you short, prepare deep thought
to hit the street again, get it on, get this paper and breathe again
Plan to leave somethin' behind
so your name'll live on, no matter what the game lives on

(Chorus)

Lookin' out of my project window
Oh, I feel uninspired
Lookin' out of my project window
Oh, it makes me feel, so tired

Yo, if this piano's the cake then my words are the candles
Light it up, make a wish, and them angels will grant you
Impatient once tried, but in those angels and bamboo
they lit it up, *puff* *puff*, hit it up, *puff*
Now they dismantled, think the whole world is crazy, got a 9
watch where you walk, 2 dollar fine, sign of the times here in New York
Hi Satan, United Nations quietly taken, to own your soul
take it or leave it, just my evaluation
Stack loot and guns, teach the girls karate, school your sons not to hate
but to stay awake, cus the scars a razor make is nothin' in comparison
to the gas left on this whole mass, if we don't get it controlled fast
might as well be, laughin' with Malcolm X's assassin as we die slow
perishin', brain dead from a Erickson
Words are the medicine, two teaspoons for goons
a cup of it for those thuggin' it, y'all sing the tune

Chorus

Another day, another dollar, my mother will holla
She said "go and see the world for myself, and my brother Shafala"
Pops was smooth, from his top to his shoes
sang the rules, guitar strings he played smokin' his ?
? hat, picture this yo, seventies cat
He wrote his music in the back of the crib, I did my homework
At night the windows were speakers, pumpin' life out
a fight, people screamin' cus somebody pulled a knife out
So I look at this poem, I'm hooked to this tune
every night the same melody, hell sounded so heavenly
But jail was ahead of me, ?????
Reading's what I should've done, cus my imagination would run
I was impatient to get out and become part of the noise out there
I used to stare, five stories down, basketball courts, shot up playgrounds
and I witnessed the murders and police shake-downs
Yo, the hustlas and hoes, drugs and fo-fos
This was the life of every kid, lookin' out project windows

Oh, outta my window
Lookin' out of my project window
Oh, it makes me feel, so tired
Lookin' out of my project window

Oh, I feel uninspired
Lookin' out of my project window
Oh, it makes me feel, so tired
Lookin' out of my project window
Oh, I feel uninspired
Starin out of, of my window
Oh I, feel so tired
Oh yeah, outta my window
Oh, lookin' out, lookin' out
Lookin' out my window, oh yeah
Makes me, feel so tired
Outta my window, out my project window
Lord I feel, uninspired