

## **Diddy f/ Dirty Money, Rick Ross**

### **"Angels"**

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[Rick Ross - Intro] Bad Boy... Maybach... You ain't even gotta count the money It's all up.. BOSS.. All aboard... Last Train to Pa-ree.. Heh, via the ghetto {Maybach Music!} Uh... (uh...) UH... (UH...) I'm a photographer's dream Countin cream as my chain swing Mack 11 for the things that the days bring I'm after cheddar, dead and money, yeah I chase cream Patent leather like I'm Puffy in my Saleen I rock jewels like my niggaz in the A-Team I'm outta space, can't you seem I am a al-ien? My wrist A-list, Audemar is ageless Bezel lit up like a billboard out in Vegas You can't be serious baby you know I'm on... Top 5, but can send you to the Most High Dope boy and that's even in the bowtie Oh boy, 'cause you know I got them close ties (All aboard!) The last train to Paris Wheels look like a Ferris, your jeweler should be embarrassed (hahaha!) Rick the Ruler my mula produce the carats (whaaaa?) Let's bow our heads, I gave you somethin to cherish [Diddy] It's that Dirty Money... Came from heaven just to sing a song for you... To the rhythm of my love for you, and now it's beatin slow And you know, this the ennnnd of the road When I sing that slow song for you... And love was nothin but another gun for you ('nother gun for you..) And I would hide it in my helpless soul I'm not afraid to go down the road where we go I don't know, you can hear 'em callin, don't you? When the angels call like.. [Chorus: Diddy] (Dawn) YOOOOOOOOO-HOOO~! If you don't wanna stay you can GOOOOOO-OHH... It seems love don't live here no morrre... The angels are flyin so loooow, singin to you (Don't you hear me callin you?) He's the one you love... ('cause I hear 'em callin me...) and he's the one you trust... (...like our time is almost through) Time is runnin out (There's nothin left to do) when they're callin you... When the angels call like.. (I answeeeeer) [Rick Ross] Uh... (uh...) UH... (UH...) Lord forgive me I'm a sinner, oatmeal in the winter Talkin leather interior, oak wheel in the center My niggaz deal opium, still in the OBM Condominiums in the center of Ethiopia (Whaaa?) +Dirty Money+ all they seein on them Phantom plates Seats blue jeans and it's treated like a cabaret Five shots, now they need a roll of yellow

tape wit a glock, make a scene, I'm the F. Gary Gray  
Crab cakes served chill on that Learjet whenever Diddy  
call I know it's 'bout a big check How many bags you  
forget to get your chick yet? Know her sex good just by  
lookin at my chick neck (All aboard!) The last train to  
Paris Wheels look like a Ferris, your jeweler should be  
embarrassed I took a palm and read it just like a tarot I  
could detonate a bomb at the issue of any challenge  
(ROSS!) [Diddy] Falling....for yooooou... I will tell the  
angels, "No" Let 'em turn back into stone I doooo... (I  
doo...) love yooooou... (love yooooou...) It's true.... (It's  
true...) Fire...climbing... We ignore the angels' call! They  
were warnings after all It's cool... if I'm.... with you....  
When the angels call like... [Chorus] [Diddy - Outro  
(repeat 'til fade)] When the angels call like...

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