

G-Unit "Angels Around Me"

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(50 Cent) G-Unit! Ha Ha!

Chours: If some shots happen to go off tonight
Don't worry about me I be alright
Necks to waist down they firin at me
because I'm God's child there's angels around me

Chours x 2

Verse 1(Young Buck)

Life can't be this
and then you die this couldn't be worse
I either dump eat or sleep or snatch this purse
clip hangin out the side of my car kunive
my eyes blood shot red I'm High But Let's Ride!
I ain't scared if i die it was meant to be
He might see it for ya'll before he see it for me
gun butt you with the back of the beretta
the 357 or the black mackelletta!
We drive bullet proof coupes nigga gon take ya shots
We use to shoot hoops nigga now we shoot up blocks
Got them shells with them green tips just for ya'll
you can run but they coming through them country
walls
Bank\$ drop me off show me where he live at
think he dope I'ma put 6 in this 6 pack
when you here that click clack
betta get back quick
one to the death make niggas do back flips

Chours x 2

Verse 2 (Lloyd Bank\$)

Yeah I know you niggas want me to get merked
get lowered in the dirt
in an all black button down shirt
call and see to the dome
where lil' niggas don't get to see disney land
they settle for a funeral home
the only hoes that know that the leads hot
prepared for anything tonight aslong as it's not a head
shot
the bigger the rim the bigger the tire

hollow tips'll make it feel like a nigga on fire
Everybody got to know it's the truth
so i figure while i'm waitin on my turn i'ma blow up the
booth
I seen niggas in wheel chairs, eye patches and cruches
arm slings that came home to train conductors
we can roll it but need i shoot
put some holes in your Fila suit
you'll probably url when uyou see my coupe
I play the hood all the time because I don't give a fuck!
Nigga can shoot me down as long as i keep gettin up
what!

Chours x 2

Verse 3(50 Cent)

Shoot up shots with the shed
doc say that nigga dead
when your times up your times up this is real shit
t'ma ball til my number fall say a praier hopin god there
look i odn't fear man
only thang out let's bang out I don't care man
an eye for an eye my perfect to perfection
I'll have you sprayin automatics in every direction
blew me lew me loco nut case oh no
i'm more like teh kid who put the game i na choke hold.
you stunt it I stop it
I make it a profit
Everytime you hear my vocals coming out them low
lows
from L.A. to N.Y. on a red eye
Teflone in my luggage you got to love it
I'm thuggin' streets like my penatentary proster
got me out sellin' niggas whole fuckin' rosters
i'm Big in New york Like B.I.G.
plus i rolls with some B.R.E!

Chorus x 2

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