

# My Angel

## The Slot

I wanna dedicate this song to my momma  
Know what I'm talkin' about?  
Happy birthday momma, happy birthday  
To all the bullshit niggaz tryin' to kill us, yup  
Yeah, you know what I'm sayin' uh?  
The false divorces, child support court, that's right, all that  
Nigga droppin' out of school you stood by me  
Know what I'm talkin' about?  
Thank you, goin' to jail  
So a lot of motherfuckers be sayin' stars up in the sky  
But my star right here, that's my angel  
Know what I'm talkin' about? Check this out  
I been on top of the world and been on bottom of the grind  
I came through in the fresh cars playin' surround  
I been in the city sellin' crack at the dope fiends  
Tryin' to come up, used to be strung out on promethazine  
I used to smoke fry, wasn't scared to die  
Every day when I wake up I want to get high  
My momma came and got me from that devil dope  
And keep me good even though I used to choose hoes  
And sometimes with her older family members they lil' bit wrong  
But that's how I came up, makin' rap songs  
I been in this shit since 16, comin' up  
And puttin' motherfuckers up on this thing up in this rap scene  
Uh, and when they took my money  
Momma never ever looked at me funny, now check it out  
The manager I had wasn't shit  
The nigga stole everything and snorted coke like a bitch  
My momma stepped into this shit and went to every town  
That we came to, every city puttin' it down  
And when them niggaz wanted to kill me, my momma said  
Fuck that bitch, I know you motherfuckers feel me, uh?  
So when you see me in the city with my T lady  
Best believe we comin' up and we ain't livin' shady  
I'm her baby and that is my only momma  
I'll kill you bitch ass niggaz if you brang the drama  
I found my angel, angel  
That angel is mine, angel  
I found my angel, angel

That angel is mine, angel  
I was young, I used to get sick a lot  
Now I'm rich puttin' it down with Rap-A-Lot  
I used to have the flu, colds and pneumonia  
Niggaz always tried to come and try to move on ya  
?Cause in my city you either got to be a hustler  
Or you're out on the corner smokin' crack and a buster  
So I had to come up fast  
When niggaz come through I put that [Incomprehensible] on his ass  
I found my angel, angel  
That angel is mine, angel  
I found my angel, angel  
That angel is mine, angel

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