

Angel

Twista

Tell me why did they take Al B
They take Baby, Tyre
They killed Lil Chilla, my Mike and Corika
They're the dying and Koreme
Tell me why did they Al B, Al B yeah
Lil Chilla, my Mike, and Corika
They're the dying and Koreme
So heavenly father what are you trying to tell me
I guess I better bail up out this game
And whatever they call me a little lame ole' wee
A nigga fin to get up out these streets
Cause ain't a damn thang good happening for me
It seems I'ma be the next one to go, oh no
I'm out of everything mama told me
God's got his hands on you Geno

There was this angel, whoa oh oh oh
There was this angel, and it won't let me go

I cry in my ? pass me the tissue
They say I got issues
And I reply, I put my life on the line for mines
And that's my only damn mission
When D. Ski died, piece of mind was hard to find
D. Ski we miss you, swept nine roadies
From heaven rained down on me
As I write these scriptures, and I'll be fine
I had a whole lot of hell in me
Before we took them pictures, and even worse
Brothers and sisters started hating on me
After we took them bitches, cause then you get to take em first
Brothers and sisters started waiting on me
To represent for a hood, they never produce us nothing good
Ballas and killas out here waiting on me
To retrieve my goods and leave me stinking in a back wood
Heavenly father have mercy on me, in these struggling times
To tell the truth, it's so hard to be righteous and let my little light shine

This shit got me pissed off, we use to be like rollies
But now it's 2000, the motherfuckers don't even know me
If I'm right, pass me cause they lifted up a hand now
Blinded to em everytime I get the trash now
Either could get put up on it, and coming up strong
We knew right from wrong, but still we stayed away from home
Over there on Konkress, kicking at the park with
A blessed up niggas that's down with me to your dark with
We'll meet again, I put this on a fiend
If it's possible they end up cause we gone drink again
Puffing on this dro ain't the same no mo'
Drinking on this henne shit just ain't the same no mo'
Oh, my nigga lost his life, at an early age
And I cry to this day, wishing that he could of stayed
Played the cards that he was dealt, records gone when it's dark
But my nigga roll in death, as the gauge exploded on the block
And just like Pac, I'ma paint a point of picture, kick it with you
Grab some tissue, wipe my eyes cause I miss you

God bless my niggas, I know you still here with us niggas
Cause I could feel you, I could see you everytime I look in the mirror
And not a word can hear you, cause I'm making these words clearer
You are my angel, and my nigga, from the drive-by to the trigga
Chi worldwide, whoever died on any side