

## **Puff Daddy F/ Bizzy Bone**

### **"Angels With Dirty Faces"**

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[Bizzy Bone]

Let it go (let it go) Let yourself go  
(I was passin til the cops come)  
Big beef (I was passin til the cops come  
Ready ready ready ready ready.)  
big beefin with the mistress  
for the backs of the lions as we growl mutherfucker  
we all livin in the last motherfuckin day this is  
revelations  
if it don't go down now that mean nobody was wrong  
and you face yourself with that question, for the  
answer..  
the fuck do you believe in?

Let's take a pie to the badguy  
Zero well where my cateye dadeye  
My flavour frame the raddle  
Hot out, hot out of problem  
My album hit the shelves we hustle for record sales  
If my niggas stole hear my niggas thirty thousand tales  
Get me squad cars excetera (Excetera) tell me my  
position as we yell (Yell)  
This isn't bullshit like pimples in the public  
Made gratifying  
If you don't like my bullets set hell ta pink faction  
L.A. Lugers start your mad punk  
They really got a smash on  
And they would probly blast you

[Puff Daddy]

I'm married to the game and every year's the same  
Bullets rain all season  
Heaven and Hell is only what you believe in  
Empty the shells and niggas give you the reason  
Everyone one's the type ta be stuckin, duckin and  
weavin  
Probly breathin  
My stories no fairy tail rich niggas ain't neva sell [Ha ha  
ha]  
From my buck to the world

Gave my Glock to my girl  
Don't mix the kids with the Benz  
Baby it ends if she sells [Come on] woofin

[Chorus]

[Bizzy Bone]  
Ohh playa ohh nigga  
Gotta lot of shells to lock you down (x4)

[Puff Daddy]  
Lookin theys bullets hit guerillas  
Expressions can mean a lot to my stressin and  
progressin  
You guessin I seen a lot  
The papers got it stressin and impressin  
We spin a lot  
Confessions get us blessins from the Lord  
We sin a lot  
Wonderin "Will he let me in or not?"  
I's still tryin ta find a reason why  
Because I'm a bad boy  
They wanna label me a bad guy  
Who am I?

[Bizzy Bone]  
It's P Diddy muthafucka

[Puff Daddy]  
Do or die?

[Bizzy Bone]  
Don't give a fuck motherfucker

Two strikes no chicken types  
It's the type he bucks ammunition,  
(Pistol shots) buck, bucks ammunition baby  
He's got the flavour the kind that got me still down  
Run around me watch the hill down  
So buck the best I'm hear now  
Yes, best neva gone  
Fresh out the foster home  
If I had a just talked to the psychiatrist  
Tell him my head is just blow with a sciness  
Can't you come ride with me? Come ride with me?  
Bubbye me with a gun  
Slide the weed and rum  
Come get high wit me  
You don't talk weed wit me, Bizzy Bone  
You don't leave me anymore  
Leave me bitch, shit I've slept on the floor (Ha ha ha)

Who dat left before? Blackout tears the stackhouse  
Criminals, detention aren't they always bad  
when I'm thinkin dem (Come on) doctor?

[Chorus x4]

Incetiest, hiddyest, grittiest, shittiest  
in the club smack the prettiest in a mini  
Grittiest beef in with the mistress  
Diddy the city I pity with little kids picking up pennys  
and niggas I thought I brought up with selling book for  
a living  
making minimum wage like confetti, it's gotta be a  
mistake  
Y'all oughta don't tell us and it's just those seven  
elements  
Don't tell us it's those seven elements  
Dippin on in our lips for money and it don't land upon  
that  
We ready like 45 scripture [Yea]  
Make money like that, nigga, you know what I'm sayin

[Puff Daddy]

See what you niggas do to me I do to you  
And if I'm who you came to see then do what you gotta  
do  
We can do it anywhere, right here, right there  
And if you sleep turn your dream to a nightmare  
Niggas gon creep  
No sleep til the heat  
They lookin at me funny, fuck a hoe get this money [Ha  
ha ha]  
It time for the misfits niggas bring ya clips  
Boys on my mind  
Packin bullets from the mines my brothas

[Chorus x7]

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