

## Goodie Mob "Angelic Wars"

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No ego trippin', just growin' old  
All up when I'm feelin' cold  
'Cause pain up on my soul seems to be all I feel  
Watchin' my family fall apart, was all I never wanted to see  
'Cause I got love for one another  
I'd kill for my only brother, even though he might be wrong  
At times I'm gon' do what I got to do to come through every scary moment  
Just brought us closer which kept us down  
Remember them days when southwest Atlanta wasn't even 'round  
So out the reds to wet it  
And say they actin' brains, relaxin'  
And steady stackin' and pistol packin'  
And trackin' is tired  
I set it off!

I don't be sittin' in a trap slangin' lil' peeweese  
Tell Mike, "Damn I'm 'bout to mess up my re-up money"  
See, I used to wear my shoes until I couldn't no more  
Now I hit the store, when the lace get old  
I wear Calhoun jeans 'cause I don't like Calvin  
I relate to my folks  
To make you think this 'bout my third album  
This supposed to be the times when the moon and the sky turn purple  
So watch this full circle  
Black wire touch red  
Red wire touch black  
Me and Big Slate got this drop wit some gator backs  
And I'm thinkin' 'bout how much I make  
He get the rims, I get the system and we leave him the tapes  
Ya know what I'm sayin'  
Who gives a damn about catchin' a charge  
It's been a while since I seen my boys

One time for my potnas who got out today  
Back on the grind, did that time, got that hide-away  
Okay (that's right)

I just got to say  
Two times for the crook who just got away

It done got so quiet now, I can here a rat piss  
On cotton, one apple sport the whole

Barrel rotten  
What it mean when you see the sun and the moon  
shinin'  
At the same time  
This God's way, you dug your own grave  
The righteous path was laid  
But you chose to go astray  
Ay, out the war shit  
Wakin' up in a cold sweat  
Through the same ol' skit  
Genocide  
>From the inside, look a pit  
You lie, never killed nobody  
Let's take it to the ol' school  
No you can't  
Hands shakin' like a dog shittin' fish hooks  
Don't stare  
Can't help the crooked look  
It came with the face  
I used to steal from my folks  
But now I'm straight  
Went through the neighborhood rat's pockets books  
Ooh  
You missin' somethin' of value  
We have you, got you  
Jumpin', dumb bitch, you gets nothin'

Nobody knows the trouble I have seen  
My homeboy MD write me from the ?  
24-7, hell or Heaven, it ain't no tellin'  
Will it be mo' sunshine for the due time felon  
They gave him 10, do 3, self year, probation  
Law leaders not, unto no temptation  
Yall know how it be  
You make a monkey move, lay yourself on the street  
You'll understand me  
They don't care nuttin' 'bout you  
In that cold cell  
Can't do nuttin' but take what them folk give me  
I'm dead serious  
Them folk givin' away time  
Just to show us the good Lord keep lettin' the sun shine

One time for them niggas who got out today  
And my folks on stokes

?? just westward on Olympian Way  
Uh-huh  
And I just got to say  
Two times for the crook who just got away

"Uh-huh.. Believe that.."  
"Uh-huh.. Believe that.."

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