

# Angels

Diddy

Bad Boy  
Maybach  
You ain't even got to count the money  
It's all out  
Boss!  
All aboard  
Last train to Paris

Uh, uh  
I'm a photographers dream  
Count cream as my chain swing  
Mack eleven for the things that the days bring  
I'm after cheddar Dirty Money yeah I chase cream  
Patent leather like I'm Puffy in my Saleen,  
I rock jewels like my niggas in the A-Team  
I'm out in space can't you seem I am a A-lien  
My wrist A-List, Audemar's ageless,  
Bezel lit up like a billboard out in Vegas  
You can't be serious baby you know I'm on  
Top five but can send you to the most high  
Dope boy and there's even in the bow tie  
Oh boy ;cause you know I got them close ties  
(all aboard) the last train to Paris  
Wheels look like a ferris  
Your Jeweler should be embarrassed  
Rick the Ruler my mula produce the carrots  
Lets bow our heads I gave you something to cherish

Came from the heavens just to sing a song for you  
To the rhythm of my love for you,  
And now it's beating slow, and you know  
This the end of the road when I sing this slow song for you you  
And love was nothin' but another gun for you  
And I would hide it in my hopeless soul  
I'm not afraid to go down the road where we go,  
I don't know, you can hear them callin, don't you,  
When the angels call like

If you don't wanna stay you can go  
It seems love don't live here no more  
The angels are flying so low,  
Singing to you (don't you hear me callin' you)  
He's the one you love (cause I hear them callin' me)  
And he's the one you trust (now that time is almost through)  
Time is runnin' out (there's nothin' left to do)  
When they're callin' you  
When the angels call like (i answer)

Uh, uh, uh  
Ain't no shook hands in Brooklyn  
Army fatigued then fatigue the enemies  
Look man you wanna see me locked up, shot up  
Moms crotched up over the casket screamin' bastard  
Cryin', know my friends is lyin'  
I know who killed em' filled 'em  
With them luggers from they rugers on they deserts  
Dyin' aint the shit

But it's pleasant kinda quiet  
Watch my niggas bring the riot

For me, for you,  
I will tell the angels no  
Let them turn back into stone  
I do (I do)  
Love you (love you)  
It's true (It's true)

Fire, climbing  
We ignore the angels call  
They were warnings after all  
It's cool, if I, pick you  
When the angel's call like

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Time is runnin out (there's nothin left to do)  
When they're callin you  
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