

Az, Quiet Money TBS

[Talk]

This is Quiet money fo life, understand huh
This is quiet money fo life, TBS huh
Get it right, huh

[AZ]

This another one street stressing
Keep pressing, he's guessing
Please I'm in the cut wit a bottle she's blessing
Where I been thats the key question?
Niggas yelling keep repping
I must to left some kind of deep impression, peep the essence
I speak in lesson if u seeking reference
Never leave ya weapon
See me if u need connections we inessing
Built aggression only brief accession
I mean my niggas filled wit flexions
So believe he's resting, leave the message
Fuck wit me niggas would be you breathless, leave u naked
I keep it gully like the Visa Question we perfect this
Thats probabtion got us extra hating
No explaintion for the murders just rap-a-lations recreations
This rap shit got us celebriting
Like we Saving, we in hell with satan
Jails are waiting smell probabtion
Serve time got us telemaking
Legendary now niggas can't tell me nating (nothing)

Yo, at fourthteen my hot ass was chasing bitches
At fifthteen my brother told me get them digits
Told me every penny count nigga hit them tranches
Don't floss to hard don't burn no riches
Don't trust no bitch if ya doe is heavy
And don't smoke with her if the blunt rolled already
No ass betting if u show it you betta blast it
Math class on the corner yea I past it
Die right now take twenty from you bastards
Fuck it throw a fifth of henny in my casket
Never got my ass kicked, never had a pitbull
I just went to high school with the clip full
First nigga act get a clip full
Mama raised me but the streets made me
Rum got me hAZy chasing this cream
Fuck a dollar in a dream hundred grams and a thro team
And I'm gone make the block work
Sos reing me up got the hood on clockwork
Bedstuy nigga you know its on
Gotta flow so strong you could put it in a bomb

[Chorus]

When I die I'm gone go in fashion, guns blasting
Cash inside coffins, Memories get lost when you die
The legacy is eye for an eye but overall I will survive nigga [x2]

Jump out the drop top
Catch you why u copping at that weed spot
Speak not you know them bitches be your weak spot
I'm in the tranches thats where ya'll niggas scared to come at
Where all the guns at
Where my shorties flip them ones at
Thats where my son's at
You speak of war but you don't want that
I blew the timbs out and blow the GS wit the rims out
I air your bens out baby moms and her friend's out

I knock a lens out, I bring the boys and the mens out
I leave you lace up, you paralyzed from the waste up
I'll fuck your face up, when I finish tossing cakes up
I'm eating the kris up, I iced the finger, neck and wrist up
If it's a mix up, look at all the ones that I fix up
I mean I fucked up, fuck around you getting stuck up
Press ya luck up, back this motherfucking truck up
I'm bout to black out, it's up to me to close this track out
I pull the mack out, I blow your chest and your back out
And knock the glock out, air this whole fucking block out
I knock a cop out, fuck a high school drop out
Attempt murders, two to sixty on a cop out
I'm fucking with my nigga's up north on a lockout
The M A S A, You run your mouth we smack the tast out
We blow your face out, Pay the judge to throw the case out

Check the game and the cats that play in it
Quiet money youngest luetenit
Yea world it's been a minute, I'm in it
To my heart stop or blood touch the concrete
Beyond deep, these streets got me gripping my heat
Losing sleep, breaking day sling crack to fiends
W.D. forty to sixty having backwards dreams
The cash the cream, from the cradle to the casket green
Got the game tied up we the nasties team
We flash we steam if its on then we mash your beam
Yellow tape the sidewalk and leave a nasty scene
Your back is spling ya brain, face and chest get sprayed
The desert the miss the spot when it bust your way
We touch we lay in the streets its a must we play
We cook, we chop bust pots down and clust the way
from light to day its only right that we cock and spray
We speeding on could spot a snake from a block away
I told you A what the game need is a change of speed
Visulize the realism I'm a dangerous speed

[Chorus x2]