

**Artist: Wu-Tang Clan**

**Album: Wu-Tang Forever**

**Song: The Projects**

from [http://www.ohhla.com/anonymous/wu\\_tang/forever/projects.wtg.txt](http://www.ohhla.com/anonymous/wu_tang/forever/projects.wtg.txt)

Typed by: [dj.flash@pobox.com](mailto:dj.flash@pobox.com)

Sign of the times, conspiracy to overthrow the mind  
Behind every fortune there's a crime  
This technique is tech-9  
Blast at any Close Encounter of the Third Kind  
This be the evil that man do, we dismantle, any adversary  
Them n\* all thumbs and can't handle, my flurry  
Hear me, you jam all you want to scare me  
Don't even kid me, shit in my coke aimin at cha kidney  
Pressure, Red Hot like Chili Pepper  
Black 'n Decker, hardware avoid the leper  
Five o'clock shadowboxer, hold down the sector  
Bet ya bottom dollar lecture, be hard to swallow  
Double oh-seven mark  
The secret agent that Max/well and Get Smart, through entertainment  
Welcome to The Killin Fields, with Johnny Dangerous  
Headbanger boogie n\* goin thru changes

[God] Projects

[Rae] My n\* survive, just like a movin target

[God] Projects

[Rae] Where n\* live and some sell garbage that's

[God] Projects

[Rae] Try to escape the flyin shells dodgin

[God] Projects

[Rae] I'm livin large yo, stop miragin

**Artist: Notorious B.I.G.**

**Album: Ready to Die**

**Song: Everyday Struggle**

from [http://www.ohhla.com/anonymous/biggie/ready\\_to/struggle.big.txt](http://www.ohhla.com/anonymous/biggie/ready_to/struggle.big.txt)

Typed by: [basickally@aol.com](mailto:basickally@aol.com)

I don't wanna live no mo'  
Sometimes I hear death knockin at my front do'  
I'm livin everyday like a hustle, another drug to juggle;  
another day, another struggle

[Notorious B.I.G.]

I know how it feel to wake up f\* up  
Pockets broke as hell, another rock to sell  
People look at you like youse the user  
Selling drugs to all the losers, mad buddha abuser  
But they don't know about your stress-filled day  
Baby on the way mad bills to pay  
That's why you drink Tanqueray; so you can reminisce  
and wish, you wasn't livin so devilish, s\*  
I remember I was just like you  
Smokin blunts with my crew, flippin over 62's  
Cause G-E-D, wasn't B-I-G  
I got P-A-I-D, that's why my moms hate me

She was forced to kick me out, no doubt  
Then I figured out licks went for twenty down South

Packed up my tools for my raw power move  
Glock nineteen for casket and flower moves  
for chumps tryin to stop my flow  
And what they don't know will show on the autopsy  
Went to see Papi, to cop me a brick  
Asked for some consignment and he wasn't tryin to hear  
it  
Smoking mad Newports cause I'm due in court  
for an assault, that I caught, in Bridgeport, New York  
Catch me if you can like the Gingerbread Man  
You better have your gat in hand, cause man

Chorus