

**Ayumi Hamasaki****"Quiet Money"**

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(Talk)

This is Quiet money fo life, understand huh

This is quiet money fo life, TBS huh

Get it right, huh

[AZ]

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 u seeking reference

Never leave ya weapon

See me if u need connections we inassing

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 u  
naked

I keep it gully like the Visa Question we perfect this

That's probabtion got us extra hating

No explaintion for the murders just rap-a-lations  
recreations

This rap shit got us celebriting

Like we Saving, we in hell with satan

Jails are waiting smell probabtion

Serve time got us telemaking

Legendary now niggas can't tell me nating (nothing)

Yo, at fourhtteen my hot ass was chasing bitches

At fifhtteen 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 u show it you betta blast it

Math class on the corner yea 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  
Sos 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

[Chorus]

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 (2x)

Jump out the drop top  
Catch you why u copping at that weed spot  
Speak not you know them bitches be your weak spot  
I'm in the tranches that's where ya'll 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 luetenit  
Yea 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  
Visulize the realism I'm a dangerous speed

Chorus (2x)

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