

P. Diddy

"Angels With Dirty Faces"

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Let it go
(Let this angel life go)
Let yourself go
(Time is passin' 'til the cops come)
Big beef, big beefin' with the Mistress
(On and on and on and on and on and on and)
Over the backs of the lines as we growl, motherfucker

We are livin' in the last motherfuckin' days
This is Revelations, if it don't go down now
That mean aye'body was wrong
Can you face yourself with that question?
Or the answer? What the fuck do you believe in?

Say goodbye to the bad guy
'Zy rollin' with my cat eye, dead eye
Ain't afraid to flame a rat up
But I hot out fathom

My album hit the shelves
We hustle for record sales
Hit my liquor store
Let my niggas learn about in jail

Till the squad cars accel', it's to my position as we yell
This here's some bullshit, like pit bulls in the bull pen
Make that a fine, no
If you don't like my bullets, to hell if he ain't fashion
L.A. looters, throw your mask on
Gambini got his mash on and now we gonna be blastin'

I'm married to the game and every year's the same
Bullets rain all season
Heaven and Hell is only what you believe in
Empty the shells if niggas give you the reason

Never was the type to be stuck and duckin' and weavin'
by the grievin'
My story's no fairy tale, reach niggas in every cell
From my block to the world, gave the glock to my girl
Don't mix the kids with the biz, baby, the industry's hell
worth it

Oh, I said, oh, yeah
When they come to lock you down
(Don't let it come our way)
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Look in, they grill and get the real
'Cuz expressions can mean a lot
Threw my trust in your progress
And you guessin' I seen a lot

The paper got us dressin' and impressin'
We spend a lot
Confessions get us blessings from the Lord
We sin a lot

Wonder will He let me in?
And not constantly tryin' to find a reason why
Because I'm a Bad Boy, they wanna label me a bad guy
Now who am I?

It's P. Diddy muthafucka
Do or die?
Don't give a fuck motherfucker

Roll through, trust no chicken
Tigh kids are tellin' me what's ammunition
Buck, buck ammunition, baby
You let me slow down, the guy that got me's fell down

And mami wants to help out
So bought the best computer
Yes, stress never more
Fresh out the foster home

If I had a just talked to the psychiatrist
Tell her 'bout how she had clothes designers
Can she come buy with me?
Come ride with me, provide me with a gun

Slide the weeded road, come get high with me
You don't come weed with me anymore

You don't need me anymore
Believe me bitch, shit, I've slept on the floor

Who been left before a black out
Tear up the stack house
Comin' out detention or they always rat
(Come on, pick it up, ride through)

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Insidious, hiddious, gritty 'cuz she that gets in the club
Smack the prettiest in a mini
Whitiest beefin' with the mistress
Can see they just beatin' up

Got even the little kids pickin' up pennies and nickels
'Cuz they're fallin' in love with his teddy book
Give them livin' and pinning a minimum worth a penny
Gotta be spendin'

We all earn our dollar 'till it is the sour element
What kinda knowledge is this that I be reapin'
Dippin' and talking' how it's for money
And ending up going back, we made like forty one trips
Yeah, we want it like that, you know what I bring

Yeah, yeah, yeah
See what you niggas do to me, I do to you
And if I'm who you came to see, then do what you gotta
do
We can do it anywhere, right here, right there
And if you sleep, turn your dream to a nightmare

Niggas don't creep, no sleep, feel the heat
They lookin' at me funny, fuck a hoe, get this money
No time for the misfits niggas, bring your clips
War's on my mind, packin' bullets from the mines,
muthafucka's

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