

Angels

Jenn Carter

Oi, a London boy, JP, yuh know?
Damn, YP, you mixed this?

Said I know I got angels, I feel it
Rollin' up and I'm keepin' my distance
Fuck everybody, they start movin' different
I'm good on my own, I don't need no assistance
If you know that you cross me, you dead to me
Stay in the streets, I ain't talkin' 'bout Sesame
Ain't been feelin' no love in a minute
Life is too short and that shit like a snippet
You get in that room, better turn to a cricket
I'ma push 'til I reach me a million
I just started, so I am not finished
I stay in the dark and I write, like a critic
I'm a demon, hearts in the stone
Down fours, like I'm flyin' with spirit
Won't forget days, I was on my way home, bullet's flyin'
Still ain't used the phone for them digits

I was taught to just up it and boom
Said she love me, but she love me not
She fuck with the opps, said she settin' the drop
I find out I was clear on the room
If I don't got the gun, pick a beat
But, the bullets still hit him, knock him out his sneaks
Said this bitch is a freak in the sheets
I can't be played 'cause I'm playin' for keeps
I got hurt, I ain't trustin' nobody
When shit gettin' real, is you really on timin'?
I'm a demon, I'm not with the nonsense
Roll up design, it's takin' my conscience
Niggas lurkin' and they steady watchin'
Keep a knock in case I gotta dump it
Let it off, so it blow like a trumpet
For my brothers, turn nothin' into somethin'
And then I be thinkin' like, where am I goin'?
Like, she be tweakin' and geekin', she know it
Shorty a baddie, her skin get to glowin'
But, she got me all in my emotions
I am a demon, but my heart is broken
And that shit gettin' used like a slogan
Said you love me, but you couldn't show it
I put the pain in the Glock and that's why I keep totin'
I said I stay in the streets, give a fuck 'bout a melody
Said you bitches is dumb and you dead to me
Bein' a race, but you can't get ahead of me
I'm ahead 'til you run out of energy
Nowadays, it's just shoot or get shot
So, you know I can't die with the knocks
He tried to run, he get put in a box
Like, Megan, holes in his socks
Money hungry, it's eatin' my abdomen
Get to the bag and then get to the packet
And if I am lackin', know nothin' is happen
Niggas butt in, this shit is so bafflin'
Money hungry, it's eatin' my abdomen

Get to the bag and then get to the packet
And if I am lackin', know nothin' is happen
Niggas butt in, this shit is so bafflin'

If he movin' funny, it be wock
Go to my feelin's, I'm sippin' on wocky (I'm sippin' on wocky)
Said you love me, but you love me not
I can't get too attached, I don't know if you got me
That shit crazy, I gave you my love from my heart in your hands
And you let my shit drop (And you let my shit drop)
'Member days I was on my way home
Used to pray I would make it, kept payin' them shots (Grrt, grrt)
No construction, we shut down your block (Shut down your block)
They're movin' wock you get put in a box (No cap)
If I don't got with me, I know Jenny with me
If you play, she send Forty-one shots
I've been with same niggas from the same house
Said she love me then she love me not (She love me not)
I'm just prayin' they free all my mans locked
If you run up on me you get shot (RIP bro)
We're goin' dumb, [?] niggas out of the box (No cap)
Keep a stitchy, I can make it hot (Can make it hot)
They I try to play me, I'm playin' the spot (Grrt)
But, they could not get me, that back door locked, uh
Said I know I got angels, I feel it
They be makin' sure, I'm movin' proper (Makin' sure)
Movin' tact', I cannot die with the knocker
She try to line me, on bro, I'ma drop 'em (Grrt)
And you always say I move funny (Funny)
And I put that on bro, you move wocky (On bro)
And sometimes you think I'm a dummy
I be flossin' myself, not the blocka (Gang)
I be flossin' myself, not the blocka

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