

## Prodigy

### "My Angel"

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feat Willie Taylor  
Oh, baby I'm talking to you.  
U-u-uh, yeah.  
I would buy anything you sell, follow you to hell  
You got me actin' over in myself  
Don't drop me, cause I'm in the palm of your hand  
My boys laughed at me, I don't even care  
How may it sound  
I'm just being real, well  
I'ma speak from the heart  
I'ma be sincere  
You seem to be the type I could love for life.  
I'm tryna found out for myself  
See if I'm right baby  
You're killin em close  
You'd be dressing your ass off  
Hair and your nails looking fresh from salon  
You ain't got to be on TV or magazines  
From my POV (point of view), you're a star to me.  
Can I, may I get your autograph  
Or perhaps you could put your number under your  
name  
And give the young man a chance to prove you  
Worth a young woman such as yourself.  
If I'm deserved it?

(Willie Taylor:)  
Oh, girl  
Aren't you the baby I can't get enough of?  
You my angel, yeah  
Thug angel!  
Oh girl, oh  
I can't get enough of you  
Come here baby (I need you), yeah.  
Thug angel!

There goes my baby, my lady, my heart beat  
She the blur circulating  
Do my thing, she the torch in my brain  
It go lavish trap for so long to obtain  
Cause yo dope, she mine

If I want her kit, got to treat her everyday as if  
We just met, and she treat me the same  
Smile on her face when I walk  
Inside the room, nothing else matters.  
Everyday silouettes, the only living colors  
Is me and my bitch.  
Come here, give me kiss and your real hug too  
They jealous, they tell us to get a room  
But everyways I'm loveless, and I swear  
We could make love right here.  
Get my soft candy, I unwrap you  
And then pop it in, the flavour everlasting.

(Willie Taylor:)

Oh, girl  
Aren't you the baby I can't get enough of?  
You my angel, yeah  
Thug angel!  
Oh girl, oh  
Come here  
I can't get enough of you.  
Come here baby (I need you), yeah.  
Thug angel!

My baby like a simple bass.. to give her happiness  
She not into all of that, she ain't into all of this  
I think we found the rest ...  
And growing all together is in our future,  
Love chow, waw, orgy, gorgeous  
Flawless  
She's all that I'm wanting when I'm boring  
To my thugs, when we hang out in the clubs  
Cause I turned down all thet upper brothers  
But, to her I'm the best thing  
Since sex is been here  
She cry when I'm in it, cause  
It feels so good, like ball beauty ...  
I doubt that you ever found another like mine  
And I'll never ours.  
So if we split, then we both had a loss  
Your my soft candy , I unwrap you  
And then pop it in, the flavour long lasting.

(Willie Taylor:)

Oh, girl  
Aren't you the baby I can't get enough of?  
You my angel, yeah  
Thug angel!  
Oh girl, oh  
Come here  
I can't get enough of you.

Come here baby (I need you), yeah.  
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