

AZ "Quiet Money"

Visit "[Quiet Money](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

This is quiet money fo life, understand huh
This is quiet money fo life, TBS huh
Get it right, huh

This another one street stressing
Keep pressing, he's guessing
Please I'm in the cut wit a bottle she's blessing
Where I been that's the key question?

Niggas yelling keep repping
I must to left some kind of deep impression, peep the
essence
I speak in lesson if you seeking reference
Never leave ya weapon

See me if you need connections we inessing
Built aggression only brief accession
I mean my niggas filled wit flexions
So believe he's resting, leave the message

Fuck wit me niggas would be you breathless, leave you
naked
I keep it gully like the Visa Question we perfect this
That's probation got us extra hating
No explanation for the murders just rap-a-lations
recreations

This rap shit got us celebrating
Like we saving, we in hell with satan
Jails are waiting smell probation, serve time got us
telemaking
Legendary now niggas can't tell me nating
(Nothing)

Yo, at fourteen my hot ass was chasing bitches
At fifteen my brother told me get them digits
Told me every penny count nigga hit them tranches
Don't floss to hard don't burn no riches

Don't trust no bitch if ya doe is heavy
And don't smoke with her if the blunt rolled already
No ass betting if you show it you betta blast it

Math class on the corner yeah I past it

Die right now take twenty from you bastards
Fuck it throw a fifth of Henny in my casket
Never got my ass kicked, never had a pitbull
I just went to high school with the clip full

First nigga act get a clip full
Mama raised me but the streets made me
Rum got me hazy chasing this cream
Fuck a dollar in a dream hundred grams and a thro
team

And I'm gone make the block work
So's reing me up got the hood on clockwork
Bedstuy nigga you know it's on
Gotta flow so strong, you could put it in a bomb

When I die, I'm gone go in fashion, guns blasting
Cash inside coffins, memories get lost when you die
The legacy is eye for an eye
But overall I will survive nigga

When I die, I'm gone go in fashion, guns blasting
Cash inside coffins, memories get lost when you die
The legacy is eye for an eye
But overall I will survive nigga

Jump out the drop top
Catch you why you copping at that weed spot
Speak not you know them bitches be your weak spot
I'm in the tranches that's where y'all niggas scared to
come at

Where all the guns at
Where my shorties flip them ones at
That's where my son's at
You speak of war but you don't want that

I blew the timbs out and blow the GS wit the rims out
I air your bens out baby moms and her friend's out
I knock a lens out, I bring the boys and the mens out
I leave you lace up, you paralyzed from the waste up

I'll fuck your face up, when I finish tossing cakes up
I'm eating the kris up, I iced the finger, neck and wrist
up
If it's a mix up, look at all the ones that I fix up
I mean, I fucked up, fuck around you getting stuck up

Press ya luck up, back this motherfucking truck up

I'm 'bout to black out, it's up to me to close this track
out
I pull the mack out, I blow your chest and your back out
And knock the glock out, air this whole fucking block
out

I knock a cop out, fuck a high school drop out
Attempt murders, two to sixty on a cop out
I'm fucking with my nigga's up north on a lockout
The M A S A, you run your mouth we smack the tast out
We blow your face out, pay the judge to throw the case
out

Check the game and the cats that play in it
Quiet money youngest lieutenant
Yeah world it's been a minute, I'm in it
To my heart stop or blood touch the concrete

Beyond deep, these streets got me gripping my heat
Losing sleep, breaking day sling crack to fiends
W.D. forty to sixty having backwards dreams
The cash the cream from the cradle to the casket
green

Got the game tied up we the nasties team
We flash we steam if it's on then we mash your beam
Yellow tape the sidewalk and leave a nasty scene
Your back is spling ya brain, face and chest get
sprayed

The desert the miss the spot when it bust your way
We touch we lay in the streets it's a must we play
We cook, we chop bust pots down and clust the way
From light to day it's only right that we cock and spray

We speeding on could spot a snake from a block away
I told you a what the game need is a change of speed
Visualize the realism
I'm a dangerous speed

When I die, I'm gone go in fashion, guns blasting
Cash inside coffins, memories get lost when you die
The legacy is eye for an eye
But overall I will survive nigga

When I die, I'm gone go in fashion, guns blasting
Cash inside coffins, memories get lost when you die
The legacy is eye for an eye
But overall I will survive nigga

