

Pras "Ghetto Supastar"

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Dirty Cash *echoes*

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Yeah, uhh

[singers] Uhhh! Blue Angels, Blue Angels, Blue Angels!

Yo, yo, yo

Yo it's the ghetto diplo', bridgin like the Tri-Boro

Victory is endless cause we all want a hero

Blazing Saddles so stop horsing around

From sunup to sundown, it's the world renowned

It's hard to be real when them cats are make believe

Stop it please, come run wit deez

If you can't feel me, then get up and leave

Cause I'm automated life flyin, Fate is on her knees

Locate the object, pinpoint my movin target

Pray for them, and bless em, like Sister Margaret

Got more alumni than the grad school of Harvard

Beat Street the movie was my all time favorite

So can you stand the smell of a black powder

My B.I. is 700, horsepower

Burnin rubber, break you off somethin proper

Love it or not, I'm the man of the hour, yeah

[singers]

Just when you thought my shine was burnin out

Them cats were down and out, in the heat of the night

There ain't no problems baby we can't get through

You gotta believe in me, and I'll believe in you

Uhhh! Blue Angels, Blue Angels, Blue Angels!

Yo.. yo, yo, yo

Yo she was hot to death, like the story Macbeth

When your marked for death it's a matter of life or death

I'ma cherish and nourish every single breath

When there's no one left, I'ma carry your footprints

Step by step, walkin through the, twentieth

Century, eyes on me

When the dogs start barkin you must set them free

Go in-Between the Sheets just like the Isley's

I'ma kill em precisely, indirectly

Choose my women wisely, Charlie's Angels got my back

As if I was Bosley, bout to get rowdy -aca

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