

Lupe Fiasco

"Angels (Remix)"

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I see, diamond flooded demons, Lamborghini angels
Halos down with the doors flapping when they came
through
Windows up, system bumping, you the one they sang
to
Same two, who said they the ones you should send
your thanks through
Pockets full of blessings, they can sanctify and saint
you
You can hear them revving/reverend up in heaven now,
can't you?
Sandals made of chrome, his soul made of leather
An engine full of sinning and candy painted feathers
The sound of the motor only revving/reverend you
confess to
I see this all in the eyes of the girl I'm next to
I asked her "Where we going?" and she just told me
"Pleasure"
Hands on the wheel and her heels on the acceler-
-rator, told her wait up, she kept going like et cetera
But like a broken record, we've come too far to just
wheel it back selector
So we going ride forever, forever, forever, forever,
forever

Uh, said she was a fan of mine
Knew she was New Jersey, but said that she was
Anaheim
Butterflies turn to suicides, now it's phantoms flying
Used to whisper in my ear, but now she trying to
Vander mine
That holy feeling/Holyfield all gone, slowly feeling all
wrong
None of this is satisfying, pull it over, let me out
I'll just hitchhike back to mine
Nothing's really as it seems, yeah I should of known
that
Thought I called a angel, devils had my phones tapped

