

Angelic Wars (feat. Cool Breeze & Backbone)

Goodie Mob

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

No ego trippin', just growin' old
All up when I'm feelin' cold
'Cause pain up on my soul seems to be all I feel
Watchin' my family fall apart was all I never wanted to see 'Cause I got love for one another
I'd kill for my only brother
Even though he might be wrong
At times, I'm gon' do what I got to do To come through every scary moment
Just brought us closer which kept us down
Remember them days
When southwest Atlanta wasn't even 'round So out the reds to wet it
And say they actin' brains, relaxin'
And steady stackin' and pistol packin'
And trackin' is tired, and set it off I don't be sittin' in a trap slangin' lil' peewees
Tell Mike, "Damn I'm 'bout to mess up my re-up money"
See, I used to wear my shoes until I couldn't no more
Now I hit the store, when the lace get tore I wear Calhoun jeans 'cause I don't like Calvin
I relate to my folks
To make you think this 'bout my third album
This supposed to be the times
When the moon and the sky turn purple
So watch this full circle Black wire touch red
Red wire touch black
Me and Big Slate got this drop wit some gator backs
And I'm thinkin' 'bout how much I make He get the rims, I get the system and we leave him the tapes
Ya know what I'm sayin'
Who gives a damn about catchin' a charge
It's been a while since I seen my boys One time for my patnas who got out today
Back on the grind, did that time, got that hide-away, okay
(That's right)
I just got to say
Two times for the crook who just got away It done got so quiet now, I can hear a rat piss
On cotton, one apple spoiled the whole

Barrel rotten

What it mean when you see the sun and the moon shinin' At the same time
This God's way, you dug your own grave
The righteous path was laid
But you chose to go astray Ay, out the war shit
Wakin' up in a cold sweat
Through the same ol' skit
Genocide from the inside, look a pit You lie, never killed nobody
Let's take it to the ol' school, no you can't
Hands shakin' like a dog shittin' fish hooks
Don't stare Can't help the crooked look
It came with the face
I used to steal from my folks
But now I'm straight Went through the neighborhood rat's pockets books, ooh
You missin' somethin' of value
We have you, got you
Jumpin', dumb bitch, you gets nothin' Nobody knows the trouble I done seen
My homeboy MD write me from the clink
24-7, hell or heaven, it ain't no tellin'
Will it be mo' sunshine for the two time felon
They gave him 10, do 3, seven year probation
Lord lead us not, unto no temptation Yall know how it be
You make a monkey move, lay yourself on the street
You'll understand me
They don't care nuttin' 'bout you In that cold system
Can't do nuttin' but take what them folk give me
I'm dead serious
Them folk givin' away time
Just to show us the good Lord keep lettin' the sunshine One time for them niggas who got out today
And my folks on stokes
Raw just westward Olympian Way
Uh, huh and I just got to say
Two times for the crook who just got away Uh, huh, believe that
Uh, huh, believe that

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