

Angels

P. Reign

In a pipe she flies to the Motherland
Or sells love to another man
It's too cold outside
For angels to fly
Angels to fly

We vow to protect our hoods to the fullest
But now we mourn for that night that we couldn't
Said I'd be anything besides the nigga that pulled it
But in the hood even Neo couldn't dodge that bullet
I was told the game was cold
Who the fuck is you telling?
See they threw us in hell
But we reached for the heavens
Said our past was trash
Well our future is bright
And life's a gift, I'm just busy unwrapping the price
Divided my soul, left it all in the streets
I'm just caught in a game, where they playing for keeps
I pray they put the piece down and start praying for peace
But cold hearts won't allow them to part with the heat
They say you eat what you kill, but they killing to eat
They say you live and you learn, well I'm dying to teach
I never seen a sun ray that couldn't beat the shade
I pray God won't ever give us more than we can take

In a pipe she flies to the Motherland
Or sells love to another man
It's too cold outside
For angels to fly
Angels to fly

At 16 I was selling weed, at 17 I was running with thieves
At 18 my old G handed me a half B and told me G's get cheese
I need you to understand I ain't trying to brag
I'm just showing how young G's taught to get it in
Being a gangsta only is bad
So run and tell your block fuck fittin in
And everybody in the clique loves you
Me and Gill are like your big brothers
And I know them niggas stole your dreams
But they can never take your smile from us
Just seen your moms like the other day
I told her to hold a little money for ya
And you the hoods little baby girl
So no matter where you at I know it's sunny for ya
R.I.P Shy, R.I.P Josh
I just wish I wasn't there when they squeezed off
Mean I wish them little niggas would of eased off
But I guess they'll answer for it when they meet God
Now watch the cops blame this on us
Someone should of warned us about them corners
They'd rather mourn us before they join us
It took 23 people to get shot before they noticed
Damn, my OG lost his daughter y'all
My little cousin lost his close friend
But he couldn't tell his mamma y'all

Said he was fishing for the words but they wouldn't swim
He told me "P I brought him to the hood"
"It was just supposed to be a BBQ"
I told him "don't beat yourself up"
"There's no way that you could of knew"
I try to tell myself shit happens
Just tryna make myself happy
Spent my last years tryna earn cheers
But these young boys doing the wrong clappin
That ain't the applause that I been working for
Worst shooting my citys ever seen
And I guarantee you'll be hearing more
If we don't start inspiring these kids to dream

In a pipe she flies to the Motherland
Or sells love to another man
It's too cold outside
For angels to fly
Angels to fly