Devil's Angel

Twista

Black on my gloves, black on my hoodie
I got it on me for any pussy nigga that push me
If I want it, I take it, angel of Satan
I'm a hitter for hitters, just know that Jesus was waiting
Black on my gloves, black on my mask
It's a funeral, nigga, that's on the gas
Life, I'mma take it, angel of Satan
I'm a hitter for hitters, just know that Jesus was waiting

Far from a angel, more like a devil
Black SUVs, heavy metal, got my foot on the pedal
Murdering you right where you stand if I ever catch you
I can fill your back up with shells from this .38 special
Won't stop till I murder every rapper, I'm finna replenish
Went through a killing spree for years and I never repented
Father, forgive me, I sinned and have no problem admitting
I'm like God to these bitches, my only problem's a mitten
Got black on my gloves, black on my mask
Shoot every hit, miss and I'm coming back on yo' ass
I won't hold back, I'mma blow and knock you flat on yo' ass
My lil' niggas'll blow and they ride for the cash
I'm a hitter for hitters, I sold my soul to the streets
These motherfuckers thought I sold my soul to the beast
Don't give a f**k about the murder rate, I'll help it increase
I got the realer gorilla shit embedded in me
If I should die right now, I pray my dark soul you can keep
Cause I'm corrupted, I hang with killers, gangstas, elites
I'm up in this bitch wildin' for Chiraq, what you think?
I catch him in traffic, wreck it and rock him to sleep

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Fresh off the corner where niggas hustle and kick it
Politicking with gangstas and fucking with bitches
But never lock and try me, the shit'll get different
They know that I keep it on me and God as my witness
I been the business, probably think I holding the torch
I was only 12 or 13 when I first rapped on the porch
Battling niggas up in the park, I wasn't playing no sports
Man, I wanted the whole thing, I wasn't taking no shorts
I call up the guys, and we take a ride
If we catch you locking, nigga, then we getting fire
Cause we tryna rock you, don't wanna see you alive
If we slide up on him, Swiss cheese him, he won't survive
I'm telling you niggas ain't ready, bitch, any nigga could get it
Money, power and pussy, yes, that's my religion
Proper preparation prevents poor performance in winning
I'm from where them niggas ain't hungry but they stay in the kitchen
I tell they mama to pray, look, bitch, I'm God
I know I sinned in the past but I beat the odds

I put in work, I did it for squad
Forever, I'm cursed, I done been hit from the mob

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