

Angels

Shaboozey

Flowin' angels, duckin' from danger
I feel like the blue power ranger
Steppin' on fur whenever I wake up
Drink so much, no I'm throwin' my steak up
Valentino used to be Marc Jacobs
I'm flexin' like its a disease
I'm flexin', I do it with ease
Can't you see Yeezy boots on my feet
And I still keep my in to the streets
Hold on, I think someone following me
And the devil, he lurkin' on me
But the Lord on my team he cannot succeed
Wait, chauffeur by the gate Ay
Doors open at seven
But you show up at eight, damn
And we gettin' there late

First class, flight six thirty seven (yeah)
Flowin' through heaven, yeah
Yah Yah

Ay, Here you go, a gift from me
She open up, Patek Philippe
We so far from Christmas baby
But you shine like a Christmas tree
I don't want you to ever leave
I don't want you to ever leave
I don't like when the cameras on me
Had enough of these meet and greets
She want me to take her to Greece
But I'm too busy counting the green
Yeah, my gang doin' numbers like Greece
Help the team, but I don't got a lease
And you comin' up short like a priest
Got lil' shawty a diamond ring
Now she's so cold, need a fleece
My shawty got baby teeth

First class, flight six thirty seven (yeah)
Flowin' through heaven, with a flow from heaven, yeah
Yah Yah

She said you so special baby, ay
Give her my car, she went crazy
I hit the bank, look at my money
I got a bunch like the Brady's, ay
I'm throwin' it long like I'm Brady, ay
My shawty far from basic
Shawty Oriental, Spanish, and Caucasian
Pull up, we flexin' on every occasion
Look, don't be mad at me
Cause your shawty choose
Look, nothin was handed to me
Got here on my own
Party dirty like way down south
Can't step out got too much clout, Bow Wow
Make it bounce bounce bounce

Made six figures sittin' on the couch

First class, flight six thirty seven (yeah)

Flowin' through heaven, yeah

Yah Yah

Flight six thirty seven

Flowin' through heaven

Yah Yah

Flight six thirty seven

Flowin' through heaven

Yah Yah