

Sporty Thievez

"Angel"

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An angel
An immortal spiritual creature
Attendant upon God
An angel
A guardian sent to overlook

Ay yo, for you crooked cops, the thug life lookin' nox
Wife cooking rocks, I'm on lookout but couldn't watch
It's terrible the scenario got me going till it's burial
Kept it stereo, so we buried him with his radio

Some niggas robbed him and shot him took his hat
keys
Left his head a hole in the front, with no back piece
I'm stressin', some voices on both sides of my head
One says, "Chill", the other's like, "Them niggas gotta
be dead"

Instead we all went to they block, 'bout to flip on a clip
The full clip in my shit and tight grip on the pit
The serious slow, them kids was curious and shook like
Who's that with the clenched fist tryin' to pinch the
crook?

Who killed my man last week? Y'all niggas is asked,
man, speak
Before I could shoot, this old man put his hands on my
damn heat
He said, "I was sent as your guardian, you're the only
one
That can see me killing him won't bring your friend
back to life
Son, believe me"

I'm your angel
You're my angel

Yo, I'm in the crib, high, lazy, blastin' my new Jay-Z
Shorty I fuck with starts buzzin' my hip crazy
Call her back, "You horny again?" Lemme find out
She's crying all hysterical I couldn't get a line out

Said her baby father wreckless, jealous over the
necklace
Beat her up good and peeled of in a Lexus
Shorty, I'm over there, sit still, just chill
In the Ac', pedal floored with the gat on board

That's when I heard, "You willing to meet the law for a
broad?"
What the grabbed my heat, "Who the fuck in my back
seat?"
He said, "Be cool, nigga, right now you a fool, nigga
Pass it up 'cuz she might be settin' your ass up"

Or what you and son bump heads, get to clappin'
Get locked up for life and it could've been avoided
But your male pride destroyed it, eager to bust chrome
You need to bust a U-ey, son and go the fuck back
home

I'm your angel
You're my angel

What should I do to this kid right here?
This kid right here is soft, man
Bitch ass nigga, watch this, watch this

This kid ran up on the next, attempting to front on him
(Yo)
Got so close to money's face looked like he put his
tongue on him
Blew the blunt on him, swung on him, spit a lung on him
Taking money's stuff off him, heard yo, get the fuck
off him

Get off him, who dat? Who said that, you black?
Yeah, give his jewels back, put ya tool back you fuckin'
new jack
You ain't gon' use that you're a cool cat, trying to rep
And I know you [unverified] goin' to do something
you're gon' regret
(What?)

Don't forget it's daylight, not late night, look 8 flights
up
She's Jake's wife, snake type, better take flight
(Word?)
Or feel the snake bite, right? Bet you didn't even see
her
Cat with the reefer peeped her, shit, I didn't see her
either

On the phone rattin' you, pointin' at you like a statue
Get rid of the gat, dude out my face before I smack
you
He laughed cool, put it down, took aim again
Walking back he said, hey my friend, what's your name
again?

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