

## **Daddy/112/Faith Puff**

### **"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)

Oh I said, oh yeah

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Oh I said, oh yeah

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(Don't let it come our way)

[Puffy]

Look in they grill and get the real

Cuz expressions can mean alot

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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