

The Allman Brothers

"Angels Around Me"

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[50 Cent] G-UNIT! Haha.. haha

[Chorus 2X: 50 Cent]

If, some shots should happen to go off tonight
Don't worry about me, I'll be aight
Niggaz can waste ten while firin at me
Cause I'm God's child, there's angels around me

[Young Buck]

Life's a bitch and then you die, this couldn't be worse
I either don't eat this week, or snatch this purse
Clip hangin out the side of my Karl Kani
My eyes bloodshot red, I'm high but LET'S RIDE!
I ain't scared, if I die it was meant to be
He might send for you, before he send for me
Gun-butt you with the back of the baretta
The three-fifty-seven or, the black mac-11
We drive bulletproof Coupes nigga, go on take your
shot
We used to shoot hoops nigga, now we shoot up blocks
Got them shells with them green tips just for y'all
You can run but they comin through them country walls
Bang dropped me off and show me where he live at
Think he tough? I'ma put six in his six-pack
When you hear that click-clack bitch better get back
quick
One to the chest make niggaz do backflips

[Chorus]

[Lloyd Banks]

You don't think I know you niggaz want me to get
murked
Get lowered in the dirt in all black with a button-downed
shirt
Cold with two to the dome - the little niggaz
don't get to see Disneyland, they'll settle for a funeral
home
You don't need hoes to know that the lead's hot
I'm prepared for anything tonight as long as it's not a
headshot

The bigger the rim, the bigger the tire
Hollow tips'll make him feel like a nigga on fire
Everybody gotta go, it's the truth
So I figure while I'm waitin on my turn I'ma blow up the booth
I seen niggaz in wheelchairs, eye patches and crutches
Arm slings that came home to haze and dutches
We can go there but need I shoot
Put some holes in your Fila suit, you probably hurl when you see my Coupe
I play the hood all the time cause I don't give a fuck
You can shoot me down but as long as I keep gettin up,
WHAT!

[Chorus]

[50 Cent]

Shootout shots ricochet, dots in that nigga dere
When your time's up, your time's up, this is real shit
On my balls 'til my number calls, say a prayer
hopin God hear - look, I don't fear man
Wanna bang out let's bang out, I don't care man
A eye for an eye, my perfect to perfections
They have me sprayin automatics in every direction
Call me Louie Loco, nut case, oh no
I'm more like the kid that put the game in a chokehold
You stunt and I stop it, I'm makin a profit
Every time you hear my vo-cals comin out them lo-lo's
From LA to NY, on the red-eye
Teflon in my luggage, you gotta love it, I'm thuggin
My street slang, my penitentiary posture
Got me out sellin niggaz whole fuckin rosters
I'm big in New York, like B.I.G.
Plus I runs with D-R-E

[Chorus]

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