

# Joe Budden, Angel In My Life

[Verse 1]

Let's look behind the Swarovski crystals  
Behind the .50 calibers and the pistols  
Misused, pardoned self got to excuse, my issues  
For me to have you a ritual  
But, I ain't as crazy as I seem to be  
It's just that nothin' is the way that is seem's to me  
Im feelin' less then, druggin' him up with anti-depressents  
In essence im threatenin my character asesment  
Truth told, I figure a few hoe's  
Mixed with some new clothes should cover my loop holes  
If I'm misundersttod or mis-guided  
Started when they passed the L' said 'just try it'  
When I don't wanna get out of bed I just fight it  
Sometimes I don't eat for days I just diet  
Only live once so if I just like it  
I aint even checkin' the price, I just buy shit  
I'm thinkin that will just hide it  
But all it takes is life to ignite shit  
I'm thinkin' bout death wonderin' how I'm gonna go  
I can't be insane for just wantin' to know  
In my head I die often, I used to think of suicide often  
Good suit on and a nice coffin  
But, that ain't somethin' I would try myself  
Still they lock me in this room all by myself  
I need a... think I need a.....

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

They say my symptoms are aggressive  
They titled me a compulsive obsessive slash manic depressive  
They trying to tell I'm a con and I game niggas  
That's one reason I dont even entertain niggas  
Not important who they are I won't name niggas  
They like to say I got a tendency to blame niggas  
I keep fuckin' shit up but keep tryin'  
If ya'll would just trust me I wouldn't just keep lyin'  
If I had bread I wouldn't be in debt  
Let me clarify get in Def  
I feel like every time I been less  
When ever I invest whenever I inset I feel I'm innept  
I try to make them understand but they just won't incept  
I tell them four million others I am the templed  
There ain't no book that tells a story there ain't no index  
We got some different type of cuts and no they ain't princess  
All this indigest seemingly in less  
How I take in stress when I always went best  
Aching in my chest and yet it still won't break me  
They say the room is padded for my own safety  
But the cushion don't soften shit  
They locked the door but still they let my thoughts in it  
And no one can tell me why I'm here  
I can't even see the sky from here  
I guess my time is near