

# ANGELZ

MF DOOM

Yea, that's right  
It's not a Hardy Boy mystery neither  
This is real shit  
This shit come on right after Hart to Hart y'all  
No doubt, 7 o'clock Fantasy Island  
This episode is "Death to a Brooklyn Man"  
This is Tony's Angels

It was three white bitches who worked for Tony Starks  
Undercover agents, far beyond narc's  
Amazed by they beauty marks  
Wonder Woman bracelets, knee-high boots that was made Clarks  
My dick got hard, at how they spoke and shit  
Every language was music to the kid as if..  
I was modern day King Midas  
Doreen, Skye and Kelly, Starky's Angel's- Shaolin's finest  
Though it happened in the streets of Brooklyn  
Plus I played the whip real low cause my face was rooklin  
My Angels jetted out of Albee Square  
Gun out, wrap in their hair, kinda crowded so they clap in the air  
Chased a nigga down block for blocks  
Squeezing glocks, these mommies real anxious to blow off his top  
He's a rapist, murderer, convict, burglar  
The more they ran the more they skirts got dirtier  
Sending shots like check day, Fed Ex expressway  
BOOM BOW BING! You heard the gunplay  
"Who shot that duck out the window" Mr. Lee said  
"Three pay now, you fucking weed head"  
We can stop the finest suspect, he's dead  
Then I pulled up "Come on girls to Club Med"

Stay tuned, the Villain Three's Company  
Don't sleep, Part One

Two brown sisters assisted the Villain, DOOM  
He woked up, stoked like they was still in the room  
Freed his right arm and leg, it was more like a sweep  
Release his other leg, arm, head and rose to his feet  
Staggering except for the socks and mask, naked  
Threw on the boxers, searching for the trio  
and checking for the keys Stacked, a robbery expected yet  
Nothing obvious is missing  
Recollected now why Hollywood hotties stepped into Giuseppe's  
And naughty personnel nurses, Chanel purses, CLK shottie  
Chased the trees with Thai iced teas  
She drive while nice to veggie fried rice spicy  
Told them both, "I don't feel so well, my belly,  
Spin me down Melrose, drive me to the telly.  
Ya'll go 'head and get the dutches, be back copy  
Feeling woozy, no Uzi, who's he see in the lobby? Ray  
Peace. pizza man change a hundred, stopped and looked  
"Nah" Whoops! Left the knot in her pocket book  
Wasn't the juks but too careless fearless  
Got to the room and fell flat out on the terrace  
The question remains who bound and gagged them?  
That's when they found the empty pack of black Magnum  
Villains skiid a gram on the street, 50G

The part of Mr. Ropo was played by Mr T