

Blues Traveler

"Angel"

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An angel, an immortal spiritual creature, attendant upon God.

An angel, a guardian sent to overlook [echoes]

(Verse 1)

Ay yo for you crooked cops, the thug life lookin nox
Wife cooking rocks, I'm on lookout, but couldn't watch
It's terrible the scenario got me going till it's burial
Kept it stereo, so we buried him with his radio
Some niggas robbed him and shot him took his hat
keys

Left his head a hole in the front, with no backpiece
I'm stressin', some voices on both sides of my head
One says, "chill," the other's like, "them niggas gotta
be dead"

Instead we all went to they block, 'bout to flip on a clip
The full clip in my shit, and tight grip on the pit
The serious slow, them kids was curious and shook
like, "who's that with the clenched fist tryin to pinch the
crook?"

"Who killed my man last week? Y'all niggas is asked,
man, speak!"

Before I could shoot this old man put his hands on my
damn heat

He said, "I was sent as your guardian, you're the only
one that can see me

Killing him won't bring your friend back to life, son,
believe me"

(Chorus)

I'm your Angel

You're my Angel

(Verse 2)

Yo, I'm in the crib, high, lazy, blastin' my new Jay-Z
Shorty I fuck with starts buzzin' my hip crazy
Call her back, "You horny again??" lemme find out
She's crying all hysterical I couldn't get a line out
Said her baby father wreckless, jealous over the
necklace

Beat her up good and peeled of in a Lexus

"Shorty, I'm over there, sit still, just chill"
In the Ac', pedal floored with the gat onboard
That's when I heard, "You willing to meet the law for a
broad?"
What the...Grabbed my heat, "Who the FUCK in my back
seat?"
He said, "Be cool, nigga, right now you a fool, nigga
Pass it up, 'cuz she might be settin' your ass up or what
You and son bump heads, get to clappin'
Get locked up for life and it could've been avoided
But your male pride destroyed it, eager to bust chrome
You need to bust a U-ey, son, and go the FUCK back
home."

(Chorus)

What should I do to this kid right here?
This kid right here is soft, man.
Bitch ass nigga, watch this, watch this...

(Verse 3)

This kid ran up on the next, attempting to front on him
[yo]
Got so close to money's face looked like he put his
tounge on him
Blew the blunt on him, swung on him, spit a lung on him
Taking money's stuff off him, heard "Ayo, get the fuck
off him!"
Get off him? Who dat? Who said that, YOU black?
"Yeah, give his jewels back, put ya tool back you fuckin'
new jack.
You ain't gon' use that you're a cool cat, trying to rep
And I know you ?? goin' to do something you're gon'
regret [what?]
Don't forget it's daylight, not late night, look 8 flights
up
She's Jake's wife, snake type, better take flight [word?]
or feel the snake bite, right? Bet you didn't even see
her
Cat with the reefer peeped her, shit, I didn't see her
either
On the phone rattin' you, pointin' at you like a statue
Get rid of the gat, dude, out my face before I smack
you"
He laughed cool, put it down, took aim again
Walking back he said hey my friend, what's your name
again?

(Chorus x2)

