

DJ Clue F/ Memphis Bleek

"Quiet Niggas"

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

Where my real niggas at
Theres a lot of real niggas out there
Theres a lot of real niggas everywhere
Thats why you don't fuck with just anybody
A lot of niggas is just on the low, chillin
Not botherin nobody, until one motha fucka fuck with
em
And then all hell break loose

Hook (2)
Quiet niggas will kill
Loud niggas talk shit
Them be the ones that get killed
It's wild where we walk kid
Is you brave nigga
Is you a slave nigga
Is you a made nigga
Or is you a paid nigga

Well known gangstas, in trust
That we bust
Your heart and soul lies with us
Boldly go where we once took a nigga before
Now the motha fucka beggin for more
Its the reason
Standin here shakin, hatin the haters
They watchin my paper
Realize, a 4 5 will open his eyes
Now what the fuck you think he saw before he drop
Nigga standin there just like a cop
Braveheart I'm screamin up the block
Now the soldier, cadet, general in fact
Don't let me get up and show yawl motha fucka's
respect
Plans connect
The twinkle and diamonds upon my neck
More jazz than Hornecek
I blast and leave your corner wet
Straight on top of ya
Spittin like the trench coat mafia
In a school yard we make it hard

Was poppin yawl
We made our change was stoppin yawl
They spray your names rest in peace on the ??? wall

Hook (2)

I wave gang signs at the youth, thats down for the
cause
Cling them things in the ??? you betta get yours
Time is runnin out
Your streets is gettin smaller as we speak
Juliani turns these lights on so niggas can't creep
I miss the shit of days we did this
Please free John Gotti
They kept the black man eatin, not killin everybody
Drug wars is real
You have no friends in the outfield
Foul balls is deaf, umpires keep ice grilles
Theres no tomorrow its the bottom of the 9 9
Can't die a broke man with a bitch thats fine
My hearts full of braveness so who the fuck will want to
save this
Fallen angel from fallen star and chaos on this nation
Don't play us on your station if you pussy or you hatin
You can find us in the hood; thuggin and regulatin
Don't play us on your station if you pussy or you hatin
You can find us in the hood; thuggin and regulatin

Hook (2)

We here to eat food, my peoples, be lethal
Shots in your body make you see through
Quiet niggas become jail riot niggas
25 to life, big never cry niggas
Floss when they up north
Chest gettin bigger
Celebs on the V I respect that nigga
Rege on the regular chops is up; like a editor
Come through on man gang like the predator
If yawl wake I'll wet it up
Jungle set it up
The jackal rock you to sleep while I'm comin at you
Air out your area, Queens Bridge forever, what
Ill will the label
Bravehearts yawl scared of us

Yo when those niggas ran these niggas stayed
With these niggas switched up and bitched up afraid
These niggas clicked up and ripped up the gauge
Those niggas got jail and sick cause we paid
Don't even rep Q B

You ain't got hood stripes
Looters come through catch you frontin
And its good night
Know how much force this is
Juggle horse and whiz
Notin but horses kid
We go to war for this

Hook (3)

Visit [DJ Clue F/ Memphis Bleek](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.