

# 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, sweeped 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