

Ghetto Angel

Marques Houston

Ohhh ahhh ohhhh ahhh (Ghetto angel) ghetto
(Ghetto angel) angel
(Ghetto angel) wassup
(Ghetto angel)

Damn my baby is so fine,
And she always on the grind,
She know she one of a kind,
And she always say that what's hers is mine,
My baby
And vice versa what's mine is hers
She ain't faced by them other birds
She ain't never been much for words
Don't fuck around and get get your feelings hurt
My baby is so

Ghetto (Ghetto)
Angel (Angel)
You'll know it when you see her
You can tell by her demeanor
She's my
Ghetto (Ghetto)
Angel (Angel)
She always got my back
And I guess I like the fact that she's
Ghetto, oh oh, Angel, oh oh
And whenever things get deep
She's right there next to me
She's my
Ghetto Angel (My love)
Ghetto Angel (Get one)

My baby don't play no games
Said she's allergic to the lames
I'm in love with the way she's framed
(And I'm talking bout her body)
And our love is off the chain
She got money but still the same
Not affected by all the fame
And like the ghetto from where she came
Ain't a damn thing change
That's why she's my

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Angel (Angel)
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Ghetto Angel

Ghetto Angel

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Angel (Angel)

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