Angels

Big K.R.I.T.

I think angels get high
Cause I can't describe all these clouds in the sky
I think God must have cried
Cause I can't describe all this rain in my life
I think angels get highWhen the sun goes down, heroes don't come outside
I seen too many villains provide
How can I choose a side to be on?
Tell a junkie be gone
Cause I don't push what he on or she on
Like before
Sometimes it's hard to pay the debt that you owe
Too much of something good will have you strung on the floor
Thunderstorms forever form outside my home
I swear these angels taking bong hits
I wonder if that flood that came through just
because that left us on the curb was one of God's tears
To wash away the pain that we had
The house wasn't much, the neighborhood was bad
The basement won't save us but the prayers get us past
The rumbling and the thundering never last
So I ask, so I ask, so I askI think angels get high
Cause I can't describe all these clouds in the sky
I think God must have cried
Cause I can't describe all this rain in my life
I think angels get highStanding on the roof while helicopters swoop by
I think they don't see us
Not even FEMA could redeem the very faith we all lost
That made us once believers
Natural disasters bring us closer
My partner never prayed until he thought the world was over
2012, December 1st, he called me in a panic
He heard a storm was coming and it might destroy the planet, dammit
I called him back tomorrow because the boat
I been paddling can't deal with so much sorrow
Borrowed time wasted
I probably shoulda played it safe instead of storm chasing
But the prayers will get us past
The rumbling and the thundering never last
So I ask, so I ask, so I askI think angels get high

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I think angels get high

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