

Stalley

"Hell's Angels"

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MMG
BCG
Milq City what up
You know, 3-3-0

[Verse 1: Stalley]

I been in so much gold lately, pistol close and it's off
safety
N*ggas smilin' in my face, but they all hate me and it's
all gravy
See I ain't playin' no games, I'ma ball crazy, I ball baby
Throw this money up high, now let it fall lazy
Tip drills for the quick thrills, don't tease I wanna feel it
all baby
Clicquot and Dom Peri, can't forget that loud pack
Bud smoke everywhere, I'm around that
Made a lil' money this year, now everybody they
countin' that
New house with a new spouse, cars parked out where
the fountain at
I love that feeling of bouncing back
Blue Collar still my grind, green backs on my mind
Nobody workin' harder than I'm, my n*gga still throwin'
out that iron
Tryna iron out they situations with feds all on they line
So we talk low and we park slow and watch out for one
time
These wild n*ggas that's out they mind,
they'll crowd your whip and pound that nine
Till the clip is empty, they'll rip your Bentley with
shells all in your spine
That's just jealous envy, see Hell ain't picky,
when it's your time, it's your time

[Interlude: Rick Ross]

Real n*ggas done linked up world wide now
It's untouchable now, it's unstoppable now
Regardless of how it go down n*gga, you gon' die a
legend n*gga...

[Verse 2: Rick Ross]

I got a star on my sneakers, they go by Chuck Taylor
I'm a star in the ghetto I swear C-Murder my neighbor
Bought me a Corvette motor, put a supercharger on it
From the bus stop it's sounding like a damn train rollin'
Ain't a damn thing foldin', everything still standing
Pull up, hop out, shoot up this b*tch like Jonathan
Mannion
All the cars still candy all the girls light skinned
And they all educated, it's still n*ggas stuck on stupid
I say f*ck all my haters, then I f*ck all they ladies
Who the f*ck you think you are in this f*ckin' Mercedes
It's the boss b*tch, so go tell your boss b*tch
Hammerman off the hook, don't make me hit your off
switch

[Interlude 2: Rick Ross]

Like a damn train rollin', ain't a damn thing foldin'
He strapped, I'm strapped
You got that right?
Come on...

[Verse 3: Stalley]

I'm strapped up like bamboo, talons and hollows my
ammo
Shoulder straps like Rambo, don't fill them clips too
high though
I learned that from B.I., don't keep too many in my ride
Learned that from T.I. and stay away from them P.I.'s
Got the Milq buzzin' like beehives, nobody does it like
these guys
Ski-mask when we rides, jump out boys we known to
take
Home invasion with guns in your face, kids tied up and
thrown in the lakes
We ain't choppin' fingers, we poppin' ninas and skate
We just some dirty kids that ain't ate, tryna fill up that
plate
We done chopped grams, and plotted plans to plan our
escape
But we still in this trap though, and it's feelin' like a
trapdoor
Slow motion, money that slow, pick up the van then pick
up my mans
We comin' for that cash-flow, beard longer than
Castro's
Put fear up in these assholes, Mac-11 with the air holes
Tearin' souls when I bear hold this trigga
When I'm blackin' out ain't no backin' out, I be clear with
a n*gga

