

Lupe Fiasco "Angels"

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I see diamond flooded demons Lamborghini angels
halos down with the doors flappin doors when they
came through windows up system bumpin you the one
they sang 2,sang too the same crew who said you the
one you should send yo thanks 2.Pocket full of
blessings they can sanctify and saint you, you can hear
em revin up in heaven now cant you.sandals made of
chrome soul made of leather engine made of sinnin
and candy painted feathers,the sound of the motor the
only revin(reverend) you confess 2,i see this all in the
eyes of the girl i am next to,i ask her where we goin
and she just told me pleasure,hands on the wheel and
her heels on thee accelerator-rator,told her wait up,she
kept goin like ect; or like a broken record,we've come
to far to just wheel it back selector so we gon ride
foreva...foreva and eva and eva,foreva chorus

said she was a fan of mine
knew she was new jersey, but said that she was
Anaheim
butterflies turn to suicides, now its phantoms flyin

used to whisper in my ear, but now she tryna vandal
mine
that holy feelin all gone, slowly feelin all wrong
none of this is satisfyin, pull it over, let me out, ill just
hitch hike back to mine
nothings really as it seems, yea i shoulda known that
thought i called a angel, devils had my phones tapped
chorus

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