

# Safe + Sound

## DJ Quik

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 moneys got you safe and sound

Now i'm bout to take it back to 84, when I was 14 Kickin 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 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 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, oooooooooooooooooooooo yeah  
 safe and sound yeah  
 safe and sound baby  
 oooooooooooooooooo, 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://greatlyrics.net/>