

Ghetto Angels

NoCap

Yeah, didn't write this song, but I'm recordin' with this lead on me
Know it sound strange, but I'ma die for all my dead homies
Nobody really know how he feels I always thought that you would be here
Why do I always question God, but I never pray?
I think about you, I end up cryin' on my best days
Tryna convince me to get better, naw, naw, naw, naw
I'd be lyin' if I didn't say I really miss my dawgs
It's so much of pain in us, always feel like I'm givin' up
It ain't the same no more, death brought me anger
I'm followed by angels and I got some dyin' love
Soon as I got rich, soon as I got famous
Yeah, why did you leave?
If you was here, how would it be?
Oh, oh
I'm protected by these ghetto angels
Oh, woah
I'm protected by the hood gangsters
Yeah
Tell me, Slim, how did you die by yourself?
The paramedics sittin', watchin' you melt
You was probably tryna catch a sale
Damn, you should've stayed in jail, yeah
This rap shit been fuckin' with my ego
How the fuck I couldn't save 'em? I'm neighborhood hero
Your main homie actin' strange, I'm tryna know what he know
And it's crazy, we 'posed to took Duke to the graveyard to see Fred
Phone ring an hour later, damn Cap, Duke dead
I guess since we didn't take him
He went to the graveyard to see Fred on his own, damn
I been takin' drugs 'til I feel the effect
I really miss my dawgs like some missin' pets, yeah
Made it out the hood, way more than blessed
Don't say you feel my pain, it's way more than stress, yeah
I can swipe for bodies with my credit, yeah
Fred took 17 like JJ Redick
Yeah, my music for the streets, so fuck a Grammy
Tubes and breathing machines how I see my granny
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