

Mr. Capone-E "Angel Baby"

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is for the oldies And the O.G. lowriders. As for me,
this is Mr. Capone-e Kickin' back with Rosie & the
Originals Talkin' about, my angel baby

[Chorus]

Angel baby, my angel baby. Oooooo I love
you, Oooooo I do. Noone can love you, like I do Oooooo,
Oooooo

[Verse 1: Mr. Capone-E]

Whoa, whoa, whoa
whoa, in my low-low, 63', 64' Gotta go, pedal to
the floor, gotta show po-po's. Outsiders, hoppin'
and poppin' and droppin' non-stop and when I pop
it, shotgun, slip it, rip it, dip it, flip it, trip it! It's like we're
ridin', glidin'. Ooh,
take a breath, what's next, it's pelon Capone
talkin' about my carro, follow me to the strip, simon.
Bad to the bone, when I get it on, like Marvin Gaye. But
stay away from my chrome homes, 'cause you scratch
it, then you'll pay. By the way, my paint job is detailed
with
primer with an extra coat, stroke, true blue, with the
shiny, tiny spoke wires In the Empire, to my SGV, to
the O.C, L.A., angel baby ???? To the 805, lowridin'
with the underworld family

[Chorus]

Angel baby, my angel baby. Oooooo I love
you, Oooooo I do. Noone can love you, like I do Oooooo,
Oooooo

[Verse 2: Mr. Capone-E]

Zip, zip, zip, ridin' low, with the
Hi Power Soldiers Criminal, Lil Dreamer, Malo Mac,
Snaps
and Scappy Loco Gotta roll, roll, roll, use a slow
stroll. Now you know from bikes to lows, lows to bikes.
It's on tonight, Mr. Capone-e, is on sight By
the way, its another day, crusin' down the highway
Saturday, Sunday, sideways, pancake it on a one-way
Oops,

hura pulled me over, hey hey Give me a ticket but I
ain't trippin' Mr. officer, car show is where
i'm headed Instead of harrassin' me, go after
thee Car jacker because his car belongs to me Angel
baby is my old school lowrider Got lexos, X-4's, but I
need something tighter What do you desire, straight
gangster going crazy Hynas love me but I love my,
angel
baby

[Chorus]

Angel baby, my angel baby. Oooooo I love
you, Oooooo I do. Noone can love you, like I doOooooo,
Oooooo

[Verse 3: Mr. Capone-E]

Now its 6 o'clock, gotta hit the spot When it pops,
car hops and drops, goin' non-stop Watch out for the
cops, Tommy's Burgers' where park and stop Look
at them girls with the mini skirts But my angel baby
stays
by my side and never ever will she flirt Drinkin' by
the curb, cops workPlaqa's coming, disperse, what's
worse Pull me over again, and they can't wait just to
get, count toten They send us over now we're
back again Watcha, uh, and the night ain't done Rosie
& the Originals in my date, what's next, we're
on a goodoneNow its time to go back, lay back,
cruise to the valleRoll through my calles, hynas follow
us
on the highway Hay guey, they're fine, but my rides
amaze me Party over here, by my garage, its called my
angel
baby

[Chorus]

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