

# Dark Angel (feat. Kevin Gates)

## Trae tha Truth

Where we go from here if I leave the block  
A little money fine but i need alot  
Take a preachers route but dont lie to people  
I ain't never seen anything in the sky  
Clean in the ride what i mean and im fly  
With a bitch super mean bumper leaned to the side  
I was thinkin about any means i could try  
I believe in a high  
Being logical gave me a reason to doubt  
Scheme for the things i was dreamin  
In a magazine article readin about  
Face card, i ain't got to pay for drugs  
It come free with the artificial love  
Could i just do me? Let me be me  
I ain't arguing for much  
Im with this bitch and i feel free  
She dont demand of me for much  
My sex drive been at an all time low  
Can bearly get it up  
Tryna keep a, nother motherfucker happy  
Swear im givin up  
Drug usage is increasing since the last time  
Before long and ill be back just like the last time  
Racks on me, stacks on me  
Travel hard, one nation under god  
In the car alone prayin to the stars  
Egine roaring, vroom vroom  
Making jobs for noise  
Praise be to the lord, come this far and all  
Cocain foreign car, look who takin off  
Throwin money at my niggas younger sister  
Really wishin he was wish us, but  
Look who takin off  
Preparin for you to keep, lord im fixin to leave  
So i guess im takin off  
Good heart and if you think wrong how could you be right  
Four niggas fuckin the same bitch  
She pop up pregnant this can't be life  
Get rid of the bitch before i get rid of you bitchh  
Sick you bitch, no hands on ya  
Rubber bands on ya, i ain't talkin like a stripper  
Pay the due to send razor bullets, spray the k and make it flip ya

Only reason i ain't kill ya mother, is straight up her daughter  
And she cheats every day on your daddy, and try to give orders

Then they try to extort a gangster

Im some one important

Dont step in my office

I ain't bout no talkin

Be sippin my coffee

While bullets be sparkin

Without any caution

I watch him i cross him

Who be as awesome

Catch up if i lost you

Or else ill take off

My grandpa a gangsta

He died and went off

Dont interrupt me while i am recording

Shit so depressing i wish i could pause it

Misunderstanding put that in the coffin

Make to the margin reup and get off it

Labled an orfin, made on my own

I got the honky i am retarded

No ones to name for, don't know to call it

Yeah

Its like sometimes when i sit by myself

I honestly can say everybody can't relate

Thats why i talk to my angel

Im in the dark looking for a peace of mind

I need guidance father can't see the signs

Like nothing real the word redefined

Knowing the game is different streets redesigned

Still thuggin but dont wanna catch a piece of time

Knowing that love might get you when its lookin for shine

So many young niggas lost they vision is blind

Now im sick as fuck got pain beatin me down

Swear a nigga sick of losing where the fuck is the wind at

I gotta fight harder where the fuck is my wind at

Lookin at the road, damn where the fuck is the end at

All i know is be the truth swear nobody will bend that

All i know is loyalty i dont know how to pretend that

You did a nigga dirty how the fuck ima amend that

You said you was alone so i stepped to the plate

When shit got hard for me ain't no help get sent back

Bet

Everything that go up come down

Word to everyone one of my niggas that was gunned down

At night i talk to god, ain't get back one sound

Its hard to see light comin out when the sun down

Runnin, i dont even know where im headed

I did it all for the streets all i got was the credit

If i can go back ill tell my nigga to edit  
Until im runnin out of time get the clock then set it  
Sluts lust hopin they might trap shit  
All cause i rap, now i hate this rap shit  
Laws comin ain't no time to react shit  
Judge wanna convict me i ain't even much clap shit  
Born sinner cause i was lookin for dinner  
Tryin to feed my kids tell em daddy a soldier  
Lord knows i need em kind hard to function  
Gettin sick of the devil that bitch ridin my shoulder  
Fresh out my luck somethin short of a clover  
Stress recylce shit over and over  
Fuck the world these days shit colder  
Friends fake but all i want is to get older  
Feelin the pressure like everyone watching  
The bell keep on ringin like somethin that boxin  
My son havin seaizures no doctor can stop em  
Hold on to him with all i got i can't drop him  
My spirit been broke i pray somebody swap him  
My heart feelin like if somebody shot him  
My brother keep callin i tell him i got him  
And since nothin promised im goin without em  
My aunty just died i can't cry i just kissed her  
Short of my visit they told me i missed her  
Look up to god hope'n heaven can list her  
Somewhere in his kingdom with both of my sisters  
So in my zone nigga fuck if im trippin  
My testimony somethin niggas should listen  
Been 32 years but im still on that mission  
The struggle got a nigga hooked like im fishing...

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>