

# 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