

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

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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)
 oooooooooooooooooo, ooooooooooooooooooooo yeah
 safe and sound yeah
 safe and sound baby
 oooooooooooooooooo, ooooooooooooooooooooo yeah
 safe and sound yeah
 safe and sound
 gotta let you knooooooooow
 gotta let you knooooooooow
 gotta let you knooooooooow
 Comptons in the house

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