

Safe + Sound

DJ Quik

Some beleive in love and some beleive in friendsBut 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 14Kickin 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

()

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 YesSome believe in love and some believe in friendsBut 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
()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 YesSome believe in love and some believe in friendsBut 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
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
()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 YesSome believe in love and some believe in friendsBut 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
(talk box)
oooooooooooooooo, oooooooooooooooooooooo yeah
safe and sound yeah
safe and sound baby
oooooooooooooooo, oooooooooooooooooooooo yeah
safe and sound yeah
safe and sound
gotta let you knooooow
gotta let you knooooow
gotta let you knooooow
Comptons in the house

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>