

## 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 uglie'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