

Angels Say

Fat Joe

I wanna talk about bitches, bad bitches
But soon as I start talkin' 'bout bad bitches
I get calls from the bullpen from one of my pictures
The block's on fire
The cops keep circlin', business come before pleasure
But this bitch, she workin' with an ass fatter than my weight in '06
Plus she Ryde or Die like that joint from Jadakiss
And got a criminal mind like she down with KRS
But she with Crack man, Crack man
You know what that mean
TriBeCa, skyscraper, view behind the flatscreen
Fingerprint stained on the window
From backshots, neighbors watchin' blame it all on the endo
And I don't even smoke
Shit is realer than ever so I don't need to joke
Pull the curtain back and watch the 62 float
Lookin' up I swear to God, I could pull the moon close
There you go, there you go...

And the angels sing
And the angels sing
And the angels sing
And the angels sing

I wanna talk about bitches, bad bitches
But soon as I start thinkin' 'bout bad bitches
Shots ring off louder than Fantasia singin'
This ain't American Idol, it's more like survival
'Cause when you wear chinchillas in the winter like I do
You piss off ya rivals
Like Crips do the Pirus, like Lakers to Celtics
The game will define you
Just don't miss ya shot like Patrick Ewing in the finals
Make sure that you aim straight
When you pull the trigger, keep the drugs and guns separated
Friends don't underestimate 'em
Yeah, rest in peace John Gotti
Diamonds in the piece, complement my body
And since I drop a hundred, dropped a couple on the 'Rari
Cop the 2K12 shit, lookin' like Atari
Long legged yellow bones
Model bitches, fuck 'em all and I send 'em home
It's Crack, it's Crack...

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