Quiet (Featuring the Game)

Lil' Kim

When the sun goes down and them guns come out
Them niggaz that was talkin' they won't run they mouth
When them shells start poppin', bodies start droppin'
(It's so quiet you can hear a rat pissing on cotton)Do you see what I see, can you hear what I hear
All these stu-di-o gangsters, year after year
With these gimiicks I can't take it they ain't real so they fakin it
How did they make it in this game for so long
I know what's right from what's wrong, I know what's soft from what's hard
I know a federal case, from a publicity charge
Man I FOUGHT tooth and NAIL to keep them PUNKS out of JAIL
But hoes wanna go to COURT 'til I pay them for they NAILS
Who you tryin to be? Man it couldn't be me
My man spent guap and bought me my Continental T
You spent your advance on your Continental T
I know you sick when you clean your RIMS you still see a Bee
And we see you a LIAR, tryin to DENY HER
Jackie O. proved you FAR from a FIGHTER
Comin at ME bitch you playin with FIRE
I ain't gon' come back at you, I'm comin at your GHOSTWRITERSWhen the sun goes down and them guns come out
Them niggaz that was talkin' they won't run they mouth
When them shells start poppin', bodies start droppin'
(It's so quiet you can hear a rat pissing on cotton)I hear 'em talkin like they gangster material
But I don't see it man their gangster's invisible
The hot iron's what them gangsters put into you
'Til you laid up and your gangster's on critical
SHOTS get into you bleedin like my men-e-straul
And if I don't like you then I will pretend to
It's the ones that befriend you that TURN up against you
In the court of law and drop a DIME like Sprint do
Supposed to be tough huh? 'Til them boys touch ya
Chump muh'fuckers start confessin like Usher
I cut you off cause I knew I couldn't trust ya
Lame ass bustas, backwards-ass hustlers
You fake phony, you always was lil' homey
Big lil' son bab' boy like Jody
I put you under my wing, bought you your first Roley
Nigga I helped raised you, why would I play you?When the sun goes down and them guns come out
Them niggaz that was talkin' they won't run they mouth

When them shells start poppin', bodies start droppin'
(It's so quiet you can hear a rat pissing on cotton)You see it always be them ones talkin this and that
How they knife game ILL and they gun go CLAP
Them niggaz rats, they run and they trap
'Til they run in a trap, and there's no comin back
It be the SAME ones talkin 'bout the guns they sparkin
The dogs never bite but do a whole lotta barkin
A whole lotta growlin 'til the wolves start howlin
They pitbull shit, man them niggaz straight cowards
Got 'em scared to death, pissin in they trousers
Always was a bitch that's why I sent his ass flowers
Thanks to the Queen he can share 'em with his team
You can run top speed BUT YOU CAN'T DODGE THE BEAM
Got a CLEAN 16 and my spit game mean
Don't be fooled and deceived, everything ain't what it seems
You act like you don't know what side of town this realer
Niggaz softer than chinchillas but on wax they killersWhen the sun goes down and them guns come out
Them niggaz that was talkin' they won't run they mouth

Songwriters
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