

Quiet

Royce da 5'9"

Oh yeah
Oh yeah
Oh yeah

See I done said so much (so much)
I done said so much that I don't even got that much to say
I done cried so much (so much)
I done cried so much that I can't even wipe the tears away
Quiet

That's how it be when you come up around gangsters (Quiet)
Stylist be the same color my chain is (Quiet)
That's how it be coming up on my block (Quiet)
Stylist be the same color my watch (Quiet)

Hold up, shhh, keep your mouth shut
Them street sweepers will come through and clean your house up
Us Detroit niggas call that yellow-taping the scene
My south niggas call it chopped up, you know
We put money on it when it's real, they call me mr. fifty a head
I'm sending ten niggas to kill ya at ten until
Every man got an expiration date and a price
All my revolvers got the spinnin' wheel
I make the Lord you pray to appear tonight like Vanna White
Them racketeering chargers startin' to look like a tennis deal
I caught it, got it in my backyard guarding the weed and lookin' like some s
pinnish spiel, but still I'm dealin' raw
From selling to buying weed, actually I'm stealin' all
I'm the last of a dying breed that I'm out here killing off
Four of my closest friends don't know their papas so I pull out rows of doll
ars to show 'em these real forefathers peelin' off
Get money

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Shhh, I should have been born deaf mute
Talkin' get you stripped naked
Shootin' at your feet, dancin', till chip and dale's at your rescue
If there's a wrinkle oppress you
Look, time is money, I'm on EST
Keep playin, light up your block like Christmas E-v-e
I'm the new edition of poison: BBD
For that my niggas astound you: EBT
I let a hot line sting 'em, you and the cops while I'm singin'
Ever since you left the city, now they hotline's blingin', hmm
Seen a paddy wagon cruisin' and I'm deducin'
That they are only movin' cause all the rumors that you in
If I had to draw a conclusion all the gangsters we losing is

Because of the illusion, you are not in collusion with
The voice is where I'm is causing all this confusion
And they wouldn't even know, but y'all tellin' what niggas doin'

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I'm going on an AK-a-thon
Throw a Bible at some shallow waters right before I go and pray upon
Double parked, custom license plates says I can pay a fine
I ain't in the zone, I'm in the mother fuckin' lay-up line
Speaking of lay ups, we do homi's based on how we doin'
Last lay up line I was in was a body viewing
I'm preoccupied with the Earth's ills, good 'erbals
First meal was milk, I milk these niggas for my first meal
Full circle, off of just talking I can tell types
But I still give that bitch my whip test
If she not exhausted then she can easily tailpipe
Playin' that dirty hand I was dealt, don't complain to me nigga, tell Christ
I'm standing over coffins with hammers and screws, with a sickness
Man a cure wouldn't hand a nigga these nails right
Only hand-me-down I had was inherited head lice
But nothing's more bugged out as my head size, I live twice
E'ery day, one for the body of Martin Luther King, I'm dead nice
Rest call me Malcom, they want me dead because I'm dead right
Ask me to spell die, I'm a accidentally spell dice
I can shelve a label with my shelve life
I'm a rider, but still I steal bikes
Out of the field, terrorizing reptiles and field mice
I'm cut like I'm touched, a blind man with braille spikes
I'm deep, I could break up a mother fuckin' whale fight

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