

# Angels

KB

Got a lotta money, got a lotta clothes  
Everybody know ya, everywhere you go  
You be gettin' praise all across the globe  
But no, they ain't got no angels praisin' them, they not the man  
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Cats should get they minds right  
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They say they goin' in, rollin' in, blowin' stems  
Hollerin' YOLO in a photo Benz-O, ballin' colder than a frozen gem  
And the girl he with, she a soda can, she's a ten  
Any given night he got four of them, you're on top of the world 'cause you s  
old a mil  
But he don't know about this other audience  
This audience that watching when nobody else is watching him  
They don't want yo autograph, unimpressed with accomplishments  
One day they will return with the Son of Man to abolish sin  
They know that the best men are still men, at best  
They see your anti-depressants 'cause you so rich but you cant rest  
They seen kings come and go, empires expire  
Our pride to them must be insane, dirt swearing it's pure diamonds  
But it must baffle them with dirt treated like pure diamonds  
They never sin but we live in it and yet God gave us his pure finest  
You wanna talk about amazing? Look, we'll think you the greatest  
When you get all creation together to sing your praises

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The richest man in the world's worth 40 billion, that's 40 billion more than  
me  
The second man is worth 37, billion, yeah, go and see  
That's big money, that's no sin, please don't think that's what I'm sayin'  
But ain't no demons shuddering at them, they-they not the man  
They ain't never healed the sick, they ain't never raised the dead  
They ain't fed five thousand with two fish and five loaves of bread  
So why are y'all big-headed, puffed up, arrogant?  
Why don't y'all un-lead, gas up, burn?  
It ain't never been about 'em, gotta put 'em on the bottom, and they really  
got a problem and he put 'em on the top  
But you're forgettin' the bottom 'cause you fallin' like autumn, yet you sti  
ll tryna box 'em, are you ever gonna stop?  
A-yo KB, my prayer is that cats are made aware of his  
Infinite preeminence, their images, it's all his  
They were made to reflect him, represent and respect him  
With cars and clothes and cheap thrills we still choose to reject him  
He's big, we're small, he's creator, we're creation  
He's is God, we are man, right response: fall on our faces

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