

# DJ Quik, Safe + Sound

[Static] "Quik you're not a gangster we're not"

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 didn't 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

[chorus]

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  
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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

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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

[chorus]  
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(talk box)

oo yeah  
safe and sound yeah  
safe and sound baby  
oo yeah  
safe and sound yeah  
safe and sound  
gotta let you knooooooooow  
gotta let you knooooooooow  
gotta let you knooooooooow  
Comptons in the house