

Crosby Stills Nash And Young

"Quiet Money"

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[Half-A-Mill]

Quizzer saucer intention, glide in a hummer with the
flying saucer engine
Willied out in my crib in the winter havin cookouts
Smack my whiz, look out
I'm like barnerbust, crap niggas try to conquer us
They mad, cuz they jump outta cabs and hop on the
bus
Cop wit us, Firm click rock the whole Metropolis
Bitches who burn dick, won't put a stop to us
Niggas who turn snitch, gotta run
Coward you ain't a part of us
Send you flowers, you part of the dust
Hard to discuss, this ill life is hard to live up
Once you fall it's hard to get up
Once you ball it's hard to give up
See how it all started up from stick ups
In father's Dodge pickup, it wasn't really my fathers
But the pulley made it starter kick up
The money made even the hardest get stuck
The smartest get fucked, artist for what?
This world inside a mega mirror, niggas ain't promised
tomorrow
Only thing you promised is projects
Fall prophets, 50 cent beers, S.I.E. checks
Prison bars, prison yards, knowledge thru wisdom God
Livin large, get with the ma, ain't nothin personal
Strictly a job, six in the heart, for six hundred lard
We gunnin hard, comin hard, hundreds and cars

[Chorus: Half A Mill & AZ]

Quiet money, retired money
Earth, Wind & Fire money, or quiet money
You wanna die, try it money
Seven six and five money
Live money, Ill Click to ride from me
Quiet money, retired money
Earth, Wind & Fire money, or quiet money
You wanna die, try it money
Seven six and five money
Provide for my Fam and my Fam provide for my

[AZ]

Glaciers of ice, niggas in the race for they life
Raisin the hype, for real niggas playin tonight
Blazin the pipe, dope fiends will blaze at your wife
Who want what? Nigga, let's engage in a fight
Blow fire wit the gray seal, for laid real for this spit it
So niggas can hit it like Curtis Mayfield
Front door shit, we pump raw shit
Pretty portraits, nickel plate gats that gorgeous
On the run away, flip and run, relax on Sunday
Who want a gun play? My mind only work one way
Rose up a wise man, got love on the streets, I van
And never snitch, and never flip or even beat my man
Play the game for ya niggas, re-avenge ya shit
E&J ya shit, cuz ya say ya rich, hahahaha
Spit subliminal, school hustler, black criminal
Smack ya general, even my bitch'll clap ten to you
Macs identical, barely react when I'm interviewed
In the Q, peep on ya niggas in the new

[Chorus]

[Half-A-Mill]

I still rock Gucci sneakers, money green to match my
cream
I don't sleep, niggas just blast in they dreams
You couldn't match my team
You ain't original, you like a fluke, Ron Howard beam
You was rockin Bugle Boys, had nothin, like for shootin
boys
All of a sudden you Super Boy
You just a pigeon in the coup
Peace to them ill cats, livin the proof, manifestin the
truth
Firm affil', landin jets on your roof
Exceptional, got a cess schedule, ganja festival
Prime line fish and vegetable, I'm skeptical
My man seen it thru his Cardiere spectacles, I'm tellin
you
This BMW life is best for you
The ghetto brought out the hell in you
The heat took over the L in you
Copers of the wilderness, put the spell on you
What's left of you? Caught in the game, is like a hex on
you
What's next to do? Not every one's chosen, just a few
I know it's fucked up, when everyone's holdin, except
for you
Tough luck's gotten the best of you, we livin
Hummer wit the flying saucer engine, satellite system

Hype, travel at night, thru the ninth dimension
Every word, precise wisdom, varies verbs in this life I'm
livin
My dunn shoot dice in prison, I would like to mention
My insight is like ice that's glisten
And took a page of my book and build Princeton
University, I move for this paper personally
You heard of me the first time your purchased a key
Feds got bitches, and niggas holdin bitches in g's
Cut you arms off, in case you got shits up ya sleeve
Split up the cheese, I got hollow tips for the dees
Pimpin disease, my bitches swallow ships in the sea
Black marquise, you ain't a player, you'se a car theft
Stomp you wit gators on, squash you like beef
Make it hard for your heart to beat
Spread ya hood, darken the streets
Market the beats, push stars weekend
Park in the streets, it's heat

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