

# 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 gimicks 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 GHOSTWRITERS  
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) 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 killers When 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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