

## 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

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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 something 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 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

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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