

# Angela Jones

## TQ

Aww, yeah

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Who's that girl Some say the blacker the berry, the sweeter the juice

And you know, baby girl, damn sure proved it true

She was fine as Georgia peach wine

She caught the bus on a 129th I used to watch her every morning as I ride by

Her Lil' man on the bench showin' his behind

I mean she musta had so much on her mind

That she caught the city bus to the county line She wasn't the victim of a deadbeat baby daddy

The game took him and I tell you that was all she had

Situation for a sister, real bad

I mean she need some type of assistance, a helping hand One day she looked in the mirror, standin' there naked

That's when she saw the money and how to make it

Turned around, shook her ass, grabbed her titties

Miss Angela Jones is open for business I'm like "Whoa, whoa, who's that girl?"

She the baddest in the whole damn world

And you can call her when you're feelin' alone

This is the story of Angela Jones I don't know What I've been told

(I don't know but)

Just get your money, don't lose your soul

Sit back and ask yourself what went wrong?

In the story of Angela Jones, now Straight off the bat, Angie got the work

Winin' and dinin' and robbin' them jerks

She went from Gucci watches, humble beginnings

To that Cartier wrist wear with diamonds in 'em The finest women couldn't fuck with Angela

It was all in the waist, how she handled ya

Dog, I mean baby girl had that thing

That could knock ya ass clean out and take your chain It's a shame all the things that child could do to you

She'd do that booty dance like Beyonce do

Cold with her hands and a twenty two

Just in case the night didn't go like it's supposed to Who'd be mad at Angie? Not this kid

She just playin' with the hand she was dealt and that's real

So when I read it in the paper, who could I blame?

Hooker found slain, Angie's her name, what a shame I'm like, "Whoa, whoa, who's that girl?"

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This is the story of Angela Jones I don't know what I've been told

(I don't know but)

Just get your money, don't lose your soul

Sit back and ask yourself what went wrong?  
In the story of Angela Jones, nowHow I wish, how I wish  
How I wish I could save ya  
(I wish I could save ya)  
I wish I could make ya better  
(I wish I coulda made it better for ya, baby)  
How I wish, how I wish  
How I wish I could save ya  
I wish I could make ya betterHow I wish, how I wish  
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