

# Devil's Angel

## Twista

Far from a angel, more like a devil  
Black SUVs, heavy metal, got my foot on the pedal  
Murdering you right where you stand if I ever catch you  
I can fill your back up with shells from this .38 special  
Won't stop till I murder every rapper, I'm finna replenish  
Went through a killing spree for years and I never repented  
Father, forgive me, I sinned and have no problem admitting  
I'm like God to these bitches, my only problem's a mitten  
Got black on my gloves, black on my mask  
Shoot every hit, miss and I'm coming back on yo' ass  
I won't hold back, I'mma blow and knock you flat on yo' ass  
My lil' niggas'll blow and they ride for the cash  
I'm a hitter for hitters, I sold my soul to the streets  
These motherfuckers thought I sold my soul to the beast  
Don't give a fuck about the murder rate, I'll help it increase  
I got the realer gorilla shit embedded in me  
If I should die right now, I pray my dark soul you can keep  
Cause I'm corrupted, I hang with killers, gangstas, elites  
I'm up in this bitch wildin' for Chiraq, what you think?  
I catch him in traffic, wreck it and rock him to sleep

CHORUS:  
Black on my gloves, black on my hoodie  
I got it on me for any pussy nigga that push me  
If I want it, I take it, angel of Satan  
I'm a hitter for hitters, just know that Jesus was waiting  
Black on my gloves, black on my mask  
It's a funeral, nigga, that's on the gas  
Life, I'mma take it, angel of Satan

I'm a hitter for hitters, just know that Jesus was waiting  
Fresh off the corner where niggas hustle and kick it  
Politicing with gangstas and fucking with bitches  
But never lock and try me, the shit'll get different  
They know that I keep it on me and God as my witness  
I been the business, probably think I holding the torch  
I was only 12 or 13 when I first rapped on the porch  
Battling niggas up in the park, I wasn't playing no sports  
Man, I wanted the whole thing, I wasn't taking no shorts  
I call up the guys, and we take a ride  
If we catch you locking, nigga, then we getting fire  
Cause we tryna rock you, don't wanna see you alive  
If we slide up on him, swiss cheese him, he won't survive

I'm telling you niggas ain't ready, bitch, any nigga could get it  
Money, power and pussy, yes, that's my religion  
Proper preparation prevents poor performance in winning  
I'm from where them niggas ain't hungry but they stay in the kitchen  
I tell they mama to pray, look, bitch, I'm God  
I know I sinned in the past but I beat the odds  
I put in work, I did it for squad  
Forever, I'm cursed, I done been hit from the mob  
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