

Joe Budden "Dear Angela"

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Chorus:

Whatever we had goin it sure aint anymore
Where there used to laughter now theres only pain

(Verse One)

I never thought it would end
Called u my soul mate
Thought u'd become my wife
Together forever
Noone could tell me otherwise
Now I look back
Rememberin all those tears from ur eyes
Those were the three longest yrs of my life
Had to putem in song
Should of known that we couldn't whether the storm
When u n moms ain't get along
How could u b the one
Or maybe I was in need of ur touch
Fresh off of a drug addiction
Maybe I jus needed a crutch
Inseperable us
No matter wat looked out for the kid
I never thought ud want me after the pigs
My gurl b special
Both of us was actin confused
Said we'd have a child together
So our families would have to approve
But prior to ur miscarriage
I wasn't ready for a kid
I was only working stock at the wiz
Its backwards
I jus wanted to help u
Couldn't take u comin to me sayin mouse theres
sumthin I gotta tell u
Sit down

Chorus

(Verse Two)

Listen
All I wanted in my better half
I thought that I found her

Even tho we argued
The pussy was the best that I encountered
I tried to put the BS past me
So we could live in this same house happy
But then u stabbed me
Ambulance ER
don't kno wat imma do
Tube in my dick
Still all I wanted was u
Damn my thinking was sick back then
I left the hospital
U came home from jail
We'd b united again
Bed ridden
I jus wanted to see u

Believing
But u tryin to leave
Don't go angela please I need you
I aint think u throw it
See I laugh but u gave me a motive
Look im sorry but
I couldn't control it
I kno I called u named I promised Id never call u
But u said sum shit
Good thing my dawgs got me up off u
Left me wit a lot of thoughts
Every other day its somthin new
Like joey we gotta talk
This aint working out

Chorus

(Verse Three)

U threw my clothes out the window
Wat I did
Throw ur clothes out the window
How the fuck I end up in jail
Jus like that
Ma u actin greasy wit my son
He aint have to see his dad walk in cuffs like that
Learnt my lesson
On one hand u gave me such a beautiful seed
On the other hand hes used as a weapon
Y things have to change
For the worse
Strach that
They really changed after birth
I guess u got wat u wanted
A bad break ups like murder
When it comes down to it I kno I put u thru hell

U gotta kno its vice versus
We aint gotta hate each other
I tried to make it work
I wanted a family
Not jus a baby mama
Look the lust was gone
The trust was gone
Come to grips with the thought of us is gone
But its not jus a song
Im good now u not the only one fed up
But rather then us talk about it
I'll jus write u a letta
Dear Angie

Chorus

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