

Guesch Patti

"Angel Baby"

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That's right, ha ha, this is for the oldies
And the O.G. lowriders
As for me, this is Mr. Capone-e
Kickin' back with Rosie & the Originals
Talkin' about, my angel baby

[Chorus]

Angel baby, my angel baby
Oooooo I love you, Oooooo I do
Noone can love you, like I do
Oooooo, Oooooo

[Verse 1: Mr. Capone-E]

Whoa, whoa, whoa whoa, in my low-low, 63', 64'
Gotta go, pedal to the floor, gotta show po-po's
Outsiders, hoppin' and poppin' and droppin' non-stop
and
When I pop it, shotgun, slip it, rip it, dip it, flip it, trip it
It's like we're ridin', glidin'
Ooh, take a breath, what's next, it's pelon
Capone talkin' about my carro, follow me to the strip,
simon
Bad to the bone, when I get it on, like Marvin Gaye
But stay away from my chrome homes, cuz you scratch
it, then you'll pay
By the way, my paint job is detailed with primer
With an extra coat, stroke, true blue, with the shiny, tiny
spoke wires
In the Empire, to my SGV, to the O.C, L.A., angel baby
????
To the 805, lowridin' with the underworld family

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Mr. Capone-E]

Zip, zip, zip, ridin' low, with the Hi Power Soldiers
Criminal, Lil Dreamer, Malo Mac, Snaps and Scappy
Loco
Gotta roll, roll, roll, use a slow stroll
Now you know from bikes to lows, lows to bikes
It's on tonight, Mr. Capone-e, is on sight

By the way, its another day, crusin' down the highway
Saturday, Sunday, sideways, pancake it on a one-way
Oops, hura pulled me over, hey hey
Give me a ticket but I ain't trippin'
Mr. officer, car show is where i'm headed
Instead of harrassin' me, go after thee
Car jacker because his car belongs to me
Angel baby is my old school lowrider
Got lexos, X-4's, but I need something tighter
What do you desire, straight gangster going crazy
Hynas love me but I love my, angel baby

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Mr. Capone-E]

Now its 6 o'clock, gotta hit the spot
When it pops, car hops and drops, goin' non-stop
Watch out for the cops, Tommy's Burgers' where park
and stop
Look at them girls with the mini skirts
But my angel baby stays by my side and never ever will
she flirt
Drinkin' by the curb, cops work
Plaqas coming, disperse, what's worse
Pull me over again, and they can't wait just to get,
count to ten
They send us over now we're back again
Watcha, uh, and the night ain't done
Rosie & the Originals in my date, what's next, we're on
a good one
Now its time to go back, lay back, cruise to the valle
Roll through my calles, hynas follow us on the highway
Hay guey, they're fine, but my rides amaze me
Party over here, by my garage, its called my angel
baby

[Chorus]

Thanks to razvan

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