

Bashy

"Angels Can't Fly Ft. Ed Sheeran"

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White lips, pale face, breathing in the snow flakes
Burnt lungs, sour taste
Lights gone, Days end, struggling to pay rent
Long nights, strange men

and they say shes in the class a-team stuck in her
daydream been this way since 18 but lately her face
seems slowly sinking waisting crumbeing like pasrys
but they scream the worst things in life come free
to us cos were just under the upper hand i'd go mad
for a couple grams but she don't wanna go out-side
tonigh and in a pipe she flys to the mother land oh
sells love to another man but she don't wanna go out
side tonight.

All magistrates dont have it me
If the funds arent available, make alliances
Start taking calls, thats better then JD sports, innit,
with the choice the make is yours, is it,
Just know that the roads in the game are all
think otherwise, couple gun shots might change your
thoughts,
now the yoots that you fought are a dancing,
werent right for you, not even the tamest horse shook,
don't wanna engage in war,
But that ain't what they used to say before
Now you're on your chase wanna change your course
But they're at your yard, straight door to door.
..(ed sheeran sings) (Trust me,
i've seen it happen so many times you get me)
outside, now I seen it happen so many times, you get
me
The angels to fly,
like I know the last stars glamorous in that part
Angels die

Where I'm from you don't see angels
Or you do, and the road takes them
And places them in a messed up situation
And kids are amazing but
Not when you got 8 of them (nah)

Struggling to provide plates for them
Social end up taking them
Now you can't take the stress
Beautiful girls raised in the ends (yeahh)
Abusive background, caught up in a bad crowd
Picked up and dashed down
In the zones, happens to so many of them
Beautiful, looks could have make them millions
now they can't even make a penny again
imagine i would have wified any of them
f**king hell
I used see them at every event
And this shit's so sad man
see why we're losing
and it's too cold outside (mad ting, trust me)
the angels can't fly
Imagine that, never ending cycle, (trust)
just under the upper hand
And goes mad for a couple grams
She don't wanna goooo outside, tonight
"Cause in the pipe she'll fly to the mother land, and
Sell Love to another man
Its too cold outside, for angels to fly.

Thanks to Andrei

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