

# My Angel

Pimp C

I want to dedicate this song to my momma, knahmtalkinbout?  
Happy birthday momma (hey momma, sheeeit) happy birthday  
Through all the bullshit niggaz tryin to kill us, yup  
Yeah, why'knahmsayin? Uhh  
The false divorces, child support court (that's right), all that  
Nigga droppin out of school you stuck by me knahmtalkinbout?  
Thank you... goin to jail  
So a lot of motherfuckers be sayin stars up in the sky  
But my star right here, that's my angel, knahmtalkinbout?  
Check this out  
I been on top of the world, and been on bottom of the grind  
I came through in the fresh cars, playin surround  
I been in the city sellin crack at the dopefiends  
Tryin to come up Houston be strung out on promethazine  
I used to smoke fry, wasn't scared to die  
Every day when I wake up I wanted to get high  
My momma came and got me from that devil dope  
And keep me good even though I used to choose hoes  
And sometimes with her older family members a lil' bit wrong  
But that's how I came up, makin rap songs  
I been in this shit since 16, comin up  
And puttin motherfuckers up on this thang up in this rap scene  
Uhh, and when they took my money  
Momma never ever looked at me funny, now check it out  
The manager I had wasn't shit  
The nigga stole everything and snorted coke like a bitch  
My momma stepped into this shit and went to every town  
that we came to, every city puttin it down  
And when them niggaz wanted to kill me, my momma said  
Fuck that bitch, I know you motherfuckers feel me, uhh  
So when you see me in the city with my T lady  
Best believe we comin up and we ain't livin shady  
I'm her baby, and that is my only momma  
I'll kill you bitch-ass niggaz if you brang the drama  
My angel... an-gel, that angel is mine, annn-gel  
I found my an-gel, annn-gel, that angel is miiine  
Annn-gel  
Yeah tight, that's right  
I was young, I used to get sick a lot  
Now I'm rich puttin it down with Rap-A-Lot  
I used to have the flu, cold, and pneumonia  
Niggaz always tried to come and try to move on ya  
Cause in my city you either got to be a hustler  
Or you're out on the corner, smokin crack and a buster  
So I had to come up fast  
When niggaz come through I put that {?} on his ass  
Ay, ay, ay  
[Chorus]