

## Conejo "Fallen Angel"

Visit "[Fallen Angel](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Reporter]

And he faces the death penalty  
His attorneys say they can't comment on the defense  
before the trial  
Which is perhaps a year away  
But then they with undoubtable ask the jury to consider  
the boy behind the man  
Retarded, reclusive, and victimized  
Before they make their final decision for life, or for  
death

[Man]

Give him the death penalty  
And call me when they're ready cuz I will be there

[Chorus]

I'm a fallen angel, from the skies I've fallen  
All the sins that I've committed so that I could be balling  
Making feria so that my status be known  
All the broads in the ghetto want to take me home  
I'm a fallen angel, from the skies I've fallen  
I came out the joint and the drogas were calling  
Making feria so I could buy more guns  
Lord please forgive me for the damage I've done

In a black Monte Carlo from Bristol to the Canyon  
Tu sabes, I got this lowride dragging  
All through the calles, the barrio's getting deeper  
Conejo rolls tough, automatic street sweeper  
Sound system, the motherfucker bumps  
Ese hit switches on hydraulic pumps  
You better duck, everyone spits metal  
Ese fire back, you get hit primero  
Bald head and ganga tacas all across my body  
Little homey, big homey get shot at the party  
They never had a chance, they were dead on arrival  
My jefa always tells me that I'm living suicidal  
Fuck that, I gotta get my issue  
Rock bottom to the top, fuck a snitch and the cops  
Low and slow, it gets critical  
Cuz vatos that wanna rob me wanna die, let's go  
[Chorus]

Twenty inch rims on this grey GMC  
Got a bad ass bitch trying to get at me  
Cuz I told her I would fuck her at the homeboy's volo  
In an evil six three, homey hit that corner  
Keep an eye out, make sure it ain't funny  
Youngster on the Schwin said these vatos were coming  
So I grab the signal forty, my Smith and Wessum  
Some high powered shit for the street these days  
Sabor a mi is what she came for  
Cuz mija wanted pedo with this fucking jugador  
I did my jale on a stormy night  
On a Thursday night when I flew in from Texas  
I shot to the pad in a poor white glass house  
Got a page from some broads saying "Conejo, what's  
up?"  
I taxed the frame till I made her cum  
Now every single weekend wants to fuck after the club

[Chorus]

There ain't no grave that holds my body down  
So as long as I live I'll keep coming back like Jason  
Chasing, the motherfucking dragon  
Slaming, '64s and broads  
Everybody got his own way, I got my own  
Bitch ass vatos break in the panic zone  
I thought that I told ya that I'm a soldier  
Eternity I'm locked, you get beat with a lock  
And it's a fierce fucking battle that you await  
And you can't penetrate the fucking gates  
Elimination, ese beyond the street  
Beyond the mystique of my fatal technique  
And as I walk through the valley of the shadow of death  
I will fear no evil, put a bullet through his chest  
Understand me, I'm an angel that's fallen  
Dope dealing killers is what we're all becoming

[Chorus]

Visit [Conejo](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.