

Jay Gordon

"Angels Remix"

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Intro: Prez]

P-R-E-Z

[Verse 1: Prez]

I am hip-hop's worst nightmare, eighteen years wit
white hair

Matches my white skin, complexion more than fair
FUck it if you don't like it, my flow explodes like
dynamite

And my hand is on fire, and spreadin' to every mic
I'm more like a magician, rappin' is my practician
So I'm givin' prescriptions, then mine is to take a listen
To DPalm, he comin' up, me and him, is runner-ups
Purple liquid in my cup, my dick in your girl's guts
I only fucks wit sluts, rubbers are a must
So shake off that fuckin' rust and gimme, gimme a nut
(Ha)

I knew from over there your girl was hot
So I quickly approached her, and stole her, like it or not
I'm fresh out the fryin' pot, and may be higher than
most

But I got money to the ceiling, and I'm tryna boast
Watch cost a buck fifty, fuck bein' thrifty
My new career choice is that I wanna work for Diddy

[Bridge: Diddy]

And love was nothin' but another gun for you ('nother
gun for you)

And I would hide it in my helpless soul
I'm not afraid to go down the road, where we go
I don't know, you can hear 'em callin', don't you?
When the angels call like

[Hook: Diddy] & (Dawn)

Yo

If you don't wanna stay you can go
It seems love don't live here no more
The angels are flyin' so low, singin' to you
(Don't you hear me callin' you?)

He's the one you love ('Cuz I hear 'em callin' me)
And he's the one you trust (Like our time is almost
through)
Time is runnin' out (There's nothin' left to do)
When they're callin you
When the angels call like (I answer)

[Diddy]
Falling, for you
I will tell the angels, "no"
Let 'em turn back into stone
I do (I do), love you (love you)
It's true (It's true)
Fire, climbing
We ignore the angels' call
They were warnings after all
It's cool, if I'm
With you
When the angels call like

[Hook]

[Outro: Diddy]

When the angels call like [repeats until fade]

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