

## **Ghostface Killah & MF Doom**

### **"Angels"**

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[Ghostface Killah]

Yeah, that's right, it's not a Hardy Boy mystery neither  
This is real shit, this shit come on right after Heart to  
Heart y'all  
No doubt, seven o'clock Fantasy Island  
Seven sodas, death to a Brooklyn man  
This is Toney's Angels

Aiyyo, it was three white bitches who worked for Tony  
Starks  
Undercover agents, far beyond Nark's  
Amazed by their beauty marks  
Wonder Woman bracelets, knee-high boots that was  
made by Clarks  
My dick got hard on how they spoke and shit  
Every language was music to the kid as if  
I was modern day King Midas  
Doreen, Skye and Kelly, Starky's Angel's - Shaolin's  
Finest  
Though it happened in the streets of Brooklyn  
Plus I played the whip real low cause my face was  
lookin  
My Angels jetted out of Albee Square  
Gun out, wrap in they hair, kinda crowded so they clap  
in the air  
Chase a nigga down block for block, squeezin Glocks  
These mommies real anxious to blow off his top  
He's a rapist, murderer, convict, burglar  
The more they ran the more they skirts got dirtier  
Sendin shots like check day, Fed Ex expressway  
BOOM BOW BING! You heard the gunplay  
"Who shot the duck out the window?" Mr. Lee said  
"Three pay now, you fuckin weed head!"  
We can stop the finest suspect, he's dead  
Then I pulled up "Come on girls to Club Med"

[MF Doom]

Stay tuned, the Villain Three's Company  
Don't sleep, part one

Two brown sisters assisted the Villain, DOOM

He woked up, stoked like they was still in the room  
Freed his right arm and leg, it was more like a sweep  
Loosened his other leg, arm, head and rose to his feet  
Staggerin except for the socks and mask, naked  
Grabbed up the boxes, fussin, pissed and checkin  
For the keys - stacked, a robbery expected  
Yet, nothin obvious is missin  
Recollected now why Hollywood hotties stepped into  
Giuseppe's  
And naughty personal nurses, Chanel purses, CLK  
shotty  
Chased the trees with Thai iced teas  
She drive while nice to veggie fried rice spicy  
Told the hoes "I don't feel so well, my belly  
Roll down Melrose, drive me to the telly  
Y'all go head and get the L's and get back, I be 'K"  
Feelin woozy, no Uzi, who's he see in the lobby? Ray  
Peace, pizza man - change a hundred, stopped and  
looked  
Nah, whoops, left the knot in her pocket book  
Elevator's slow, "Is I'm that careless?"  
Entered the room and fell flat on the terrace  
Woke up "Dag!" Who bound and gagged him?  
Got him for two outa three packed bags Magnum  
Each gram of Villain's sperm, street worth a G  
The part of Mr. Furley was played by Charlie Murphy

[Ghostface Killah]

Fuck Charlie, that's right y'all, we gon get right back out  
their on the sand  
Kelly, you gon give me some pussy, {\*MF Doom: To be  
continued\*} you know what  
you gonna do  
You too Dorine, your little fat ass can't get away neither  
and shit  
Uh huh, that's right yeah I'ma call them dead on niggas  
That's why I team on the learnin shit  
Uh huh, yeah that's right, Skye you can't hide baby  
You got the best head nigga, word up  
This real Angel shit, y'all my bitches  
Toney Bosley in this bitch, nigga  
Word up, gimme back my boots, motherfuckers

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