

# Angel

## Sporty Thievz

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? I'm your angel  
You're my angel I'm your angel  
You're my angel

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