

Dj Quik "Safe + Sound"

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~Static~ "Quik you're not a gangster we're not"
~Static~

Some beleive in love and some beleive in friends
But niggaz like me beleive in making ends
Cause even when your bitch wants to trick around
You know the moneys got you safe and sound

Now i'm bout to take it back to 84, when I was 14
Kickin back in the trees
Westside if you please
And 436 west spruce was the spot
With me Wayne, Mike, Shot, Nookie, Slug, and Rock,
Donzelly if ya with me than let that shit kick
If your head aint spinning from dippin all them sticks
Cause way back in the day they used love a wet baggie
Screaming "HORALE ESE" with them laces on a caddy
And you could'nt deny
A hit from that buddah tye
Going round and round the driveway
Now it's coming my way
And i'm zoned out at a young age
And the whole spruce street was my stage
Peep now back then I was in the 8th grade steady
But niggaz my age was getting paid already
Yeah like that nigga Zam or even young Blue
They made they first million by the age of 22
Like Dan from Cedar block him and little Motor
James from Piru street with them boulders
Rest in peace little Noopy he did'nt have to brag
Rollin to the 10 grade in a fint 0 rag
Well Goddamn how can I be down?
I ask my sister Jack for some help and she told me look
around.
Nigga they don't sell dope it sells itself
While they kickback and just collect the wealth
And now i'm thinking ain't nothing fly about these dirty
ass khakis
T-shirt dingy, prowings tackie
This could be a way to flip that little funky twenty
dollars that I earned
Right then is when I learned that

(chorus)

Some believe in Jesus
some believe in Allah
But niggaz like me believe im making dollars
Cause even when yo niggaz wanna be untrue
You know the money's still good to you

Yes Yes

Some believe in love and some believe in friends
But niggaz like me believe in making ends
Cause even when yo bitch wants to trick around
You know the moneys got you safe and sound

Peep I gets a dub on the 1st and 15th for a fact
So instead of spending it up I gave my money to Jack
Now she jump in the regal and said i'll be right back
When she came in she put me down with a plastic sack
I turned my 40 into 80 and that was my profit
I'm keepin my rocks in the house and not in my pocket
Sister Jackie in the kitchen with some boiling water,
baking soda,
Fresh powder, baby bottles, making more boulders
Checking a fat grip slanging rocks to tricks
Donzelly dippin sticks went and bought um a 6
And 500 block peach running thangs ya see
Moving gallon after gallon and key after key
I'm telling you I done seen it all
From niggaz hitting the sherman and the passout on
the wall
From cluckers wanting a hit so bad they let there
panies fall
Teeth rotten hair gone,
and whole checks get blown
But then i'm still breaking these pebbles like bam bam
Saved them, splitting rocks,
to the um tic toc
I went from wearing khakis to Sergio Teccini
While my rocks is disappearing like the great Whodini
I bought a gang of clothes, all of my equipment
And getting somthing new with each and every
shipment
Money gets made and money gets spent
and how these jealous niggaz acting only makes it
evident that

(chorus)

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some believe in Allah
But niggaz like me believe im making dollars

Cause even when yo niggaz wanna be untrue
You know the money's still good to you

Yes Yes

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Check now in 1988 I moved away to L.A.
My niggaz Playa Ham and Gina gave me a place to stay
On my way up from bottom rock
Bitches starting to jock
Cause my hair is getting longer
And games getting stronger
To pull my on weight I went and got me a job
But by then Ham and Gina really started to squab
About weather I should go or stay
She told him either he goes or you go we both was on
our way
So he moved and took me with him on 2001 Browning,
clowning with playas all around me just astounding
My nigga pimpin Carl got staring with that hair an
Rolling up and down the street in that rag 7 with Darren
Shaby blue feathered as he swerved
In the El Co p-6 park away from the curve
Big Jam L.A Mike, Darryl, Nicki on the bike
That nigga Top, Big Shane, and Tweed rolling up the
weed
And hoes just come and go in and out
Revolving door leaving with some nut in they mouth
I'm making a living of pimpin so you fools can't trip
Cause even though I love God I also love my grip

(chorus)

Some believe in Jesus
some believe in Allah
But niggaz like me believe im making dollars
Cause even when yo niggaz wanna be untrue
You know the money's still good to you

Yes Yes

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But niggaz like me believe in making ends
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(talk box)

oooooooooooooooo,ooooooooooooooooo yeah
safe and sound yeah
safe and sound baby
oooooooooooooooo,ooooooooooooooooo yeah
safe and sound yeah
safe and sound
gotta let you knooooow
gotta let you knooooow
gotta let you knooooow
Comptons in the house

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