

# P Diddy, Angels With Dirty Faces

[Bizzy Bone]

Let it go (Let this angel life go)

Let yourself go

(Time is passin' 'til the cops come)

Big beef, big beefin' with the Mistress

(On and on and on and on and on and on and)

Over the backs of the lines as we growl, mutherfucker

We are livin' in the last motherfuckin' days

This is Revelations

If it don't go down now

That mean aye'body was wrong

Can you face yourself with that question?

Or the answer? What the fuck do you believe in?

Say goodbye to the bad guy

'Zy rollin' with my cateye, deadeye

Ain't afraid to flame a rat up

But I hot out fathom

My album hit the shelves

We hustle for record sales

Hit my liquor store

Let my niggas learn about in jail

Till the squad cars accel', it's to my position as we yell

This here's some bullshit like pit bulls in the bull pen

Make that a fine, no

If you don't like my bullets, to hell if he ain't fashion

L.A. looters, throw your mask on

Gambini got his mash on and now we gonna be blastin'

[Puffy]

I'm married to the game and every year's the same

Bullets rain all season

Heaven and Hell is only what you believe in

Empty the shells if niggas give you the reason

Never was the type to be stuck and duckin' and weavin

By the grievin'

My story's no fairy tale, reach niggas in every cell

From my block to the world, gave the glock to my girl

Don't mix the kids with the biz'

Baby, the industry's hell worth it

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