Safe + Sound

Dj Quik

Static, Quik, you're not a gangster, we're not static
Some believe in love and some believe in friends
But, niggaz, like me believe in making ends
'Cause even when your bitch wants to trick around
You know the money's got you safe and sound
Now I'm 'bout to take it back to '84, when I was fourteen
Kickin' back in the trees, West Side, if you please
And, four-thirty-six, 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 ain't 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 couldn't 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 eighth 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, twenty-two
Like, Dan from Cedar block, him and little Motor
James from Piru Street, with them boulders
Rest in peace, little Noopy, he didn't have to brag
Rollin' to the tenth 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 kick back 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 in making dollars
'Cause even when, yo, niggaz, wanna be untrue
You know the money's still good to you
Yes, yes
Some believe in love and some believe in friends

But niggaz like me, believe in making ends
'Cause even when, yo, bitch wants to trick around
You know the money's got you safe and sound
Peep, I gets a dub on the first and fifteenth, 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 forty into eighty 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 'em a six
And five-hundred, 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 pass out on the wall
From cluckers, wanting a hit so bad, they let there panties 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 'em, tic-toc
I went from wearing khakis to Sergio Teccini
While my rocks is disappearing like the great Houdini
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 in making dollars
'Cause even when, yo, niggaz, wanna be untrue
You know the money's still good to you
Yes, yes
Some believe in love and some believe in friends
But niggaz like me, believe in making ends
'Cause even when, yo, bitch wants to trick around
You know the money's got you safe and sound
Check, now in 1981, 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 own 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, two-thousand-one, 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 seven with Darren
Shaby, blue feathered, as he swerved
In the 'E l 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 in making dollars
'Cause even when, yo, niggaz, wanna be untrue
You know the money's still good to you
Yes, yes
Some believe in love and some believe in friends
But niggaz like me, believe in making ends
'Cause even when, yo, bitch wants to trick around
You know the money's got you safe and sound
Ooh, yeah, safe and sound, yeah
Safe and sound, baby, ooh, yeah
Safe and sound yeah, safe and sound
Gotta let you know, gotta let you know
Gotta let you know, Compton's in the house

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