

Afro Angel

Will Smith

(Ooh, Ohh)
Here I stand before you - brown.
Color of the mountains
Colossal as the earth
Wrapped so deliciously within my own joy and misery
Feathers of my wings paralyzed by the distance of my mind
Here I stand before you, the color of the night
Frozen by the potential of me
(Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh-uh-uh-uh-uh) An Afro Angel

Afro Angel off your pedestal from perchin above
You on the prowl now, downtown, searchin for love
In all the wrong places, outside your radio stations
Hopin he with new hit single, is tryin to mingle
Today, he is in your town, puttin it down
You in the car with your friends, followin my limo around
Puttin a bug in my boy's ear, your "S" is for free
You'll do anything for Omar or Phil, bring you to me
And then me, hypnotized by the devil as well
Hold out my hand as an invitation into my hotel
No need to RSVP, place your hand in my palm
As all your girlfriends getting jealous, damn she landed the bomb
Willing to trade your spirit for some crass, whack wage
Something small, something simple as a pass back stage
But now I lay me, down to creep
And I - pray the Lord my soul to keep

Afro Angel, born against the world
You don't have to sell your soul and throw away your pride
Afro Angel, sent from heaven above
Never forget that you are loved
You know that you are loved

Lil Bobby got a gun now, age fifteen
Destined to spend his life inside a cage it seems
Rage inside, pride, been denied respect
He can't take it though he gotta earn it
But he ain't learned that yet
Out on the town, reckless abandon he's been bullied before
But now he straps, and no more
Attitude high
Flexin on every guy that walk by
But don't start pal
Cuz if the gun came from the whiz, Cowardly Lion, got heart now
Let's pull it on a stranger
Ahh, fun for the crew
Surprised when he realized, damn dude got one too
Smile's upside down now, games ain't so cute
Bobby's a deer in a headlights
Pump, drop it or I'll shoot
Then like a sniper, cleanin his rifle, Bobby disobeys his commands
One shot rings out [gunshot] then only the stranger stands
Could of sworn Bobby's blood formed the shape of an angel's wings
But for what?

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Back in high school, Tamika was the sweetest, the bomb
Hot to death, though in tenth grade a teenage mom
Knocked up by some thug named Russ in the drug game
But had the cutest kid you ever seen
Then all the pressure from her mom
She stepped to Russ
Told him it's either them drugs or us
Either them thugs or us
The ultimatum, either continue bein a thug in the world
Or start lovin your girl
And say God, bear me witness, no doubt, lovin ya dear
But to go from \$50 Gees a week to \$30 Gees a year
That ain't happenin
I guess he wasn't that strong
He came back the next week, and the whole family was gone
Yo they straight moved away, without as little as a word
Well, needless to say, Russ was a little perturbed
Then in a fury put the pressure on her girlfriend Shawn
And like a clumsy chef she spilled the beans on where they had gone

Upstate Schenectady,
Tamika answered the door
It was the last person she expected to be
They just stared
He said you love me for me?
You can do without the cars, vacations, and jewelry?
Down with me?
Period.
Through life's stress and strife
She said, Yeah, He said in that case
Would you please be my wife?
Then like a sign from the sky, the baby cried
Like an angel sings
I love y'all more than anything

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