

Angel Baby

Tech N9ne

I was young when she told me I was divine, yes
Not even nine yet (Tech N9ne)
Ran away then got into a life of crime next, pyrex
Made it through the
Close calls, even I evaded shooters
So if anything go crazy
Everything works for the angel, baby

My first and for sure brush
With death was on the school bus, danger almost made my stool gush
Because the substitute driver caused the truck to cruise by us
Would've been crushed in dude's tires 'cause this fool's nuts
Sun shining, 'bout to have a more dark day
Told 'em drop me off on 63rd and Swope Parkway
That ain't my regular stop, but I can leg it for blocks
To my grandmother's
"Will do" the old fucks' say
And what's a little strange
He didn't pull to the curb but he attempted to let me off in the middle lane
And the bus stairway extended my right leg
Then a truck flew by
If I woulda stepped sooner then I'd be quite dead

Walked right out that fire
While death was knocking at my door
Angel baby, angel baby
Everything works for the angel baby
Praying that my angel's watching over me
Keeping me safe 'til I get home
Angel baby, angel baby
Everything works for the angel baby

At my homie, Davie, house tripping, shrooms
Dark rainy night but on a mission, soon
It was me, Davie, Grant, Jake, and a bitch
To get some more, we gonna be dipping, vroom
Jumped in her car
Hit the highway doing 65, hey thinking "This is my day"
She speeding, we tweaking, slick from sky spray
Hit a bump on the bridge, and the shit went sideways
Left, then right, then left again
To a girl with Tech and friends, this is where death begins
Hit the wall on the bridge hard, stopped in a quick sec
A little faster, we woulda flipped over and fell to our death

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Southwest High School nighttime
Martin Luther King Day talent show, flight climb
To another level, takes the Devil to incite crime

No bright minds, ain't no telling what you might find
Whole lotta gang shit
Somebody wanna bang with the homies I came with
6512 one a road was dangerous
Some lames couldn't hang 'cause I gang thick
That's when I saw one of 'em pull a pistol on us and aimed it
I was in the wind, just like the bullets that whizzed by
Running for blocks in the night, but never did die
Things go shaky and I'm sane more lately
But I guess mama protected me naming me angel baby
Thank you mama

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