

Angel (Dirty Money Freestyle)

King Los

Yeah, yeah, yo
Ayo, I'm laughing at the critics in the booth
I just throw on the ray bans
And pour a lil liquor in my juice
My flow ain't a critical dispute
I pushed myself so hard it could be considered physical abuse
Life like a circus when it come to this fame
I've been walking a tight rope for years juggling pain
Had to struggle to gain
You can see the thorough in my eyes
I like to shake these nigga's hand and feel the girl in they vibe
I'm leavin' nigga's by the curb where his ride
It's something buried inside
That felt different back when Jerl was alive
Yeah, I'm on my grind what you whinin' and mad foe
I ain't throwin' shade you can't shine in my shadow
Compare my poise to the pathetic in you
Pardon my rhetoric but you better get etiquette school
You embellish irrelevance you unintelligent fools
And you lack the vernacular that deems you eligible
Walk through hell and I'm cool
Swim through the pool of forbidden water
Hell, fire, scorch, I lived in the midst of torture
Hardships distortion unfortunate misfortunes
Alternate grief for us no alternate resources
These courses I ran made a man of me
It's funny how I used to think pain made a family
Love harder, but love only bring the pain
All that shit confusing is a bitch and it seem the same
Seen the game from angles you couldn't imagine
It's pushing your luck to say I'll never be pushing a phantom
Hurt from where it get
Hated in the trap
If you get beaten in a scrap then you reaching for your strap
And it's funny how they greet you with a dap, how they hug you
Tell you to stay up before they bring you and attack
If I ever feel defeated with this rap it's a wrap
I will literally chase success down and beat it with a bat
I'm a heathen when I zap
It's a reason that I rap
You will never see the day nor the evening that I, slack
No stressin', progression is no question
And tribulation with no faith is no blessin'
No guessin' and I'm so sincere
That I'm so on your ass if you don't concur
Cause rappers all fake like smoke and mirrors
And I've been on the snap like spoken word
Audiences, ya'll ridiculous and hardly vicious
Guard your trenches be consciousnesses ya'll all pretenders
And I'm from where the choppers be
Where nigga's get bagged like a shopping spree
Way nice I'm on my Ray Rice it ain't no stoppin' me
And that's just what they do for fun
And if you standin' next to em' that's a two for one
Welcome to the wire where we hirin' a goon or two
It'll look like we made fliers for your funeral
Who are you to judge me?

Assuming you above me
But you never been around for all my beautiful's and uggie's
Trust me, I ain't even on my third style
I ain't even start reachin' in my word pile
With no words I could make your girl smile
With four words I could the world bow
Ya'll nigga's thorough how
Let's get this real clear
I've been through everything
And I'm still here
Some say I'm cocky, too conceited
But they ain't see all the superficial's I superseded
No more fallin'
Forever standin'
This time when I take flight I'm never landing
Waving at everything below
Had a smokey past but my future so Debow
Watch what you record and I ain't talkin Tivo
Meet me in the sky motherfucker, Zero