

## Dj Kay Slay "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 car  
Commin outta my eyes is 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-eleven  
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 concrete  
walls  
Banks 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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