

## **P. Diddy (puff Daddy) "Angels With Dirty Faces"**

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[Bizzy Bone]

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, mutherfucker

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 cateye, deadeye

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'

[Puffy]

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

1 - Oh, I said, oh yeah  
When they come to lock you down  
(Don't let it come our way)

Oh I said, oh yeah  
When they come to lock you down  
(Don't let it come our way)

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[Puffy]  
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 alot  
The paper got us dressin' and impressin'  
We spend alot  
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?

[Bizzy Bone]  
It's P. Diddy muthafucka

[Puffy]  
Do or die?

[Bizzy Bone]  
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 stackhouse  
Comin' out detention or they always rat (Come on)  
(Pick it up, ride through)

Repeat 1

Insidious, hiddious, gritty cuz she that gets in the club  
Smack the prettiest in a mini  
Whittiest beefin' with the mistress  
Can see they just beatin' up  
Got even the little kids pickin' up pennies and nickles  
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

[Puffy]

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, mutha fucka's

Repeat 1 until fade

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