

ANGEL EYES

Kenny Mason

(COUPE)

I got angel eyes, overseein'
Every zone I be in
Feds got me brodie free (Free)
Ho, what's good? I got juug money on this Visa
Can't no one do it how I do it 'til I show a teacher
I split my brain in half, I be sayin' shit I don't agree with (Tee)
I was raised by maniacs, I bring that strap to Sunday meetings
I want the latest pack, don't bring that pack if some will seen it
I want the latest Scat' painted black like Raider's cap
I bring it past the corner, ayy

Puffy boy pistols out in public
Extra clip inside the duffy, store it
Doin' what ain't been done before just to beat the ones before
Playin' with the stick (Stick)
Rest in peace to Dumbledore
Never give a nigga your recipe unless the fee gon' come before
Crumbly the Camelton, I compliment the carnivores
We cook [?] on one accord
Shawty fuck with this 9 shit, fuck I need a number for?
Hoodie on me like number four
Fuck I need a genre for? I shift this shit like underscore
When it come to countin' them commas up, bitch, I'm the connoisseur
When it come, I count them hundreds up until my thumbs get sore
Never play with the reaper, every thing I reap, I'm gonna sow
I know some of my brothers know

That's why I got angel eyes, overseein'
Every zone I be in
Feds got me brodie free (Free)
Ho, what's good? I got juug money on this Visa (Haha)
Can't no one do it how I do it 'til I show a teacher
I split my brain in half, I be sayin' shit I don't agree with (Uh)
I was raised by maniacs, I bring that strap to Sunday meetings (Uh)
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Oversee yo' side with angel eyes on me despite them tryna demonize
My nigga don't need no time to prep, he came on demon time
I don't like to see them lights from 12, I'm tryna leave on time
Every time they leave me by myself, I show my emo side
I was tellin' these tales about the 3, that you had an emo vibe
We brought that scale out, you could see, it wasn't no Nemo vibes
I was earnin' paper in Atlanta, no Gambino vibes
It was gangbangers and some scammers, tellin' me, "We yo' kind"
Bitch, I walk with light
I wasn't tryna be Walter White, I was taught to write
By myself, in times, I find myself in thought at night
Knew one day, I was gon' find myself
And bitch, I called it right, feel like

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'Preciate this shit
Really needed this shit
What the, what the fuck is this?
That's an angel eye right there, bro
Angel eye? Why they call that shit "angel eye"?
'Cause twin, that that stuff right there
Like when you smoke that shit, shawty, you gon' see angels