

## Fallen Angels (dear Jill)

Mia X

Dear Jill  
I've been trying to do my thing  
Since you've been away  
But I think about you everyday  
It's still hard  
I'm still bitter  
Still missin you sister  
I pour out a little liquor  
Spray your favorite perfume  
We hit the blunt now and then  
Bust out laughin and chokin  
Cuz me and you really wasn't bout no smokin  
Your mom is coping, but it's so rough  
I can see it in her eyes  
I can't stand to be around her too long  
She makes me wanna cry  
Why do God sometimes take away the good ones  
That's the big question that's got everybody stressin  
Ask him for me, so I can tell the mothers and fathers  
Who can't stop mourning for their sons and daughters  
It gets hard around the holidays and your birthdays  
We try to keep busy, taking extra work days  
My hurt days is when I go to ???  
Cuz I ain't got my girl to split it with  
I really get sick  
When I think about that dirty nigga  
But mentally I know he's gettin his  
That makes me sleep better  
I'm never gonna let your memory die  
Even though a big part of me died when you left us  
I bought my moms a house  
The kids are gettin so big  
Even got me a man and all  
We call him Hotboy  
Our kinda nigga  
Thugged out, slugged up  
Bad temper known for tearin shit up  
He treats me nice though  
But I wanna let you know that I'ma work hard  
To stay on the right track and stay on guard  
Lord knows that I love you, my friend  
And I'ma end this until we meet again  
I miss you, Jill

Chorus: repeat 4X

Fallen, fallen angels  
I can't believe that you are gone  
I'm standing here all alone